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WRITINGS

OF

PROFESSOR B. B. EDWARDS,

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

EDWARDS A. PARK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In the present volumes, some of Mr. Edwards's best sermons and essays are not inserted. It was deemed advisable to omit several of them on account of their local references, and several on account of their statistical matter, now inopportune. Want of room, also, rendered it necessary to exclude a few discourses, and a large number of "Fragmentary Thoughts," which were intended for publication in these volumes. Among the numerous published essays and the voluminous manuscripts left by Mr. Edwards, it was judged proper to select those which would exhibit most accurately their author's varied talents and acquisitions, and also his mental and moral growth. For this purpose his essays on Grecian and Roman Slavery, and on the Early English Versions of the Bible, are here republished, although they were written at an early period of his literary life, and would have been improved had he revised them for the press with the aid of treatises more recently published on the same themes; see Vol. I. pp. 295, 296, note.

In reviewing some of the following sheets, after their passage through the press, several errors have been detect-

*A B S
AY 5, 1938

ed. In Volume I. p. 223, for "pieu," read *peu*. In Volume II. p. 57, the last word of the first note should be, *ἠγορασμένα*. The first note on p. 59 should be, *Ἔπειτα δῆτα δοῦλος ὢν κόμην ἔχεις;* Aristoph. Aves, 911. On p. 60, last line but one of text, read *μυλῶνες*; second line of first note, read, *Scene V.* 62; second line of second note, read, *μαστίγων*; third line, for *ἐπίτε* read *ἔτι δ' εἰς*, for *ῥίνας* read *ῥῖνας*; fourth line, read *πλίνθους ἐπιτιθείς.* — *Ran.* 618. On p. 62, note, read

> "*Non furtum feci, nec fugi*, si mihi dicat
> Servus: *Habes pretium, loris non ureris*, aio."
>
> *Hor. Epist.* Lib. I. xvi. 46.

To the classmates, pupils, and friends of Professor Edwards, these volumes are affectionately dedicated by

THE EDITOR.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
March 29, 1853.

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PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

MEN will cross the sea in order to view a mountain or a waterfall; but there is more grandeur in the human spirit, than in all material nature. There is a glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars, but the glory of one mind excelleth them all. And we feel a peculiar interest in that spirit which has an original, distinctive character. The mass of men copy after one another. They lose their individual traits. But when we find the man who has a character of his own, and exhibits a marked specimen of human worth, we feel bound to analyze and imitate his virtues. Especially are our hearts drawn towards him, when he may be described, not as a philosopher whom men respect, not as a patriot whom they applaud, but, prominently and chiefly, as "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

A mind whose large powers have been carefully trained, should not lose its authority over us because it is translated to brighter realms. The decisions of such a mind have been formed after a prolonged

scrutiny, and by the aid of sensibilities that *felt* the truth which was too delicate to be expressed. It perceived the secret reasons, undiscerned perhaps by us, for those decisions; and if we deem them untenable, we cannot fail to detect in them the signs of wisdom. The tendencies, the instincts of a superior spirit, even if they be not exactly what we would wish, are yet suggestive of useful lessons. We may learn the fit equipoise of character from men who have endeared themselves to the wise and good. "The ornament and beauty of this lower world," says John Bunyan, "next to God and his wonders, are the men that spangle and shine in godliness."

The subject of the present Memoir had rare traits and a unique history. His character was formed by a severe discipline. We may estimate its worth by its cost. Still, in proportion to our interest in it, is the difficulty of describing it. In our attempts to portray its delicate features we are baffled. We feel like one who would paint the exact hues of the morning sky. We can only draw a few lines, which will suggest, rather than portray, the virtues of this "beloved disciple."

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE.

Bela Bates Edwards was born at Southampton, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1802. That day was the Sabbath. The coincidence of his birthday with the anniversary of our national independence, was not pleasant to him. That anniversary was celebrated with dances and shouting and military parade. *He* chose to spend it in pensive silence. The *place* of his birth, however, was just such as he would have chosen. The house of his father is one of the most venerable in the old county of Hampshire. About forty rods from it was the fort or palisade of stakes, erected by the settlers of Southampton in the French wars. The house is built on the slope of a hill which commands a view of Amherst College, the Hadley meadows, the suggestive spires of Northampton, the rich valley of the Connecticut, the Holyoke range, and other gracefully curved hills. This ancient homestead, and the scenery around it, and the habits of the people among whom it stood, were adapted to foster that retiring, meditative, placid spirit, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He loved his native town, and its reminiscences aided in moulding his character.

In a Centennial Address, which he delivered before the citizens of Southampton, July 23d, 1841, he said: —

"We have no Forefathers' Rock. Peregrine White was not born here. The graves of the Lady Arabella Johnson, and of her husband, 'the holy man and wise,' are not with us. No Charter Oak here lifts its broad and time-worn arms to the sky. We have no cellar which concealed the royal judges; nor any door that was pierced by Indian bullets. The drums, which awoke the sleepers at Lexington and Concord, were not heard in this peaceful valley. We have no great event to rehearse; no stirring story to tell.

"Yet we are not without justification for our meeting to-day. The Puritan blood flows in our veins. We claim a common descent with the Winthrops, the Hookers, and the Stoddards of more favored towns. *Our* ancestors helped to plant inestimable civil and religious institutions. Ought their remembrance to cease? Theirs, indeed, are not the names which are green on the page of history. But is the subaltern to receive no credit? Is the faithful common soldier utterly undeserving of mention? It was by *his* means that the stealthy Indian was discovered and repelled. Bennington and Saratoga obtained their renown by *accident*. These deciding battles of the Revolution happened to be fought there. But it was the men from the *little* towns of New Hampshire and Vermont that gathered around Stark and Warner. The glory of General Gates was won for him by soldiers from Connecticut River. One of the stoutest spirits at Bunker Hill was a blacksmith from Northampton. It was our ancestors and their neighbors who dared the horrors of the wilderness and of a Canadian winter with Arnold. One of these adventurous soldiers, through the goodness of Providence, is permitted yet to live [in this town].

"We celebrate, therefore, scenes and events which should not be forgotten. We call up the names of men

which should be evermore honored. They acted their part well in times of sharp trial. Their trust was in the God of hosts, when all around was dark. They often gathered their harvest in silence and in fear, with the weapon of defence in one hand, or a detachment of their number guarding the passes of danger, or far off on some harassing expedition. Thick woods and weary miles intervened between them and the parent settlement; while, in one direction, they were on a perilous frontier. On the northwest, from this place to Canada, not a single white settlement existed to ward off danger, or to give tidings of its approach. The tragedy of Deerfield might have been enacted here at any moment. The picketed forts would have been no more defence than the stakes and the sleepy sentinel were at Deerfield. Those were hard times, not more from actual suffering than from fear. To be constantly harassed with apprehensions was worse, it may be, than any actual infliction could have been. It were better to meet the enemy in battle, on one or two occasions, and run the risk of his balls, than to lie down at night, not knowing but that you might be awakened by the bursting in of your door, or the piercing shriek of a tomahawked wife or neighbor.

"Such lacerating anxieties our fathers felt for many years, while they were burning the forests by which they were surrounded, and supporting liberally, with their small means, schools of elementary learning and the institutions of the Gospel. *Obscure* men, comparatively, they were; but they labored wisely and with true zeal. The town of which they were the fathers has been outstripped in population and resources by multitudes in the Commonwealth; but in the Indian and Revolutionary wars, it supplied its full quota of men and means for the common cause. For

almost one hundred years, no town was more united in religious opinion and benevolent labor. Its surplus productions have never been abundant, for the soil is not rich; but it has cultivated with some assiduity the minds which have been found within its borders, and given them a direction which has been not altogether without its benefits to the world." *

"It is a common saying, that, for the settlement of New England, three kingdoms were sifted. On a smaller scale, we may say, that, for the settlement of this place, the mother town was sifted. The choicest grains of wheat were transplanted to the south side of Manhan River. In one respect this was certainly true. As a matter of course, the young men of most enterprise and character would commence a new plantation. Several inefficient individuals tried the experiment, but soon went back to the comfortable dwellings and rich meadows at Northampton. It was really a removal involving great hardship. It is exceedingly difficult for us to realize the severity of the privations which must have been endured. In several respects, a removal to Wisconsin now would incur less self-denial. It would be somewhat like a residence, at the present time, on the borders of Florida. The burning of Deerfield, the butchery at Bloody Brook, the rough scenes at Sudbury, Brookfield and other places, were fresh in the recollection. The forest, for eight or ten miles, was almost unbroken. The roads and bridges were few in number and poor in construction. Convenient modes of conveyance were the invention of a much later period. The country, too, was involved in almost constant war. There were hardly ten years of what might be termed peace, from the time in which this town was settled till 1782. The French and

* Centennial Address, pp. 3 – 5.

Indian wars had not ceased, before the encroachments of Great Britain on her colonies had commenced."

In the Revolutionary War, the people of Southampton "were not at all behind their neighbors. They were ready to contribute and to suffer at any moment. The young men marched to the scenes of conflict; while the elders, the anxious mothers and sisters, were offering intercession to Him, whose hand alone could turn aside the unerring rifle, or stay the pestilence that delighteth especially to walk in the camp of the soldier. The old people have told us, that, at some periods during the war, hardly a young man was present in the religious assembly. The various burdens, incident to these times, were shared by all with affecting unanimity. Those who could not fight, could load a wagon with provisions, or drive it to the encampment of their brothers and townsmen. Such as were too infirm to bear a musket themselves, gladly joined together, and gathered the harvest of those who were hemming the British in at Boston, or who, with Colonel Brooks, were storming the redoubt at Saratoga." — "With the return of peace, after the Revolution, prosperity did not return. The distresses were greater than ever, until the Federal Constitution was adopted. The first half-century of the existence of this town was, therefore, a period demanding constant self-denial, and often large and heavy contributions. Yet all these burdens were borne without a murmur. Taxes were cheerfully submitted to, which it would now require an armed force to collect. Thirty families — a population smaller and poorer than some of the present school-districts — cut down the forests, erected dwellings, built a house for the service of God, gave a liberal salary to a minister, defended themselves against the Indians, sent their minute-men to almost every battle-field of three wars,

from Louisburg to the White Plains; and when all were over, had nothing to console themselves with but heavier taxes and Continental money!" *

Much as Mr. Edwards was affected by the rural solitudes of Southampton, and the patriotic self-denial of its inhabitants, he was still more influenced by the regard which they had always felt for the spiritual culture of the young. In the year 1840, the town was not quite one hundred years old, and it contained only eleven hundred and fifty-eight inhabitants; yet this small town had then sent forty-seven of its young men to the various colleges of our land. In 1841, Mr. Edwards said: —

"The county of Hampshire [Massachusetts] has furnished more students for college, with possibly a single exception, than any other county in the United States. The town of Southampton, it may be said, without any undue exultation, is in this respect at the head of the county. In that which is paramount to all things merely political or social, it is the banner town of the banner county of the banner State. Of these forty-seven individuals, thirty-seven are now living. Thirty-two are, or have been, ministers of the Gospel. Those who are pastors (I may say it without offence, not being one of them) are laboring or have labored, with distinguished zeal and success, in the most honorable function committed to man. This town, and this church of Christ, have thus been the means of proclaiming the messages of life to thousands, and of guiding multitudes to mansions of rest. This is an honor which might well be coveted by any town or church in the country, however flourishing in wealth or numbers." †

* Centennial Address, pp. 24, 38, 39. † Ibid., p. 31.

CHAPTER II.

ANCESTRY.

A PHILOSOPHICAL mind may glean much wisdom from searching into the character of a man's forefathers. Their physical and mental structure, their outward circumstances, their example, often modify, when they do not direct, the train of his associations. Widely diverse as his sphere of life may be from theirs, determined as he may be in regulating his own current of thought, his ancestors do yet sometimes reappear in him. The farmer and the artisan speak now and then in their descendant, although he may be a literary recluse, who never even inquired into their peculiar temper.

It was often a pleasing anticipation of Mr. Edwards, that when he died he should go to dwell with a long line of godly progenitors. After an extensive genealogical inquiry, both in this country and in the parent land, he believed himself to have sprung from that old Welsh family which contains, among its descendants, the two Jonathan Edwardses and President Dwight. In this he may have been misled by his wishes, but he had an undoubted right to cherish the belief, that some of his Northampton ancestors had listened to sermons, "which, for a searching and experimental character, have never been equalled in this country before or since. [These sermons] went to the depths of the soul. The young women [of Northampton], who kept

lonely watch many long days in their log-house with a single room, had learned their lessons of faith and patience with the prince of New England preachers, or while listening to the burning strains of Whitefield. [They emigrated to Southampton when the] parent settlement was pervaded, almost saturated, by religious influence. The church and the precinct were entirely coincident. The civil and the religious community were one, almost to a man. Prayer went up from the town-meeting and the church conference alike." *

Alexander Edwards, the earliest ancestor of Professor Edwards in this country, emigrated from Wales about the year 1640. He was a parishioner of the famous Mr. Wroth, one of the first Nonconformists in Wales. In 1641, Alexander Edwards was a resident at Springfield, Massachusetts. About the year 1655, he removed to Northampton, where he died, September 4th, 1690. His son Samuel, born in Springfield, March 7th, 1643, died in Northampton, April 13th, 1712. Samuel had a son, likewise named Samuel, who was born March 26th, 1676, and died March 8th, 1749. These three ancestors of Professor Edwards were plain, industrious, intelligent farmers, having good estates, but no great wealth or distinction.

The second Samuel, who was the great-grandfather of the Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., of Andover, Massachusetts, had a son, also named Samuel,

* Centennial Address, p. 38.

born September 12th, 1716, who was the grandfather of Professor B. B. Edwards. This third Samuel marched as a soldier in 1745 in the expedition against Cape Breton. He removed from Northampton to Southampton in July, 1753. He was then in middle life. He had been a devoted parishioner of Jonathan Edwards. Spiritually born under the instructions of the President, he loved to consider himself as a son of that great man. He was deacon of the church in Southampton from the year 1766, until May 19th, 1784, when he died. He was for many years the town clerk, town treasurer, and a selectman of Southampton, and taught a school there or at Northampton more than forty winters. He gave his children an excellent education. He was noted as a "minister's man," and for a long time superintended the pecuniary affairs of his pastor, Rev. Mr. Judd. Like some of his descendants, he was proverbially cautious in his speech, and was wont to take gloomy views of his own character.

His wife, Catherine Clark, daughter of Deacon John Clark, of Northampton, was very intimate with the family of President Edwards. She received a decided influence from the President's estimable wife, and she seems to have transmitted that influence to her own children and children's children, even to the subject of this Memoir. She was thought to be a true Christian at the age of twelve years. She is now remembered as remarkably pacific in her disposition, and punctilious in her religious observances. She was so conscientious, that she conse-

crated, not only the evening of Saturday, but also the evening before Thanksgiving, as a part of holy time.

Elisha Edwards, the Professor's father, was born October 23d, 1758. Like his father before him, he was for many years the town treasurer of Southampton. From 1790 until 1832, more than forty years, he was a deacon of the church. In his character we discern many influences which formed the habits of his son. He was a man of tender sensibilities, he was fearful of over-statements, was vigorous, sedate, grave, discreet, cautious. He was a firm, well-informed, energetic Christian, ever distrusting, often loathing himself. He was remarkable for the awe with which he spoke habitually of his Maker. He was an eager student of the inspired volume, and was able to repeat a great number of its texts with rare exactness. His dying exhortation to some of his children was, "Study the Bible more, and other books and newspapers less." On the last Sabbath of his attending divine service, he "publicly recommended that the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, which had been recited on the Lord's day in the sanctuary by the great body of the children and youth of Southampton, for ninety years in succession, should by no means be superseded by Sabbath-school instruction." He seldom uttered a light remark. From their origin, he kept up a minute acquaintance with Foreign and Home Missionary operations, and, like his son, delighted to communicate the most recent intelligence at the Month-

ly Concert. He was relied on as the man to sustain the religious conferences. On rainy, stormy days, when but two or three persons would attend them, he was regularly present, and ready to speak or to pray. He was resolute in searching out, and severe in judging, his secret motives. At his death he asked the special forgiveness of a hired laborer for having manifested an improper spirit, and he often repeated the words, as he had uttered them in the days of his health: "I am the greatest sinner in this town, and have no hope except in the blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin." "I am the chief of sinners"; "I know that I am." He died, November 17th, 1832, in the old family mansion, where he and the subject of this Memoir were born.

Professor Edwards was in his thirty-first year, when he heard of his father's last illness. He was then on official business at a great distance from Southampton. He resolved to visit at once the scene where he feared that he was to be bereaved. One of the parties interested in the official business, advised him to wait until he had completed all his engagements. "You do not know *what* a father I have to lose," was the filial reply of the mourner, who hastened to his desolate homestead.

"The feelings which I had," he says, "during my two or three days long journey home, were indescribable. They were painful to a degree I never experienced before. I expected to find that my father was not alive, yet I hoped he was. As I passed through Northampton my hopes were much strengthened, as no one had heard of his death.

When I reached the burying-ground in Southampton, I cast my eye over it with a sort of shuddering, but could find no recent grave. I hastened by those persons whom I met, fearing and yet longing to inquire; I arrived at the house, and my brother met me and burst into a flood of tears. Father had been dead four hours. I knew it was right; I knew that I ought to be grateful that God gave me *such* a father for so many years; yet I longed to hear him say one more word to me, and that I might ask his forgiveness for a thousand things which came rushing into my mind."

But the life of his mother, not less than that of his father, gave a peculiar tinge to the character of Professor Edwards. His mother's name was Ann Bates. She was perhaps as highly esteemed as her husband for a saint-like life, but was more versatile and sprightly. Wit often sparkled in her conversation. She was a woman of earnest sentiment. Her prayers revealed an intenseness of emotion like that of the ancient Monica. She was, withal, a practical Christian. When Professor Edwards was a small child, she was accustomed to take him with her on horseback, and ride over the hills of Southampton, in order to collect funds and secure members for the Female Cent Society of the place. This was a domestic missionary society, and its design was to send books to the West. At that time, the great West was the interior of New York State. She was one of the founders, and for a long time the treasurer, of that society. And thus his life began, just as it ended, in philanthropic action. We see, then, that both his parents were strict Puritans

in their faith and life, and his excellences are a fruit of the Puritan culture. His mother died at the age of sixty-six, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.* During her last hours he was with her. He had never before felt much freedom in conversing with her on his own religious state. He now expressed his feelings without reserve, and read to her one or two affecting hymns, when no other person in the room had the fortitude to utter a word. For a long period after her decease he remained melancholy. Those who saw him bending under his affliction, said one to another, "Behold how he loved her!" He felt a pious joy in looking forward to his college vacations, when he might "place some greener sods upon her grave."

"There are some times," he wrote two years after his bereavement, "moments of unmingled delight in thinking of a mother's love, as the central point around which all the affections of a family move and cluster. I recollect very well that there were deep lines in the countenance of my mother which I never saw anywhere else, through which her immortal soul was almost visible, and over which death had no power, for I never observed them so distinctly as when I saw her shrouded for the grave." Afterwards he wrote: "I can almost sympathize with Southey, who said that the best poem in the English language is that of Cowper on his mother's picture."

* Rev. Vinson Gould, of Southampton, preached a sermon at her funeral, November 12th, 1826, from Acts ix. 36. He drew a parallel between Mrs. Edwards and Dorcas, who "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

CHAPTER III.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THE childhood of our friend was a marked one. His baptism was a kind of epoch in his father's Abrahamic household. The rite was performed by Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Hadley, Massachusetts. The parents, especially the mother, dedicated their infant to God with an unaccountable, indefinable impression, that they were offering a peculiarly rich gift, and that signal blessings would attend the young child's life. The child grew, and won the general love by that sweetness of temper, which, as it cheered those who surrounded his cradle, afterwards soothed those who stood at his dying couch. He was not a brilliant, and in many respects not a precocious or forward lad; he was slow of speech, modest, and retiring; his earliest compositions indicate no uncommon force or originality of mind; but he was often pointed at, as a model of conscientiousness and propriety to the other children of the neighborhood. His passion for books was developed early. They, more than any other instrument, formed his character. He would read when other children played. Sometimes, when they made him a visit, he would still keep open before him the volume which he had been perusing. Their gambols did not interrupt him, as he sat or lay upon the floor, with his eyes fastened upon the instructive page. Often, he did not hear the voice which summoned

him from his volume of history to his field-work or to his meals. It was sometimes necessary for his parents to take the volume from him, while he was exclaiming, "A little further, and I will stop." He did not labor on the farm so much as other boys; for his parents, being themselves intellectual, indulged his literary tastes. Nor did he play so boisterously and promiscuously as some others. His father and mother discouraged him from leaving home for sport in the evening. His character was sacredly watched. He read by the kitchen fire, while his schoolmates were out on a sleigh-ride. It must not be inferred, however, that he was really as unsocial as he appeared to be. He had a few, and but a few, intimate, cherished companions.* With these he conversed freely. By the mass of children he was unknown.

But while he had his father's sedateness and caution, he had also his mother's vivacity. At certain times, within his small and private circle, he exhibited that sportive vein which, in his maturer years, enlivened his converse with select friends. He had

* The company of the vicious was always an annoyance to him. In his mature life, after describing a journey which he had taken with some profane persons, he wrote: "It seemed to me a most impressive motive to be truly religious, that I may avoid the intolerable society of such men in the future world." Again, he wrote from the packet in which he crossed the Atlantic: "The crew are a sorry set indeed, but the captain's manner towards them must tend to degrade them still more. I passed much of my time on deck, very healthfully, but sometimes ran down into the cabin to escape from the volley of the captain's oaths."

not a boisterous wit; but a delicate mirthfulness flowed through his intercourse, like the gentle stream that variegates the fruit-bearing fields. In his tender childhood, his company was prized for that quiet humor, suggesting more than was uttered; for that half-serious smile, giving the beholder only a glimpse of the innocent thoughts which prompted it; for that felicitous ambiguity of phrases, stealing over the mind of the listener, first to surprise and then to gladden him. In maturer age, as if without intending it, he lighted up his statistical records, here and there, with the gleams of his chastened but playful fancy. Even in some of his most serious essays, we may detect the scintillation of his sprightly genius, illumining the dark background. In his last years, the light of his delicate wit seemed to hide itself more and more under the physical maladies and official cares that oppressed him, but it never faded entirely from the view of those who watched the last flickerings of his life. ' As he was in childhood the joy of the old patriarchal mansion, so even until the closing year of his half-century he was like the sunshine to his smiling household.

It is interesting to notice the degree in which his earlier epistles betray his original simplicity of feeling. When he first visited the sea-shore, he wrote to his home in admiration: —

"We had a noble view of the main ocean, saw its mighty bosom heave, and heard that solemn roar, which is so frequently described." When he first visited Boston, he wrote: "I was awaked in the city, at midnight, by a cry

of fire. My first sensations were of the most terrific kind. I was in a fourth story, in the upper part of the city, and at once thirty bells were ringing, the ponderous engines were rolling in every direction, and a loud scream from a multitude of voices, all carried me forward irresistibly to the great and dreadful day. It was, however, quite a common thing to the people of the city. The fire was readily extinguished."

It must not be imagined that the nature of this amiable man was so exquisitely balanced, as to exempt him from the need of severe conflicts with himself. He had early in life a sharp discernment of character, a propensity to satirize blunders which he was quick to perceive. The harmless and guarded speech, adorning all his public life, was the result of discipline, not of fortune. His history, indeed, is a comment on the effects of self-control. It has been surmised that he was naturally patient and imperturbable. He was wont to style himself "a Dutchman." He had, however, by nature an uncommon degree of excitability. His parents, having lost three of their seven children before he had passed his tenderest years, allowed their affections to cling with unwonted tenderness around him, their youngest on earth. He was seldom blamed by them. Never but once, and that lightly, was he punished. His winning ways gained their most indulgent, complacent regard. Had he not disciplined his own heart, he would have become self-willed and unyielding. His calm and quiet submission to the ills of mature life, proved that, in ruling his spirit, he was greater than one who taketh a city.

In his earlier, as in his later years, his favorite studies were history and poetry. At school, in despite of all his shy reserve, he was fond of declamation. He spoke on the stage at the academy with less sacrifice of feeling than he made in maturer life, when he spoke on the platform at our public religious anniversaries.

CHAPTER IV.

COLLEGIATE LIFE.

Mr. Edwards was not originally earnest for a collegiate training. He loved his home so well, that he shrunk from the thought of leaving it, even for the sake of mental culture. He already had access to a library of four or five hundred volumes, enough to satisfy his incipient thirst for information. But his parents were desirous that he should, and had a presentiment that he would, become a minister of the Gospel. Their will was his law. At the age of fourteen he began to prepare for college. He thought that he should have resolution enough to study for a few months at the academy in Hadley, about ten miles from Southampton; but after remaining there a short time, his heart failed him, and he hired a carriage with two horses, to take himself, books and all, to his father's house, for which he had been pining during his entire absence. He was soon made to believe, however, that his home-sickness was un-

wise, and he retraced his course to Hadley by the same conveyance which took him thence, and with a resolution never again to sacrifice his love of learning to his love of home. The last summer of his preparatory course he spent with his revered friend, Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, a fatherly teacher, who trained during his pastorate about a hundred young men for collegiate life. Mr. Edwards entered Williams College in 1820, and, having remained there a twelvemonth, followed President Moore to Amherst, where, after three years of characteristic industry, he was graduated, in 1824, at the age of twenty-two. The history of his college days is much like that of his subsequent life. Notwithstanding the changes effected by his self-discipline, it is still true that an uncommon unity pervaded his character from his youth to middle age. His early field-labors, although not very severe, had yet so far invigorated his constitution that, without seeming to be fatigued or enfeebled, he could devote fourteen hours a day to the improvement of his mind. Even in his vacations, he shut himself up in his chamber at home, and thus acquired the name, among those who did not know his heart, of being unsocial. Through life he kept up so close a companionship with the great and good men who communed with him in books, that strangers never learned the power of his social instincts. That he had such instincts, however, his friends enjoyed the daily proof. "Seneca," he once wrote, — and it was the language of his heart as well

as of his pen, — "Seneca used to say, that he should not desire wisdom if he must needs keep it all to himself. How great the addition to one's own enjoyment, if one can communicate his discoveries and enthusiasm to dear friends!" When we compare his earlier compositions with the classical and finished essays of his later days, we feel what we before knew, the amount and worth of his hard labor. That polished elegance came not to him by chance. His compressed energy of diction he had never attained, but by a severe drilling of himself over the pages of Tacitus. His college essays exhibit, indeed, a native delicacy of feeling, and a propensity to take large, broad views of all topics; but they prove that, like Goethe, "he had nothing sent to him in his sleep; no page of his, but he knew well how it came there." His life is a commentary on the stubborn truth, that a scholar must make himself; and that, with rare exceptions, the Father of our spirits giveth skill in all kinds of cunning workmanship to him, and him only, who endures hardness and presses through much tribulation. Toward the close of his life, Mr. Edwards thus expressed the principles which had governed him through his entire literary course: —

"The ability to hold the pen of a ready writer is not acquired in a day. Habits of accurate composition are the slow growth of time. The power of wisely selecting a topic, of protracted meditation upon it, of a logical arrangement of its parts, of calling up from a well-stored mind apposite illustrations, and of a tasteful and impressive ex-

hibition of it in language, is rather an acquisition than a gift. It is the product of long months of hardy discipline. It is the result of many a painful process. Though a secure and precious possession, it is hard earned. The foundations of a correct taste and of a practised style are commonly laid in college. The theological student carries forward and perfects the discipline. The seed is sown in the early collegiate training which bears its precious fruits in the pulpit and the lecture-room. The elements of good writing, and sometimes its most beautiful and finished forms, are obvious in the commencement exercises of the graduate. In such cases, we may confidently predict a successful professional career."

The collegiate life of Mr. Edwards illustrates the value, as well as the beauty, of an attachment to a well-ordered home. His household ties alone were strong enough to hold him back from many a youthful folly. Amid the perils which resulted in the ruin of less affectionate spirits, he found a sweet security in the thought that his parents remembered him night and morning at their domestic altar. He not only wrote to his home minute descriptions of his dangers, but he also sent pencil-sketches of his room, and of its appurtenances, so that his father and mother might know the precise spot where he was laboring to reward their toil. Before his religious life began, his college ambition was to please the guides of his infancy.

Another safeguard to Mr. Edwards in his absence from home, was his reverence for his teachers. This was a natural result of his affection for his parents.

A reverent thankfulness to those who have aided our mental growth is allied with a spirit of deference to "all who are in authority," and even with veneration for the Supreme Ruler. Instead of regarding his instructors as his natural enemies, Mr. Edwards ever presumed them to be his best friends. He had a native courtesy of spirit, which would have led him to respect them, even if they had been inferior to himself in original endowment. Their experience, if not their natural superiority, would have enabled them to enrich his mind with knowledge; and his gratitude would have prompted him to conceal their failings and to hallow their memory. At the height of his literary progress, he ever sought out acceptable and reverential words, in describing the men at whose feet he had learned the first principles of science. When twenty-one years old, and while a Junior at Amherst, he was as much afflicted by the death of his College President, as if he had lost a familiar relative. In a letter to his father, he thus relieved his burdened spirit on the evening of Dr. Moore's death.*

"*Amherst, June* 30, 1823. *Evening.* — Honored Father: I know not how to write, or in what language to communicate to you the heart-rending tidings. Our friend, our beloved President, is gone. O, those eyes, which beamed with nothing but good-will, are for ever closed! That heart, which never breathed toward us any thing but the purest af-

* Ten years after this event, Mr. Edwards wrote a Biographical Sketch of President Moore for the American Quarterly Register, Vol. V. pp. 177 - 185.

fection, has forgotten to beat. It is an evening of mourning such as I never witnessed. We are left as sheep without a shepherd. The students are continually going to the house of death, and viewing that form, chilled by the cruel finger of the king of terrors. It was impossible, before this evening, to tell how we loved him. For my part, I never knew what it was to lose a friend before.* To repress my feelings is beyond my power. O, Sir, who would not shed tears even, to see the scholars! it is impossible for some to utter a word." "At about ten minutes before seven, this evening, the good President emphatically *fell asleep*. 'Virtue alone has majesty in death. The Christian's God sustains him in his final hour. His final hour brings glory to his God.'"

The following letter from Professor Charles U. Shepard, the distinguished Lecturer on Chemistry at Charleston, South Carolina, and Amherst, Massachusetts, will illustrate the impression which the subject of this Memoir made upon his college mates: —

"*Charleston, S. C., November* 21, 1852. — Professor Edwards was my classmate and room-mate in college, and my recollections of him are exceedingly distinct and pleasant. I recall him to mind as a most faithful and persevering scholar, ever occupying himself intently with the studies of his course, in which, if he did not prepare himself always so easily as some of his fellow-students, it is nevertheless quite certain that he allowed none to surpass him in that thorough mastery of them, which, as an intellectual discipline and a preparative for future acquisitions, left nothing

* The death of President Moore preceded that of Mr. Edwards's mother.

to desire. He exhibited no partiality for one study above another; but, with his characteristic good sense, bestowed his attention upon all alike. He ever manifested a singular modesty in respect to his attainments, as if he regarded himself as entering upon an extensive course, to which the college was simply an introduction. I do not remember his ever evincing the least elation at any performance or success of his. He never seemed to be impelled to exertion for the sake of college distinction. To him other considerations afforded a sufficient stimulus to activity. The love of knowledge always glowed in him as a ceaseless flame. But could we suppose that it might sometimes have flickered for a moment, he had so much of manliness about him, that he would have blushed to have been an idler at college, a place where the only respectable occupation of a youth is study.

"There was nothing light or trifling in his nature; indeed, I may say, he almost lacked that playful enthusiasm which pertains to most young men, and which sometimes betrays them into a loss of much precious time in the inanities of college society. He was one who took every thing in dead earnest. Notwithstanding this rather uncompanionable temperament, he was universally beloved. All were attracted to him by the force of his unvarying candor and his marked consistency. Take him all in all, Mr. Edwards was a model student, — quiet, assiduous, modest, and eminently successful. He passed his college course without wounding the feelings of a fellow-student, and inspiring all with love and respect for his character, and a full confidence in his ultimate success in life.

"Although he was, at the time alluded to, a most exemplary, and, as I suppose, a truly religious man, yet he seemed disinclined, beyond most persons, to converse upon

such subjects. This may be ascribed to his superior modesty; or, perhaps, a certain refined sense had suggested to him the idea, that it was better to strive after a properly developed life in himself, and thus to operate upon others by example; the influence of which so far transcends the most devoted zeal in the way of advice or exhortation, when these happen not to be associated with an absolute blamelessness of life."

Other classmates of Mr. Edwards bear like testimony in favor of him as an amiable and kind-hearted man. His example has been sometimes quoted as an illustration of man's goodness by nature. But he probed the depths of his own heart, and felt the emptiness of all his natural virtues. He felt more deeply than others saw, that he was by nature a child of wrath, even as others. On a review of his college life, he thus exposes the germs of iniquity which he detected in the recesses of his soul.

"You know," he writes to a friend, "how desperately I have followed the call of a literary ambition, how it is entwined round all the fibres of my soul. It is a most dangerous enemy. It breaks out under the shape of envy, and jealousy, and pleasure at another's failure. It will follow me wherever I go. It will pollute the holiness of the Sabbath. I have no desire for wealth or sensuous gratification, but I have had a most craving appetite for human applause, and it seems almost to gather strength from opposition. Tormented with this passion, one might exclaim, O wretched man that I am!"

CHAPTER V.

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Mr. Edwards was noted in his childhood for tenderness of sensibility. Like his father, he wept easily. Having been often affected by religious exhortation, he acquired a dread of its exciting influence. He disliked to have it known that he was thoughtful on the subject of his eternal safety. When urged to attend a religious meeting, at a time of special solemnity, in his native town, he would say not a word betraying his willingness to attend, but would privily go through the fields, in the rear of his father's house, to the meeting, and there sit in a retired corner unobserved. In order to avoid the fervent appeal which he expected from his mother, when he should bid her farewell at his first departure for college, he attempted to escape from the house through a side door, without being noticed by her. "He pulls away the shoulder from instruction," she said, and called him back, and gave him the exhortation which he was dreading. He seemed habitually to have had more fear in regard to his future state, than he was willing to confess. In his Junior year at Amherst College, he began to cease from his old habit of stifling his anxieties. He heard at that time, that some friends in his native town had become especially earnest for the welfare of their souls. His quick sympathies were aroused, and he began to meditate on his own relation to God. The world

would have predicted, that the seemingly harmless tenor of his former life would prepare him for a tranquil conversion, and that a confidence in his own beautiful morality would gently fade away into a trust in Christ, as the starlight loses itself in the shining of the sun. But the depths of sin that lay hidden under the apparent simplicity of his aims, were uncovered before him by the spirit of grace. He saw the abysses of his depravity, and he recoiled from them. His iron diligence in study was now relaxed. At this time, the first revival in Amherst College was in progress. He was unable to endure the power of that revival. His pent-up feelings drove him for relief to his old paternal roof. His father's voice had been often heard at midnight in prayer for the son who, in despite of all the reputed innocence of his life, had now come home like the down-stricken prodigal. One whole night that father and mother had spent in anxious entreaty for this, their youngest surviving child, their Benjamin, whom they had consecrated to God with a prophetic faith. All the waves of the Divine judgment seemed now to be rolling over that cherished youth; and out of the depths was he crying, night and day, and all in vain, for one gleam of peace. Through ten successive days it seemed to him and to others, that he would faint under the sad revelations which he had received of his own enmity to God. His feet had wellnigh slipped. His constitution broke down almost. We long to know the details of that dark scene. But they are now among the secrets of

the Almighty. The diffident man was never able to describe them. Scarcely ever did he allude to them. He kept his classmates ignorant of them. All but two or three of his bosom friends supposed him to have been transformed in a comparatively placid way. The records of his Christian feeling he destroyed; for he was too lowly to think them fit for perusal, and it was his plan through life to conceal even the most interesting parts of his own history. One loose paper escaped him, and this probably marks the day when light from on high first dawned upon his soul. He writes: —

"*February* 24, 1823. —

'I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.'

B. B. EDWARDS.

"O God! in view of the worth of the soul, and the importance of the *present* time, I have made the above resolution, not, as I hope, in my own strength. O Lord! remove the blindness and stupidity which cover my soul, and enable me to carry my determination into effect; and to Thee shall be the glory for ever."

Before this period, Mr. Edwards had been a scholar from taste, and, as he would say, from ambition. He now became one from Christian principle. His piety gave new impulse and direction to his literary zeal. So it should be. A student's religion will prompt to a student's life. Six weeks after his self-dedication to God, this faithful man penned a series

of resolutions, to remember that every moment is precious, to rise very early in the morning for his daily toils, to be punctual in attending the public and social religious exercises of the college, to keep the Sabbath holy, to spend a certain time every morning, noon, and evening in secret devotion, to be benevolent and kind in all his intercourse with his fellow-students and the world. Nine months of the year after he was graduated, he spent in superintending the academy at Ashfield, Massachusetts. Here, too, he made and resolutely followed another series of resolutions, to spend six and a half or seven hours of the twenty-four in sleep, six hours in his school-room, five hours, at least, in severe study, two hours in miscellaneous reading, the first and last hours of each day in prayer, and some time in physical exercise.

Inured as he was to a habit of severe judgment upon himself, it was not to be anticipated that he would feel encouraged at once to connect himself with the Church of Christ. He looked upon that institution with awe. He remained three years in a state of self-scrutiny and misgiving. In 1825, at the age of twenty-three, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and in the following year he made a public avowal of his faith. The considerateness, the philosophical circumspection, with which he performed this duty, will be seen in the following letter to his father.

"*Saturday Evening, February* 11, 1826. — I have lately determined upon a most important step, perhaps a prema-

ture one, but not adopted without frequent and earnest consideration, — I mean a profession of religion in the church of the Theological Seminary. With respect to this duty, I have long felt that it is one, indeed, on which advice may be offered, but the individual has an especial and solemn duty within himself, to which no one but the Maker of his mind can be a witness. And I believe when it is done properly, it is done by seriously counting the cost; that is, estimating the joys and sorrows of an humble yet devoted Christian course. I do not mean, that this deliberation is to furnish me with strength hereafter to persevere in this course, but only as enabling me to know whether I have a right to expect the promised aid of the Saviour. One of the things which has induced me to this measure is, a conviction that I ought to act as I believe. There is a weight of testimony for the truth of Christianity, which is accumulating every week of my study, and which, if I would, I could not resist. If its doctrines are true, its precepts and promises and warnings are no less so, and to neglect to obey these proves that I am afraid to follow the belief of my own mind; or, in other words, that I am a slave to my wrong passions. Were I not convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity, I could never obey it. But it is clear as sunlight, that there is a moral disease within us which no human remedy can touch, and which, if unhealed, is, and will be for ever, the second death. Now as the Gospel has offered a remedy which millions have tried, to their eternal gladness and joy, it is surely insanity not to make a similar application. My views have undergone a considerable alteration with respect to the seat and nature of sin. It is utterly a useless thing, as it regards himself, for a man to be only outwardly moral. It is a most unaccountable circumstance, how a man who has read the Bible can be sat-

isfied with a mere external religion. It is a tremendous thought, how often God is insulted in this way. He is a spirit. His piercing eye is on our innermost heart. We can have no happiness at all unless our mind or heart is affected, and yet men think that religion consists in being just and generous."

His public consecration to God, however, did not fully restore the cheerfulness which formerly marked his intercourse. Indeed, he seems never to have altogether recovered the buoyancy of his earlier life. At times he felt a deeper peace than ever before; habitually, he felt a more solid, enduring support for his soul; but he had a lofty standard of Christian excellence, and as he failed of reaching his high mark, he often wrote and spoke more in the style of David Brainerd than of William Wilberforce. The following extracts from his letters indicate the results of his rigid self-examination.

"*Andover, November* 15, 1828. — It has been suggested to me, that you think I am dissatisfied with my condition. This is far from being the case. My only difficulty is, that the [ministerial] work to which I am called is of too holy a nature for my earthly heart. The power of sin within me is the only thing that renders me unhappy, and *that* sometimes makes me superlatively wretched. It is nothing more than I deserve, however, and nothing more than I wish to feel, till I find my happiness in God alone."

"*February* 19, 1829. — With all the profusion of blessings which God is bestowing upon me, I am very far from being happy. I do not know but that the great business of life is yet to be done by me. I have, most of

the time, very little hope that I am a Christian indeed. I am sure that I can never enter the ministry till I have better feelings. I know that there is an all-sufficiency in Christ, but I cannot rest upon it as my own. My spirit is dreadfully hardened by prosperity, and I never had an apprehension, such as I have had lately, of the unmeasured wickedness of my heart. My whole life is selfishness. I feel very little, if any, desire for the glory of God; and if I do not, all my efforts and prayers are an abomination in his sight. I am sometimes reduced to complete despair."

"*September* 4, 1829. — What a miserably low estimate do we put upon the salvation of the soul! I am sometimes disposed to turn with indignation on myself for allowing my heart to cheat me out of all which is worth a thought. While I know that God, and he only, ought to be the object of love and worship, I live as an *Atheist* in the world. If there is one passage in the Bible more expressive than another, it is this: 'Madness is in their hearts while they live.'"

"*April* 11, 1830. — I wish," he writes to an afflicted friend, "that I could console you with the consolations of one who is himself consoled with the promises of eternal life. Were I to speak from experience, however, I should be a 'miserable comforter.' I have but one uniform, melancholy story to tell, sinning and repenting without reformation. I have very little reason to believe that I am what I profess to be. I have lived at a dreadful distance and alienation from the Father of spirits, seeking my own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's. I may now justly be left to be a monument of God's awful justice. It is a fearful thing to be conversant mentally with the truths of the Gospel as I have been, and not feel their

power on my own soul. Such a course produces a hardness of heart which is truly alarming. I find that I have been deceived in regard to the real nature of religion, accounting it in my practice to be a thing to be attended to on the Sabbath, and once or twice in the day besides; not a system of truths and duties which are to affect and control me every moment. Here, I think, is the great secret of counting all things loss for Christ's sake, to make religion, not only the great theme, but the constant theme, to recur to it with pleasure, after having been engaged in necessary worldly business. But I am not qualified to give advice."

"*May* 25, 1830. — My great source of unhappiness is not external. It is within myself. The struggle between my conscience and my heart, renders me most of the time miserable, and unfit either for heaven or earth. There is, doubtless, an all-sufficient remedy in the blood of atonement, but the very simplicity and efficacy of the remedy lead me to trust in other refuges."

The manuscripts of Mr. Edwards written during the earlier part of his religious life, reveal the intimate connection between his penitence and his faith. His sorrow for his own sin predisposed him to place a high estimate upon the work of his Redeemer. He wrote many letters breathing the same spirit with the following: —

"*Andover, Sabbath Evening, July* 20, 1828. — It has been a communion Sabbath with us in the chapel. Professor Stuart preached an admirable sermon in the morning, from the passage, 'For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup,' &c. He made some most interesting remarks on the fact, that this sacrament, designed to commemorate the *death* of Christ, shows that the great object

of Christ in coming into the world was to *die*. If he came principally as a *teacher*, why is not the ordinance commemorative of him in that capacity? If he died simply as a martyr to the truth, why is there not an instituted rite commemorative of the martyred Paul and Peter, who labored far more successfully than Christ, and who laid down their lives in attestation of the truth which they preached? In remarking upon the scorn with which some regarded this sacrament, he said: 'Nevertheless, we will celebrate it till our dying day. It commemorates the love of our dearest Friend. It commemorates that upon which hang all our hopes, and all the hopes of a perishing world. When we arrive in the eternal temple, *there*, yes, *there* will we cry, Worthy is the Lamb that was *slain*, for he has redeemed us by his *blood!*' He uttered these sentences with an energy and an ecstasy which thrilled through our souls.

"I cannot help referring here to some remarks in your letter upon the danger of our laboring for Christ *professedly*, while our motives in the sight of God are utterly selfish. Now one of the most effectual ways to find out our mistake and correct it is, to think of the love of Christ. Learn the story of his sufferings by heart, such as the fifty-third of Isaiah and the scene at Gethsemane, and say it over when you are going to the performance of any duty; and it will have a tendency to free your mind, if any thing in all the world can do it, from unworthy and sinful thoughts. If we ever attain to the possession of a good hope, it must be, I am persuaded, by glorying in nothing save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The love of Christ must *first* constrain us, and then we shall have a disinterested love to all our fellow-creatures. I do not make these suggestions, because I myself act in conformity with them. I have very

little hope, most of the time. Sometimes there is an impenetrable gloom resting over all my future prospects, occasioned, among other things, by despair arising from an entire and repeated failure to keep any of my resolutions, — a despair whose principal ingredient is remorse of conscience, a thing very distinct from repentance. At such times, it is some consolation to reflect that *we* have been given to Christ in our infant days in the real exercise of faith. Of this there is probably little doubt. If it is so, we shall not be left to depend upon it in any improper manner, but shall be led to work out our own salvation. It is a transporting thought, too precious to be true, that we, as a family, shall all arrive safely at our eternal home, in consequence very much of the faith and power with God, which one had" (referring to his mother) "who has gone before us."

"*Andover, November* 22, 1829. — Professor Stuart preached a sermon this forenoon on his favorite theme, the atonement of Jesus Christ, from the words: 'Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead.' His divisions were (though not all strictly deducible from the passage), — 1. The death of Christ has no meaning, unless men are depraved. 2. Men must feel that they are lost, before they will apply to Christ. 3. The recollection of their depravity affords Christians occasion for the deepest feelings of gratitude to their Saviour. It was the best sermon which I have heard for a long time. The Professor feels deeply himself on this subject, and there is such an honesty and sincerity, and noble frankness, and warmth in his manner, that he bears away the understanding and hearts of his hearers where he pleases. He related an anecdote of an aged martyr of the second century, who, being asked at the stake if he would deny Christ, said, calmly: 'Eighty-six years I have served him, and he never wronged

me: shall I forsake him *now*?' Mr. Stuart then quoted the hymn with most amazing effect:

'From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode.'

Ought not ministers, generally, to preach the atonement and its kindred doctrines more than they do? The inhabitants of this world stand in a very peculiar relation to Christ; and should not this subject, on this account, be the great burden of our preaching? If the minister exhibit it properly, it *will* have an effect. I would preach the law in all its strictness and spirituality and terrible denunciation, but only to lead men to fly to the city of refuge."

According to his own principles, the early religious life of Mr. Edwards was fitted to make him a contemplative more than an active Christian. He has thus expressed his opinion on the commencement of a religious career: —

"The remark has been sometimes made, that, when God intends to employ an individual in a sphere of distinguished usefulness, he so orders it that his conversion is marked and unequivocal. The assertion is not meant to imply that there must be, in all cases, very deep convictions of sin, or corresponding emotions of joy, or an immediately decisive alteration of any kind. The change in Baxter, Buchanan, and Martyn was so gradual, that the time when it commenced was not obvious to themselves or to others. At length, however, the evidence that they were Christians was to themselves distinct and full. Martyn said that he could no more question it than he could his own existence. The different manner and circumstances of this great change, must exert a decided influence on the whole subsequent life. Persevering effort for the salvation

of others, is not consistent with prevailing doubts in regard to one's own safety. What would a soldier be worth in the day of battle, if he followed his commander with hesitating and doubtful steps? A person must be rejoicing in hope, and, in some measure, confident of his high calling, before he can do good to all men as he has opportunity. It is of great importance, therefore, that a Christian should commence his course with as much *impetus* as possible from the circumstances of his conversion. The very recollection of the 'marvellous change,' will inspire him with new ardor in his pathway to heaven. With this signal advantage did Mr. Cornelius enter upon his religious course. His conviction of sin was uncommonly deep and thorough, and his first exercise of faith in the Saviour cordial and soul-transforming. The reality of the change was clear to his own mind, as well as to those of others. A consciousness of love to Christ diffused a sweet serenity through his soul, and armed him with courage for the day of conflict. He often referred to this period as emphatically a season of grace and peace,—a foretaste of never-ending joy. Darkness and doubt, indeed, occasionally visited his soul within a short time after his conversion, but they only made the recovered beams of the Sun of Righteousness more pleasant and vivifying. He possessed in some good measure the feelings of Paul, when he deduces from his confident expectation of eternal life, the sublime inference, WHEREFORE WE LABOR." *

The sequel will show, however, that Mr. Edwards did not fail to unite the practical with the meditative life. By his constitution he was inclined to be intro-

* Remarks upon the Character and Public Life of Rev. Elias Cornelius, in the American Quarterly Register, Vol. V. pp. 11, 12.

spective. His native caution predisposed him to examine his motives with severity, not to say asceticism. He was not debarred from all active beneficence by his self-distrust, but in the midst of all his activity he searched his own heart, and reproached himself for his inferiority to his standard. In 1829 he wrote in his familiar epistles what, in substance, he repeated every year of his life.

"No duty is more difficult, and none is oftener neglected, than self-examination. It is comparatively easy to read the Bible or even to pray, but to bring one's self to a rigid inspection of motives, of inmost desires, of evanescent thoughts, of flitting fancies, of half-formed resolutions, is exceedingly difficult. The heart does not wish to be disturbed, the cherished sins are not easily dethroned and slain. Yet, without a habit of self-examination, a man is a poor and defenceless being; temptations will overcome him, sin will gather strength, Satan will find many avenues to him, his heart will grow insensibly and dreadfully hard.

"It is, doubtless, very advantageous to have, as far as may be, a settled plan of business every day, and rigidly to adhere to it. This will prevent us from being surprised by sudden temptations, and it will give to the mind, at the close of the day, some tangible points to rest upon and contemplate. I find it very easy to live along, from week to week, without much knowledge of myself, hardly knowing whether I am retrograding or advancing. The duty of self-examination and watchfulness are what show, more than any thing else, the propriety of the Saviour's direction, '*Strive* to enter in at the *strait* gate.'

"We need brokenness of spirit and prostration of soul at the foot of the cross. Perhaps there is no better way to

accomplish this, than to confess to God *fully* our sins, to call them all by their proper names, to mention them with great *particularity*, and the dearest sin to dwell upon a long time; and then to associate all these sins with the unutterable agonies of the Son of God for the soul's redemption. Our Benefactor, our best Friend, poured out his blood like water for *us*. Where is our generosity in not loving him for his marvellous love? Reflect on all the little circumstances about his life and death. At least this effect will follow: Every earnest effort of the right kind gives the mind additional power, and the second and third attempts will be easier, till at last the proper habit is acquired. In the hurry of our daily avocations, ten thousand thoughts or fancies will pass through the mind, which are nearly useless and entirely unconnected, if not absolutely sinful. In such cases, it may be beneficial to recall the most tangible, affecting, kindling topics of religion or morals, and thus exclude from the affections what is absolutely bad, by preoccupying them with what is good. It is doubtless very useful to retire at such seasons of perplexity for prayer, again and again. This remedy, if persevered in, is infallible."

CHAPTER VI.

MENTAL RECREATION. — LOVE OF NATURE.

One cause of the gloom which settled down so heavily upon Mr. Edwards was, his want of the requisite diversion from severe study. In his hours of exercise he continued his mental toil. During an entire summer, while he instructed a class at Am-

herst College, he took a daily walk with a friend for the sake of conversing on Dr. Brown's Mental Philosophy. Still he did not altogether neglect the duty of mental relaxation. It was, in part, by gratifying his love of nature, that he kept himself from severe sickness, under his habit of devoting from ten to fourteen hours of the day to study. In the rural scenes of his youth, he cultivated that sense of beauty which ever afterwards guided his thoughts, and in some degree formed his character. "Ashfield," he writes, while teaching the academy there, "is one of the cherished spots in my recollection. That little rivulet, — I know all its windings and all the murmurs which it makes; and the place where I read in the summer evenings, with no auditors but those that lived in the branches of the trees." Hour after hour, too, did he regale himself at Amherst College, in looking out upon the fields which are spread along the banks of the Connecticut, and are bounded in the horizon by the wooded hills, and then in applying the words of a favorite Psalm, to express his adoring gratitude: "Thou visitest the earth and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water." "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." "I love," he writes from Amherst, "to sit at my third-story window about sunset, and read aloud

the sixty-fifth, hundred and fourth, hundred and forty-fifth, and hundred and forty-seventh Psalms, imagining that David once sung these sweet strains to his lyre, as he stood on Mount Zion, or wandered along the vale of Cedron, or heard the 'birds sing among the branches' on the sides of Carmel. In the hundred and fourth Psalm, after surveying the heavens and the earth 'satisfied with the fruit of thy works, and the great and wide sea,' with what transport does he exclaim: 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.' To be able to utter such an exclamation in the sincerity of one's heart, would be the perfection of happiness. If you will notice these animated Psalms, the description usually begins in heaven, an invocation to the angels, etc., exemplifying what Dr. Brown says, that the eye which looks to heaven seems, when it turns again to the objects of earth, to bring down with it a purer radiance, like the very beaming of the presence of the Divinity."

No sooner had he entered the Theological School at Andover, than at once his poetic soul dilated itself in "surveying the wide heavens that are stretched out over us." In the depth of winter, he writes to a friend: "We have been living, for two or three days past, in a world illuminated with gold and diamonds, and all manner of unearthly things. I wish I could show you our sunsetting at this moment. It surpasses all description. The whole frame of nature looks like a mass of liquid gold.

A flood of fire is poured from the 'fount of glory,' and a thousand forms of fleecy clouds are skirting the whole western horizon. Well may we exclaim: 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The spreading out of thy glory is in the earth and the heavens.' "

The observation of nature, as we here perceive, instructed, while it refreshed, the mind of Mr. Edwards. The most insignificant objects which fell under his view, started a train of pious reflections. He belonged to that class of finely disciplined scholars, who receive a religious suggestion from every thing which they see or hear. Their peculiar physical temperament modifies the suggestion. A careless observer of a bird flying across his path, might think of nothing except its graceful movements. But when the sombre mind of John Foster notices so trifling an event, he says: "Man is trudging at a slower and more toilsome rate, but how much prouder and more mischievous than now, I should be, if I could fly. It was requisite for power of one kind to be checked by impotence of another. I cannot fly." When the same grave philosopher was looking from the top of a spire over the city of London, "I could not help the invading thought," he said, "what an awful, what a direful spectacle it was, — the stupendous amount of sin in that great city!" A common observer would have reflected merely on the amount of brick and stone there piled together.

The most familiar letters of Mr. Edwards indicate that his mind was ever quick to discern the religious

aspects of nature, and to wander from the physical symbol to the spiritual truths illustrated by it. Soon after he entered the Theological Seminary, he wrote, on a winter's eve, to a friend engaged in a scene of special religious interest: —

"It is almost eleven o'clock, and I must retire to rest. There is a stillness all around, as deep as it is welcome. A little brand glimmers on the hearth, an emblem of the life which is dawning in many souls, during the present revivals of religion, and which will be fanned into an enduring flame. God is not here, as in some other places, by the overpowering agency of his spirit; but his glory is up in our heavens, and his invisible arm will protect our slumbers."

Educated to regard Saturday evening as part of the Sabbath, Mr. Edwards often devoted the evening to a religious correspondence with his family friends. In one of his letters he moralizes thus: —

"Somehow or other, I think more of home Saturday night, than any other time in the week. It has been cloudy to-day, till the moment before the sun went down. He burst through his covering then. I thought of you, and hoped it was a true emblem of your condition, away in the West. Six days of sin and darkness are gone, and the Sabbath is a day of light and joy, and well may the last moment of Saturday give a promise of the morrow."

So in one of his Sabbath evening letters, he writes from Andover to his home:

"It seems to me, that after the rest of the Sabbath, which ought to be holy, and before the busy scenes of the week commence, it is peculiarly fitting to send a few

thoughts homeward. At this hour there is on all the face of nature a calm and Sabbath stillness, which I love to think is an emblem of that which reigns around our old family mansion; and happy we, if it be an emblem of the peace which passeth all understanding, that ought to be an inmate of our bosoms. It is delightful to think of the time when the Sabbath shall be a blessed day to all the homes on earth, — when the members of a family, however distant from each other, shall be one in feeling, one in hope, all looking forward to the period when sin and darkness shall have fled away."

Mr. Edwards's love of nature prompted him to become familiar with those poets who describe with the greatest fidelity the charms of rural life. He was an admirer of the "Lake School," because in the writings of that school he found the deepest sympathy with the works of God. He thought that the reading of Wordsworth's Excursion was often a good substitute for a ramble through the fields, as a means of health. His character was formed by the poet of Rydal Mount, more than by any other uninspired man. It was partly his delight in nature which made him so decided in his opinion, that our colleges and theological seminaries should be amid rural scenes. In his judgment, a taste for the woodland and stream, for the morning and evening sky, for the growth of shrubs, for the voice of birds, is an important element in ministerial education. It is the needed counterpart for an interest in lexicons and grammars. The preacher who is not enamored of God's works, cannot fitly prize God's word.

Recreation in the fields predisposes and prepares a scholar for hard work in the study. It does not, like many other kinds of recreation, dissipate the mind, produce a feverish, sickly excitement, but it tends to concentrate the thoughts on religious truth, and give health, strength, stability, patience, industry, enterterprise, to the soul. As Mr. Edwards advanced in life, he indulged himself more and more in watching the phenomena of nature, and the remark which he made of De Wette may be applied to himself: "With all [his] diversified studies, he was no recluse or dry book-worm. He took recreation in the culture of gardens and flowers with the simple feelings of a child."

CHAPTER VII.

COURSE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDY. — TUTORSHIP AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

From some of Mr. Edwards's letters, while he was a theological student, we should infer that he was a mere admirer of nature; but from the general spirit of his correspondence, we see that he found a richer treasure at Andover than the sun, moon, and stars could proffer him. Here he entered on the Elysium of his life. He had before experienced a sprightlier joy, but had never felt such an exalted, refined love for the good and the true. As he devoted his first year to the Greek and Hebrew Bible, he was fas-

cinated every day with its simple, artless idioms, its mysterious, exhaustless suggestions. He entered the Seminary in November, 1825. Two months afterwards he wrote to his old home:

"My principal study is the Hebrew Bible, and a most delightful study it is. I never saw the book of Genesis in so interesting a light. I never knew before how benevolent God is represented to be in that book. Many persons associate an unbending strictness with his character, as it is exhibited in the Old Testament. They do not remember, that from the time Adam fell we have had a dispensation of mercy. How nobly was the kindness of the Sovereign displayed in his appearing at various times to Abraham, conversing with him, enlightening his mind, lifting up the veil of futurity, and giving to the venerable patriarch a glory which was to endure, even down to the universal reign of the Mediator. The more I study the books of Moses, so much the more fully am I convinced that they came from the inspiration of God. He has put the seal of unerring truth on the pages of the Pentateuch, and if we are satisfied of this, we have almost the evidence of sense that there is an Almighty Being who reigns above these heavens; for we almost see him on the plains of Mamre, making the rainbow a pledge of safety to Noah, walking among the trees of Eden. It is true, there is a hidden glory on the leaves of God's word; and the deeper our search, so much the more yellow is the discovered gold."

"I am charmed with Professor Stuart. He is ardent and enthusiastic; frank and honest in an unusual degree. If he is ignorant on a particular point, he says so, plainly."

The following resolutions, made four weeks after

he entered the Theological Seminary, illustrate the manner in which Mr. Edwards disciplined his mind and heart.

"*Andover Theological Seminary, December* 18, 1825. — The facilities for intellectual and moral education here are of a very high order, and I hope that I shall make a vigorous effort. With God's gracious assistance, I will try to observe the following rules: — 1. Devote half an hour morning and evening of each day to private prayer, self-examination, and reading the Bible. 2. Seven hours, at most, shall be my limit for sleep. 3. I will endeavor to acquire a thorough knowledge of Hebrew, and two hours and a half of every forenoon I will devote to its study, and at least one hour every evening." (The study of Hebrew in the evening he afterwards condemned.) "4. The remainder of the evening I will devote to general literature and composition, and to the exercise of my mind in severe thought. 5. Two hours on Monday and two on Friday, I will spend in studying the classical Greek or Latin. 6. I will study eleven hours at least every day, and one hour every evening. 7. I will endeavor, above all things, to become like God; to abstain from all sins, secret and open, and to supplicate His blessing on all my undertakings. 8. I will endeavor strictly to observe these rules, and the better to keep them, I will read them frequently, and every night review my conduct, my acquisitions, and prospects.

"B. B. EDWARDS."

When we reflect that Mr. Edwards was called away from earth in less than a third of a year after his first teacher at the Seminary, we find a sad pleasure in remembering, that nearly all his earliest letters from this hill, and also the very latest letters

which he ever wrote, with his hand emaciated by the touch of death, breathed a spirit of admiring gratitude to the man who first astonished him with the wealth that lay hidden in the field of sacred philology. Seldom had he been so deeply moved, as when he heard that his venerable friend had gone before him to converse with the Hebrew sages. "We are astonished," he wrote from Georgia, as soon as he received the intelligence, "to learn of the death of Professor Stuart, a great, generous, good man; the creator of the science of sacred literature for our country." Again he wrote: "I look upon Professor Stuart as a prince in Israel, a pattern of all kindness to his pupils and friends, and of disinterested love to all." Yet again: Professor Stuart still "appears to me as a great and noble man. I should be really glad to pronounce his eulogy." He made this last remark, because he had been requested, months before, to edit the posthumous works and to write the personal history of his revered instructor. Nobly would he have performed this service. A distant age would have blessed God, for sending to us such a teacher, to be embalmed by such a pupil, — for allowing the strong features of our Luther to be sketched by the classic pencil of our Melancthon. Still, it was better that the affectionate disciple should go up to a higher school, and be welcomed by his early friend with a heartier enthusiasm, and be led through the glories of the upper temple by the same generous hand which had guided him here below into the sanctua-

ry of Biblical learning. So has God ordained it; and we rejoice that, if our two friends must be severed from *our* communion, they may unite with *each other* in a companionship of sacred study. How natural, to suppose that "the old man eloquent" was among the first to expound the dark sayings of the prophets to that meek learner, who heard, and loved, and was silent, and adored!

At the close of his first Seminary year, in 1826, Mr. Edwards was called to a tutorship in Amherst College. For two years (between 1826 and 1828), he discharged the duties of this office with all that devotion to his *Alma Mater* which might have been expected from his filial and reverent spirit. Professor Hackett, of Newton Theological Seminary, writes:

"I first knew Mr. Edwards personally at Amherst College, where he was the tutor of my class in a portion of the Latin and Greek studies during the Freshman year. He acquitted himself well in that office. Though he once remarked to me (so characteristic of him) that he could never suffer his thoughts to revert, with any patience, to that period of his life, because he felt so dissatisfied with it, yet I can testify that he won to himself the entire respect of his pupils. I never heard from the lips of the most frivolous among them, the slightest expression of disrespect towards him as a teacher or a man; a compliment, certainly, that can be paid to very few of those who are called to occupy this somewhat difficult position. For myself, I have always remembered him as one of the best of my early instructors. He was distinguished at this time for the same modesty and propriety of manner, the same

love of accuracy, the same good taste and power of apt expression, which were so conspicuous in him in his riper manhood."

Flattering as was the success of Mr. Edwards in his tutorial labors, he made them the means of his moral discipline. In the midst of them he writes: "My situation is attended with great responsibility, and my daily conduct and deportment require great circumspection. I often dread to look forward to the day of solemn and omniscient review. The words of Solomon have seemed to be very applicable to the instructors of youth, *In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.*" Although he was apt to be taciturn, yet Mr. Edwards felt a deep interest in the religious welfare of the students; and several ministers of the Gospel ascribe the great change in their life to the instrumentality of his prudent and affectionate counsels. He was the tutor alluded to in the tenth chapter of Mr. Abbott's Corner Stone, as making an effective address to a circle of irreligious students who had invited him to meet them, ostensibly for their improvement, but really for their sport. In describing this address, a clergyman wrote to Mr. Abbott the following words: —

"A student, who was temporarily my room-mate [at college], importuned me to invite one of the tutors to conduct a religious meeting at my room. I told him that I would, if he would obtain the promise of certain individuals, ten in number, whom I named, that they would attend. I selected such individuals as I was confident would not consent to be

present. In a short time he surprised me with the information, that he had seen them all, and that they had consented to the proposal. Of course, I was obliged, though reluctantly, to request the tutor to hold such a meeting. Most of us repaired to the place, at the appointed time, with feelings of levity, or of bitter hostility to religion. My room-mate had waggishly placed a Hebrew Bible on the stand. Whether this circumstance, or the character of his auditory, suggested the subject which the tutor chose, I know not; but, after opening the meeting with prayer, he entered into a defence of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, from external and internal evidence, which he maintained in the most convincing manner; and then, on the strength of this authority, he urged its promises and denunciations upon us as sinners. The effect was very powerful. Several retired deeply impressed, and all were made more serious, and better prepared to be influenced by the truth." *

Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, Mass., who was at that time Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College, adds: —

"The *particular* application of Tutor Edwards's address was, in substance, that as God's word had been so wonderfully fulfilled in the destruction of cities, empires, etc., etc., so would it be in the destruction of all his hardened and incorrigible enemies at the judgment of the great day. I believe that very nearly all of the ten or eleven [who listened to his address] were a few weeks afterwards rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel."

In the twenty-sixth year of his age, while the sub-

* Abbott's Corner Stone, Harper's edition, p. 344.

ject of this Memoir was yet a member of Andover Theological Seminary and a Tutor of Amherst College, he had become so well known for his active Christian sympathies, that he was invited to several stations of commanding influence. On the 8th of May, 1828, he was elected Assistant Secretary of the American Education Society. The duties to be devolved upon him at that time were, to edit the Quarterly Journal of the Society, to conduct the more important correspondence, to superintend the arrangements of the Society's office, and occasionally to visit the beneficiaries at our literary institutions. About the same time, he was selected to become an Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and, among other duties of that office, to edit the Missionary Herald. While these two solicitations were dividing his mind, he was asked to prepare himself for a Professorship in Amherst College. His nearest friends importuned him to take the Professor's chair. Born to be a scholar, how could he refuse to spend his meditative life amid the groves of the institution, which, from its infancy, had been among the most cherished objects of his care, and hard by the old family mansion which he continued to love with a child's tenderness, and in sight of the very hills over which he had roamed in his juvenile pastime or labor? But he cut the strings which bound him to the old, familiar scenes of his youth, and accepted the Secretaryship of the Education Society. His character is illustrated in the memoranda which

he kept of his inward conflicts at this time. He writes:

"*Amherst College, April* 10, 1828. — The real difficulty of deciding the great question now before me, as well as the extreme pressure of my college duties, makes me shrink from carefully looking at the subject. I am told that I should gain the greater honor to myself by remaining connected with the College. I believe that it is so. I have no doubt that, if my health is spared, and if I should devote myself wholly to the duty of teaching, I might qualify myself for a professor's chair, and obtain some of the applause which cometh from man. But I soberly think that I have no right to make honor the criterion of my duty. I should consider it the height of happiness if I could say with any degree of sincerity, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.' I think it ought to be the turning-point with me, where can I live and labor most effectually for the cause of Him who died for my redemption. It is very easy to pass through life without coming to the great point, — Am I willing to labor with pure motives, and with all my might, for the happiness of men and the glory of the Redeemer? Any thing else will most wretchedly fail me in the hour of need. I am aware that an honorable station gives me various opportunities to do good, and that, in order to do the most good, I must fasten my mind upon some one object and make it my main business. My efforts must not be desultory and at random, but concentrated and systematic. The Education Society is of immeasurable importance; yet my inclinations have not been very favorable to it as the sphere of my labor. For the American Board, talents and piety of the first order are demanded. I suppose that the secretaries of any one of

our national benevolent societies are doing more for the world than the pastors of our largest churches are doing, or the professors of our colleges. Some of them, too, as Mr. Evarts, are men of the largest mental capacity, and, instead of being a Gibeonite at the Missionary Rooms, I should feel the utter inadequacy of my qualifications for a place there. A single consideration, however, compels me almost to abandon the idea of leaving Amherst College for any office which will require me to be a preacher. That consideration is, the small degree of real piety which I have; if, indeed, I have any at all. The main struggle with me is, to keep myself from utterly apostatizing. I am very apprehensive that I shall hereafter entirely fall away. Above all things needful for me is a heart renovated, dead to the world and alive to God. There is doubtless a sublime happiness in real religion, of which I know but little."

On the 31st of May, 1828, Mr. Edwards commenced the duties of his Secretaryship. He then took up his residence at Andover, and in the autumn connected himself again with the Theological Institution. He performed the labors of the Middle and Senior years at the Seminary, and at the same time acted as a Secretary of the Education Society. Just before he recommenced his theological studies, he endured a bereavement which produced a lasting effect upon his spirit, sensitive as it ever was to the influences of friendship. His former classmate, room-mate, and most intimate companion at Amherst and Andover, Mr. Solomon B. Maxwell, was called from life, July 21, 1828. Three days afterwards, Mr. Edwards thus wrote to a friend:

"*Andover, July* 28, 1828. — Yesterday I heard of the death of my beloved brother Maxwell. I hardly know what to say or think. It is seven years since I first knew him. I have talked with him a thousand times, studied with him, read the Bible with him, often prayed with him. We have told each other all our troubles and sorrows how many times! I knew him perfectly, and loved him, I am sure, with all my heart. He was one of two or three with whom I have regularly corresponded when absent, and always received from him letters full of kindness, refreshing as cold waters to a thirsty soul. I have been full of solicitude about him for several weeks. Three weeks since, I wrote a letter to him at Lebanon, assuring him that I had not forgotten him, and suggesting to him all the consolatory topics which occurred to me. It is very doubtful whether he was able to read it. But he is gone; the grave has closed over his precious remains for ever. He has lain down to sleep till the heavens be no more. The world has been to me, for two or three days, a dark and melancholy place. Still I feel no disposition to murmur. Our departed friend is very near to the Redeemer whom he loved so much. Heaven is gathering, as Robert Hall beautifully expresses it, into its capacious bosom, whatever is pure and lovely. It occurred to me, as I was reading to-day in the Life of Martyn, that our deceased brother might now be holding sweet converse with that sainted missionary, with whose life he was greatly delighted, and of whose spirit he partook in no small measure."

In the Quarterly Register, Vol. V. pp. 97–104, Mr. Edwards published a Biographical Sketch of his friend, and stated, among other things, that "his economy of time was great, and perhaps in a sense

excessive. He rarely ever allowed himself to stand at the angle of a college building, or at the threshold of a chapel door, to interrupt with idle chitchat those who would 'go right on their way,' but he proceeded directly from the recitation-room to his study, conscious that he was superintended by an all-seeing Mind, and that unavailing regret or hopeless stupidity is usually the portion for life of that student who loiters in his college course." This is an apt description of Mr. Edwards himself in the years of his preparatory education. Jealous as he ever was of his own motives, he did not venture to keep a full religious diary; still, during his Middle and Senior years at Andover, he allowed himself to write down his strict rules of conduct, and his daily compunction for failing to reach the standard which he had set up. His sole object in this journal, obviously, was to quicken and discipline his mind and heart. The character of his manhood was formed in no slight degree by such stern and severe chastisement of himself in his youth. The following extracts illustrate his punctilious care to fill up the "nooks and crannies of his time" with Christian labor.

"*February* 19, 1829. — The absence of Mr. Cornelius greatly increases the business on my hands. I am sometimes ready to sink under the burden. My course in Theology will be very imperfect."

"*November* 16, 1829. — Have spent, to-day, nine hours in study, one hour in composition, one hour and a half in exercise, one hour at my meals, three hours and a half in

my devotions. On the whole, I have performed my duties more satisfactorily than on any previous day for a year. The principal hindrance to my improvement is my bad heart, my pride and sensuality, my high opinion of myself, etc. A view of my wickedness discourages me exceedingly in mental effort. But I would thank God for any success with which He has been pleased to favor me."

"*November* 18, 1829. — Have spent to-day three hours and twenty minutes in study and reading, three hours and forty-five minutes in writing for the American Education Society, one hour and forty-five minutes in exercise, three hours and a half in public and private devotions, one hour at my meals, one hour in miscellaneous reading. I have lost a great many scraps of time to-day, as a whole hour and a half are unaccounted for."

"*November* 20, 1829. — To-day have spent six hours in writing and in study, three hours and forty minutes in my exercise and at meals, two hours and fifteen minutes in public declamation, debate, etc."

"*Sabbath Morning*, *November* 22, 1829. — I have long had an impression that it is my imperious duty, as well as high privilege, to study, prayerfully and scripturally, the character and offices of my blessed Redeemer. I will try to spend this Sabbath-day as follows: One hour after breakfast in prayer and reading the Scriptures, fifteen minutes on my Sabbath-school lesson, forty minutes in studying the character of Christ with the aid of Storr and Flatt; thirty minutes in prayer after meeting in the afternoon, the remainder of the time in reading Storr; one hour in prayer in the evening, one hour in reading Storr, an hour in correspondence and in a review of the day."

"*Andover*, *November* 26, 1829. — This day is the annual

Thanksgiving. Through the righteous providence of God, I am called to spend it at a distance from my relatives. I would still spend it with the Friend who cleaveth closer than a brother. On a review of the year, I find nothing but guilt, abuse of my great Redeemer. My chief difficulty has been a want of repentance and of faith in Him who can supply all my necessities. I have tried to abstain from sin in my own strength, and of course have been defeated.

"My ignorance on all subjects is very great. Since the last Thanksgiving, I have gone through a course of study in Christian Theology, but at this moment I know very little in this immense field of study and effort. My obvious duties are the three following: first, a total departure from myself to Christ, making him all in all; secondly, a most rigid economy in reference to time, and a systematic arrangement of duties; thirdly, a careful cultivation of my reasoning powers, a rigid analysis of all my knowledge, a renewed examination of Natural Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric. I ought also to examine my social life, and all the duties which I owe to my surviving parent, my brothers and sisters, my cousins, my native town, my brother Cornelius. Especially I ought to scrutinize my motives in regard to my entrance on the ministry, and my habitual effort should be to make the glory of God my all in all."

"*Boston, December* 25, 1829. — I started from Andover at eight o'clock this morning, and arrived in this city at twelve o'clock. On my passage hither, I read a few of the Psalms in Hebrew, and conversed with two or three of my brethren in the stage-coach. I spent the afternoon and evening unprofitably. I have had very little enjoyment in my own mind. O, when will the day of deliverance come! I was enabled to reflect for one hour this evening on the

character of the Saviour with considerable interest, but my heart is hard as a rock."

"*January* 1, 1830. — I hope I have some desire to begin this year with a solemn review of the last, for the purpose of amending what is amiss, and of reforming myself thoroughly. In some degree sensible that it is a work far beyond my weakness to accomplish, I would from the heart look to the Everlasting Hills for help, — to Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not:

"O Thou, who art the Father of mercies and the God of all grace, who knowest my weakness, who knowest my utter destitution of any good, condescend to grant to me, for thy mercies' sake, and that thy name may be glorified, that help which I need, and without which I must perish for ever. O, may this year be entirely devoted to thee! With thee all things are possible. O, renew, change my heart, conform my will to thine! I *am* thine by creation, by unnumbered favors, by redeeming love. O, may I be thine by the entire sanctification of my spirit! Be with me in seasons of temptation. Suggest by thy Holy Spirit motives, alarms, awful warnings, to deter me from sin. May I be led to a full conviction of my perishing need of Christ. Give me love to thyself, to thy Son, to the blessed Spirit, to the Holy Bible, to the Sabbath, to all thine ordinances, to thy dear people, to a holy heaven, to all my duties. Which I humbly ask for His sake, who died for me. Amen!

"I. *My great Purpose in Living.* — It is to honor God, to commend the religion of Jesus Christ, to do all the good in my power to the bodies and souls of men, out of love to Christ. When I am attempting to do any thing this year, I will endeavor to ask, first of all, will it be pleasing to God.

"II. *My Views and Feelings towards God.* — In books, in conversation, in company, in my associations, avoid all

those occasions to think irreverently of God which have troubled me during the past year. Constantly regard God as my Creator, my Preserver, my unwearied Benefactor, my Prophet, my Priest, my King, my Guide, my Sanctifier, my Comforter, my final Judge. Labor to bring God in all these endearing and awful attributes before my mind.

"III. *The Sabbath.* — Do every thing on Saturday, in the way of preparation, which I can. Begin the Sabbath at sunset on Saturday. Do not visit nor engage in any secular business on Sabbath evening. Spend a principal part of the Lord's day in prayer, in meditation, in reading the Scriptures. Strive to do what God has commanded in order to secure his smiles. Never introduce topics of worldly conversation, or criticisms on sermons. Avoid spending the Sabbath away from home, or from my room, if possible.

"IV. *Public Worship and Religious Meetings.* — If practicable, pray before I go and immediately after I come from them. Endeavor to avoid listening for others, nor look upon others to see how they are pleased, but make self-application. Strive to impress my own mind with the amazing importance of the truths which I hear. Look at the truth, not at the hearer.

"V. *Reading the Bible.* — Adopt it as my settled resolution, that the Bible is my *book;* never let any other book take that place in my affections which the Bible ought to have. Observe these four rules in reading it: — docility, seriousness, prayer, obedience. Read the Bible twice a day devotionally.

"VI. *Reflection and Self-Examination.* — Here has been my great failure. Here I ought to mourn, and be humbled in the dust, and enter on a course entirely new. I will endeavor to have one subject for every day this year, assigned at the beginning of each month, for deep, practical

reflection; and, if possible, I will record in the first part of every evening my principal thoughts on it; not to cherish pride, but to humble myself in the dust for my great ignorance of God and of myself. Meditate solemnly every evening, at the end of every week, month, on my birthday, at the end of the year, at sacramental occasions. Whenever I take a journey, I will endeavor to have some subject of serious reflection during my ride. Make the law of God my standard of duty.

"VII. *American Education Society.* — Make my duties for this Society a special subject of prayer, and of thorough investigation. Never neglect a duty for the sake of ease or convenience of a personal kind. Be strictly accurate in every thing which I write for the Register; and be *humble.* Be rigidly honest.

"VIII. *Preaching.* — Make this subject, hereafter, a matter of frequent meditation and of prayer. Look at it in the light of eternity. Think of the doom of an unfaithful minister. Always preach what my conscience says the Holy Spirit would have me preach. Strive to write under the sense of my amazing responsibleness. If practicable, spend a part of the Saturday afternoon before I preach, in devotional exercise.

"IX. *Reading.* — Let me waste no time in vain, empty reading. Be strictly on my guard. Here is a powerful temptation."

"*November* 14, 1830. — I am made unhappy and useless, not so much by my want of time, as by my improper arrangement and waste of it. It is remarked of Dr. Doddridge, that he regarded 'the smallest parcels of time precious, and was eager to seize every moment, even while he was waiting for dinner, company, or his pupils assembling together, that he might make some advance in the

work he was about. He laid out his plan for the year, month, and week, and kept an exact account every day how his hours were employed.' I am persuaded that a rigorous adherence to a judicious system would be an immense benefit to us in a literary and moral respect. One thing of great importance is, to ask God earnestly for his effectual aid. Another is, not to be disconcerted or discouraged if the plan is necessarily interrupted. Dr. Doddridge had several spare hours in the course of a week, in which he could make up for interruptions. A third rule is, bend all possible strength to an important matter, if there is one to be accomplished. The mind is greatly encouraged by a successful effort. A fourth rule is, to induce all around you to adopt your own systematic habits, partly for the good of your friends and partly for the sake of avoiding disturbance from their irregularities."

That Mr. Edwards should have essayed to combine the duties of his Secretaryship with the severer duties of a theological student was not wise. In his amiable desire for immediate usefulness, he failed here to exercise his wonted sagacity. It was afterwards one of his principles, that the appropriate duties of the Divinity School are *more* than sufficient to engross the attention of its members; that no extraneous care should be allowed to interrupt the pupil's investigation of that science which would claim the undisturbed attention of a seraph; that our ministerial candidates will be, in the end, more practical workmen, and render a better service to the mass of mankind, by humbly and patiently, for three or more years, learning to preach the Gospel, than by hastening from their preliminary seclusion into a

course of public effort; that it were better economy for our indigent youth to spend several months in some lucrative employment before or after their seminary course, than to break up the evenness of that course by the onerous duties of a teacher, agent, or public speaker. He had a reverence for the initiatory studies of a theologian, and dreaded every influence which could impair the taste or narrow the capacity for them. In a particular manner he prized the Seminary at Andover, as a retreat for young men who were in danger of sacrificing the permanent influence of their life, to a restlessness for contact with the bustling crowd. His own experience had made him grieve over any tendency in his pupils, to superadd foreign toil to their prescribed duty. He had learned that the superadded services would encroach upon the more appropriate business of the scholar, or else the effort to be faithful in the two spheres would endanger the physical system. The tone and vigor of his body and mind suffered under the divided cares of his middle and senior years at the Seminary. It was under their pressure that he suffered much of the despondency which has been already described. He could not neglect his studies; he would not omit his official toils; and both united were too severe for the elasticity of his system. He felt unworthy to accept the reliefs provided for him in the Gospel, and a dark veil was drawn between himself and his Saviour. Numerous passages in his journal bear witness to his unrelenting severity in chastising himself. The following are specimens:

"The reading of my Dissertation this afternoon before the students was the occasion of calling up the dreadful pride which is in my heart." "My sins have been great and aggravated the past day. My heart is the seat of all manner of evil. It is a current of deep and dreadful depravity. O that I may never have peace till this heart is renewed and sanctified!" "While taking my exercise this forenoon at the workshop, I did not think of any serious subject. My great, amazing selfishness is the cause of my wasting much precious time. I must pray more that I may have grace to employ my thoughts usefully while I am taking my exercise at the mechanic's bench."

During that portion of his Seminary life in which he saw his sins with such unrelieved vividness, Mr. Edwards resided in the office now occupied by the Treasurer of the Institution, and were the walls of that office to speak of all that has been endured within them, they would resound with many a plaintive groan which they have heard, amid the watches of the night, from the meek sufferer. There, when all his companions in study were locked in slumber, he often struggled and prayed and wept, without the least hope of his final salvation, and was compelled to cry out, mild and genial as was his nature, "Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul; I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me; I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God." He did not speak of his griefs to a single fellow-student,* for he *never* loved to expose his

* At a subsequent date, this unobtrusive man made the following char-

inner life, but they afterwards gave a peculiar tinge to his aspect and mien. That look of self-abasement, those semitones of subdued grief, that retiring, shrinking attitude before strangers, that deferential treatment of other men known to be his inferiors, that quick sympathy with all who were unrighteously oppressed or despised, that promptness to relieve the sorrows of the poor and forsaken, — these and such as these winning traits in our brother, were mementos of the sad discipline which he had undergone, while combining study with business. In some degree these traits were natural to him, but his inward affliction revealed while it purified his nature. One sentiment of penitence and self-distrust seems to have formed his manners, and moulded the very features of his countenance.

It must not be supposed that the despair which Mr. Edwards endured at Amherst and Andover was unintermitted. His letters and journal show that he had many alternations of joy, and that Addison's hymn, "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!" was often in his mind and on his lips. He frequently writes from Andover as follows: —

"All my circumstances are very pleasant. I could not wish them to be more so. I have kind friends, eminent religious privileges, books, every thing, indeed, which is fitted to give me a grateful heart. I cannot do more than

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acteristic remark: "My ideas of propriety lead me to mention very rarely matters which concern me personally. I see so much egotism and vanity in some literary men, that it is possible I may be driven into the other extreme."

I am now doing; and my way to be happy is to exert myself to the utmost. My prospects for usefulness are brighter than I deserve. I can hardly bring myself to believe that God will permit me to do so much good as his providence now indicates. My mind exults in the thought of promoting his glory by exerting a good influence on the minds which he has made."

Neither must it be surmised, that, during his scenes of mental depression, Mr. Edwards forgot the refuge provided for all the heavy-laden. Sometimes he did not venture near it, but more than once he wrote to his relatives such words as the following:

"*Andover*, *April* 11, 1830.—I have been trying for two or three weeks past, to think upon *Christ* as much as possible. Think of him as your Creator, Preserver, the Antitype of the Old Testament, the subject of the Prophecies, the Man of Sorrows, our Exemplar in a thousand respects, our Advocate, the Great Head of sacred influences, — above all, as the 'Atoning Sacrifice,' dying for us, most generously giving his life to save us. Here is the grand motive. This will deter from sin, when nothing else will. This will prompt to duty, when every other motive is powerless. With all these motives and thoughts, most earnestly supplicate the renewing and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit, which will not be denied to fervent prayer. If we cannot come to God as saints, we can as miserable sinners. He has had compassion on millions as fallen and degraded as we are, who thought themselves the chief of sinners. Divie Bethune, of New York, in his dying moments put his hands on the head of his son, who was a minister, and said: 'Preach Jesus Christ; tell dying sinners of a Saviour. Every thing else is folly.' We may apply

this to ourselves, and plead Jesus Christ and appropriate him to ourselves in all his offices."

"1831. — It is interesting to see what an adaptation there is between the Gospel and the wants of man. The invitation, 'Come unto me,' strikes a thousand strings in the soul. I believe that in unconverted men there are bright moments, when they long for something better than this world furnishes; when they have some glimpses of a happier economy; when they see into the spiritual world for a moment, till they are borne down by sense and sin. Those who take away the doctrine of the atonement from the system, know not what they do. This meets man as a fallen sinner, and offers him aid and a glorious way of escape."

CHAPTER VIII.

SERVICES FOR THE AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

We have seen already, that Mr. Edwards sacrificed his health and one part of his theological discipline to the interests of the American Education Society. He served it two years at Andover. Its office was removed from Andover to Boston in the summer of 1830. From the autumn of that year until the spring of 1836, five years and six months, Mr. Edwards resided in the city. He was married, November 3, 1831, to Miss Jerusha W. Billings, daughter of Colonel Charles E. Billings of Conway, Mass., and granddaughter of the late Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow, Mass. He

remained five years in his Secretaryship, and resigned the principal part of its duties in May, 1833. He wrote so much in the Education Office, that he once remarked of himself: "The history of my life is the mere history of those fingers which hold a pen." It was his custom to write nine hours daily, while he resided in Boston. His principal relaxation was found in his occasional visits made to the beneficiaries of the Society, at the various colleges of New England. He gives many descriptions of his visits, like the following.

"*Amherst College*, 1832.—I remained in Amherst diligently occupied till Saturday. I inquired of the officers concerning our young men; saw about thirty-five of them individually, and the whole in a body; gave an address to them; preached a sermon to the students, and attended to several smaller matters. I saw Mr. ——, and mentioned to him kindly some little things which I hope he will correct. I conversed with several others in regard to some serious faults; I hope not without effect."

"*Yale College*, 1832.—I spent the whole of Monday and Tuesday in college; met with every facility which I needed; inquired of the officers in regard to the standing and character of all the beneficiaries, and saw individually about two thirds of them; prayed with them, and gave each a copy of Henry Martyn's Life."

It was a pleasing trait in Mr. Edwards's character, that he was hopeful in regard to himself in all his relations, except those of a probationer for eternity; and even while mourning over his own religious prospects, he was enthusiastic in the service of other men.

During the very months of his spiritual darkness, he wrote with buoyancy of hope for the Education Society, with which he was grieved to regard himself as altogether unfit to be connected. He often expressed himself in language like this:

"*August* 26, 1828. — I endeavor to relieve myself from my gloomy retrospection and anticipation, by picturing out the immense influence which a Secretary of this Society may exert, when he shall have the care of two thousand young men, destined to preach the Gospel to two millions of souls, and to change the condition of the human race through all coming time, and augment immeasurably the joys of eternity."

"*October* 19, 1828. — Our Society is very prosperous. *Eighty new* beneficiaries were received on the funds, at the quarterly meeting in Boston week before last; a greater number than were ever received at any *four* quarterly meetings before last year. It has made, of course, a great accession to our business."

"*December* 10, 1828. — I am never so happy as when I am fully employed in doing good. Right glad am I to inform you, that the affairs of our Society are in a very flourishing state. We expect a hundred new beneficiaries at the next meeting. About eight hundred have been already assisted. The Society is becoming a gigantic concern."

At one time he writes: "Mr. Cornelius has been very successful in his agency, having obtained subscriptions to the amount of eighteen hundred dollars for seven years." At another time: "I sometimes pay two dollars a day for the letters sent to and from our office. Mr. Cornelius has just returned with pledges for sixty thousand dollars, which he has collected within two months, providing for the sup-

port of a hundred and twenty young men; and he will not be satisfied till the Education Society has four thousand students under its patronage, and the Gospel of Christ is published unto the ends of the earth. A hundred new beneficiaries are about coming under the patronage of our Society from the western district of New York. We have twenty new applicants from East Tennessee. The progress of the Society is triumphant and exhilarating; still it is fearful when I consider my own unfitness for a connection with it. But this is the day for high responsibility, and every individual should feel it to be a privilege to bear his full part in all that he is qualified to do. He is always the happier, the more responsibility he has to sustain, provided that he has assumed the responsibility with modest and conscientious forethought."

It was not easy, however, to persuade the diffident writer of the preceding extracts, that he had been circumspect in venturing into an office which exerted an influence on "the eternal life or eternal perdition, not of one congregation of souls, but of hundreds of congregations." He thus expressed his fears in a letter to his father.

"*March* 18, 1829. — I wish I could say as much in regard to my spiritual prosperity, as I can in reference to my external circumstances. My whole past life seems frequently to me a delusion, from which I have at length awakened. I have much less desire than I formerly had, for the honor which cometh from man; and this, I am afraid, has left me without a motive. I am urged by every possible consideration to love and serve Christ; but my knowledge of him is rather speculative than spiritual and soul-satisfying. My struggle against sin is altogether

perhaps, in my own strength, and of course I fail. I tremble when I think of the responsibilities which I have assumed. I should not have thought of it for a moment, if I had well understood my own character. My business is, constantly, with those who are preparing to preach the Gospel, while I am utterly unqualified to take upon myself the holy calling. Piety, eminent piety, is wanted in my sphere, more than almost anywhere; yet, alas, what am I! For several weeks I have lived with scarcely any hope of my safe condition. This state of mind, with my pressing labors, many of which I am unable to perform as I ought, has made me very unhappy. I would not thus mention my feelings, but from the assurance that I should receive your sympathy and earnest prayers. Pray for me, dear Sir, that I may be helped to renounce all sin, and to rest only in Christ. I know I ought to have the trust in God which would bear me above all these troubles, but the force of the world and the wicked one is too strong for human resolution."

At a later date, he writes to his father: "I cherish the hope that I am remembered in your most prevalent intercessions at the throne of mercy. I do need, more than language can express, the fervent, effectual prayer which availeth much. I am borne onward to a work for which I am utterly incompetent; not simply preaching the Gospel, but standing at the door and introducing others to this momentous work. How ought I to be dead to the world, and alive to God! How ought the glory of Christ's kingdom, and the eternal happiness of my fellow-men to swallow up all other interests and feelings which have ever had possession of my soul!"

It was natural for a man thus distrustful of himself, to seek a release from the Society which required

so much more of its Secretaries than he felt able to render. But Mr. Cornelius, who was like an elder brother to him, wrote more than once, and the Board of Directors united in reaffirming such words as the following: "It would almost paralyze my efforts, for a time certainly, if you were to leave us. Where *can* you look for a wider field than you already possess. Is it not the will of Christ that you should labor in this field, judging, I mean, by all ordinary rules?"

But the bounding spirit of Mr. Cornelius was soon transferred from the cause of eleemosynary education. On the 12th of February, 1832, he died; and Mr. Edwards, inconsolable for his loss, wrote a careful analysis of his character for the Quarterly Register of May and August, 1832, and published an extended Memoir of him in December, 1833. The churches of our land had become involved in financial embarrassments, and the Society shared in the common disaster. Still, having loved that Society at the first, Mr. Edwards, always constant in his attachments, loved it unto the end. He stood true to it and firm in its defence, when some of his friends forsook or assailed it. And the last years of his life, when he needed cheerfulness and repose, were often harassed with anxiety for the cause which he believed to be essential for the growth of our churches. After he resigned his Secretaryship in May, 1833, he continued to perform some of its duties. In 1850, he was chosen a Director of the Society, and continued such until all his labors on earth ceased. At that melancholy event, the Board of Directors paid the *following tribute* to his memory:

"For the past twenty-four years [he has] been most intimately associated with the Education Society, and by various labors has contributed very greatly to its growth and prosperity. . . . . In his capacity of corporate member, and subsequently as one of the Board of Directors, he has continued to cherish a lively interest in the fortunes of the Society; and advice has often been sought of him, as of a wise and judicious counsellor. In his judgment we could repose with great confidence, and his loss we deeply deplore. But we would not claim for ourselves any special privilege of grief. The circle of his influence was wide, and there are many besides ourselves to mourn. It is rare that a man can be found, in whom pretensions so modest are combined with such distinguished eminence and real worth. As a Biblical scholar, he has left behind him in this country very few superiors. As a writer, he ranks as one of the masters of a pure, rich English style. He had none of the artifices of fine writing, but he had what is far better, a true and genuine excellence. As a man, childlike and winning in his manners; a lover of home and its quiet; instinctively shrinking from conspicuous positions, yet always able to meet public responsibilities with a collected dignity; averse to disputation, yet strong and earnest in his love of truth, he could not fail to leave upon the minds of those who came within the circle of his daily intercourse, an impression of a character singularly pure and elevated. As a Christian, he had a manifest resemblance to that disciple whom Jesus loved. When we thus consider the rare assemblage of qualities combined in him, it will not be deemed an extravagant eulogy to say, that he has added a new lustre to a name, which is already New England's glory and pride." *

* See the Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Directors of the American Education *Society, pp. 5, 6.*

CHAPTER IX.

EDITORIAL LABORS.

It was as an Editor, as well as a Secretary, that Mr. Edwards first made an impression upon the community at large. While in the tutorship at Amherst College, he had in part the editorial care of a weekly journal, called the New England Inquirer. He devoted about one third of his time to the religious and poetical departments of that paper. The first and fourth pages of it were committed to his care. He was afterwards occasionally employed in superintending the Boston Recorder. The work, however, on which he expended the greatest amount of his youthful energy, was the American Quarterly Register. He retained his editorial connection with this periodical from the autumn of 1828 until the spring of 1842. It was established in 1827, and called the Quarterly Journal of the American Education Society. In 1829, it received the name of the Quarterly Register and Journal of the American Education Society. In 1830, its title became the Quarterly Register of the American Education Society. From 1831 it was called the American Quarterly Register. Rev. Elias Cornelius was associated with Mr. Edwards in editing the first and second volumes, Rev. Dr. Cogswell in editing the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth volumes, and Rev. Samuel H. Riddell in editing the fourteenth volume. Although a similar periodical had been proposed as

early as 1817, and such men as Dr. Eliphalet Pearson and Dr. Abiel Holmes had felt a deep interest in its publication, yet the actual plan of the Register, in its most important features, was formed by the subject of this Memoir, and the spirit of the work was also his. "He brought to it," said the Directors of the American Education Society,* "a fulness of knowledge, a perfection of taste, and a skill for historical investigation, rarely to be found combined in one so young." He designed to make it a great storehouse of facts for the present and future generations. It gave a new impulse to statistical inquiries in our land. It contains indispensable materials for our future ecclesiastical history. Those elaborate descriptions and tabular views of the academies, colleges, professional schools, public libraries, eleemosynary associations, in this country and in Europe; those historical and chronological narratives of parishes, states, kingdoms, sects, eminent men, philanthropic schemes; those calm and trustworthy notices of our current literature; those choice selections and chaste essays were, in great part, either prepared by himself, or at his suggestion, or revised by his discriminating eye. In his superintendence of those fourteen, and more especially of the first ten octavo volumes, so much more useful to others than the care of them could have been to himself, he had melancholy occasion to say, *Aliis in serviendo consumor.* We cannot repress a sigh, when we read in his mod-

* See their Thirty-sixth Annual Report, p. 5.

est, familiar letters: "It has been an immense labor to prepare the statistical tables of the [next number of the] Register. This devolves on me chiefly. I have spent six hours to-day in correcting one page of a proof-sheet." Again he writes: "After the rest of the Sabbath, my wrist troubles me less, it having been somewhat inflamed by the incessant writing of the last two or three weeks." He often says in his letters: "My wrist *gets worn out* with my continual use of the pen." As early as 1835 he recorded these premonitory words: "I have written eight hours to-day, — four sheets of literary notices. *I feel something wrong in my side*, I suppose on account of my position in writing." For all these toils in accumulating the materials for this journal, he received no adequate recompense. They were, in great part, labors of love. How enthusiastic his love was for the work assigned him, has not been generally known.

"I have a strong hope," he once wrote, "that the Register may be made what no work in the English language has ever been, and that it may be more valuable for posterity than for the present age. I am ready to give up my life for coming generations. But I cannot succeed in making this publication what it ought to be, the best in Christendom, unless I become very parsimonious in regard to my time. All the men who have been very useful in the world, have taken sacred care of their minutes. Indeed, I now feel very unhappy if I am long away from my appropriate employment. Idleness, or simple visiting, even with those whom I love most, has very few charms for me. I

have had vacations for ten years, and they are now closed. The sources of my pleasure must be deep, or I shall enjoy very little. Visiting disqualifies me for prayer and meditation. Therefore I must renounce it, where it has no useful purpose, and find my pleasure in my duty." Again he wrote: "The Register will give an opportunity to speak to an audience of twenty-five hundred ministers and scholars, who will carry an influence to two millions of other minds."

In some particulars, the Quarterly Register gives an exact representation of Mr. Edwards's mind and heart. It discloses his active benevolence, his statistical knowledge, his vast miscellaneous reading, his retentive memory, his fondness for generalizations, his delicate, almost evanescent, wit. In the severely historical style of the Register, we cannot expect to find very broad indications of the humorous vein which ran through his fireside conversation, yet there are signs of it in some of his most quiet and prosaic paragraphs. While in the Education Rooms, or the Merchants' Reading-Room, or the Athenæum of Boston, he would peruse the more important newspapers, magazines, and quarterly periodicals of the world, and then, during his walk homeward through the streets of the city, would classify the information which he had thus acquired. To those who met him walking solitarily on the pavement, he seemed to be lost in thought; for he was arranging the materials for a paragraph in the Register. Page after page of his reviews he prepared on Boston Common, or on a stage-coach or steamboat. He had a rare faculty, as well as fondness, for gathering togeth-

er the results of his previous investigations, while he was walking or journeying from place to place. Here follows a specimen of the succinct generalizing paragraphs, which he prepared in such a way.

"The presidents of our colleges, both in past times and at present, may be arranged into four classes. First, the public men who exert a powerful influence on the surrounding communities, or on society at large. President Burr was one of the most popular men of his times. Very few individuals, at the period of the Revolution, swayed a greater political influence than Dr. Witherspoon. President Dwight was a connecting link between Yale College and the State. His vacations were nearly as useful to the institution as his terms of study. His knowledge of the world, popular manners, and commanding presence, were of inestimable service, not only to Yale, but to all seminaries of learning. He did very much to correct the common impression, that a college is a separate and exclusive establishment, with which society at large has little connection or sympathy. Parents were glad to intrust their sons to the guidance of a gentleman as well as a scholar.

"A second class are those who are distinguished for attainments in science or literature, and who elevate the character of their college in the eyes of the community, by the reported possession of extraordinary attainment, rather than by any actual exhibition of talent which men in general can appreciate. President Appleton, of Bowdoin, belonged to this class. A promiscuous audience, as they heard him preach, neither manifested nor felt much emotion. He never could have become popular, in the common acceptation of that word. His sermons and addresses are not generally known, even to our educated men. Yet

he had a mind kindred to that of the immortal Butler. We cannot read some of his productions, without feeling that emotion of reverence which we experience when we open the Analogy. For the quality of *fairness* in conducting an argument, we regard him as nearly unequalled. His power to control a literary community must have been derived very much from that involuntary respect which all ingenuous students must have felt for a mind so candid, so logical, so transparent, as was President Appleton's. It would be interesting to ascertain how far the individuals who composed the senior classes during his administration, have copied after their illustrious model. Other individuals of the same class, though of very diverse habits and character, were Presidents Chauncy and Webber of Harvard, and Stiles of Yale.

"A third class are the men who are capable of conducting a college through seasons of special exigency and trial. It is an interesting fact, that nearly all our colleges have passed through the waves of affliction, and have even been menaced with total extinction. It is equally instructive to observe, that the right men were on the ground at the right time. In the year 1763, when the prosperity, if not the existence, of Yale College, was threatened by the anticipated interference of the legislature of the State, it was so ordered in Providence, that President Clap 'appeared to be a man of extensive knowledge and of real greatness, — and that in points of law, especially as they respected colleges, he appeared to be superior to all the lawyers, so that his antagonists acknowledged that he knew more, and was wiser than all of them.' President Brown of Dartmouth exhibited, in the stormy period of 1816 – 1820, all that knowledge of the ground upon which he stood, that unconquerable firmness, that intelligent consciousness of the jus-

tice of his cause, and that humble confidence in God, which are necessary to guide a kingdom through its most perilous periods. To him, as much as to the distinguished advocate in the civil courts, are the American community indebted, for that security which our colleges now enjoy from legislative *protection* and interference.

"A fourth class are the disciplinarians. The successful government of a college is a matter of no little difficulty. A company of young men are collected, perhaps from ten or twelve different States, with different family and preparatory education; many passing the critical period of the last stage of boyhood; others without any proper sense of responsibility to parents at home; some stimulated by a restless ambition; others capable of feeling no stimulus whatever; some governed, or rather governing themselves, almost entirely by moral influence; and others weakening that influence whenever it is in their power. It is a small part of the duties of a college president, to see that the institution is provided with able instructors, commodious buildings, and competent apparatus and libraries. His great work is to keep the complicated machine in harmonious and healthful action. He must understand well the principles of human nature, as they are modified in a community of ardent young men. He must know how, at all times, to shape his deportment, so that he may secure the mingled love and respect of his charge. He must have that versatility of mind, which can turn promptly from one engagement to another, without embarrassment and without repining."*

While making his tours of observation among our colleges and theological schools, Mr. Edwards be-

* Quarterly Register, Vol. V. pp. 177 – 179.

came satisfied that more effort must be made for the mental and moral culture of our pastors, as well as ministerial candidates. He desired to foster the continued interest of our clergy in all good learning, by opening an avenue through which they might communicate their thoughts to the world. It was partly for the purpose of calling out their hidden energies, that he established, in July, 1833, the American Quarterly Observer. In sustaining this work, he encountered difficulties which can be fully appreciated by no one who has not himself started a periodical. He travelled extensively through the Southern, Middle, and New England States, in order to converse personally with the ablest writers in the land, and secure their coöperation in his new enterprise. He published three volumes of the Observer, and then united it with the Biblical Repository, which had been during the four preceding years conducted by Professor Robinson, at Andover. He remained sole editor of these combined periodicals, from January, 1835, to January, 1838. The American Biblical Repository was the name given to this work from 1837 to 1851. Six years after Mr. Edwards withdrew from it, he became the principal editor of the Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review, and with the exception of two years, he had the chief care of this work from 1844 to 1852. One volume of the Bibliotheca Sacra had been published at New York, in 1843, by Professor Robinson, with the title, "Bibliotheca Sacra, or Tracts and Essays on Topics connected with Biblical Lit-

erature and Theology." In January, 1844, when Mr. Edwards became interested in the work, it was for the first time published at Andover. A new series was commenced on an enlarged and somewhat modified plan. In January, 1851, the old Biblical Repository was transferred from New York to Andover, and united with the Bibliotheca Sacra; so that this veteran editor was intrusted the second time with that Review, which he had already done much to sustain and adorn. For twenty-three years he was employed in superintending our periodical literature; and, with the aid of several associates, he has left thirty-one octavo volumes as the monuments of his enterprise and industry in this onerous department. What man, living or dead, has ever expended so much labor upon our higher Quarterlies? — a labor how severe, and equally thankless!

He combined facility of execution with great painstaking and carefulness. He often compressed into a few brief sentences, the results of an extended and a prolonged research. In order to prepare himself for writing two or three paragraphs on geology, he has been known to read an entire and elaborate treatise on that science. His industry surprised men; for while he had two periodicals under his editorial care, he was often engaged in delivering lectures before the Athenæum or some Lyceum, in Boston or its suburbs, and in superintending the American reprints of English works. Besides attending to the proofsheets of his own Quarterlies, he would sometimes correct more than a hundred pages,

every week, of the proofsheets of other volumes, and would often compose for them prefatory or explanatory notes. That he was immaculate in his supervision of the press, he would be the last to pretend. The volumes which he edited contain unnumbered proper names, dates, numerals, references to initial letters, etc., etc. The labor of revising them was discouraging; their number increased the difficulty, and suggests a palliation for any errors which escaped him. He was pained by the smallest mistake which he made, yet deemed it his duty to suffer the pain, rather than intermit his efforts for the elevation of our periodical literature. Amid all the drudgery and perplexities of his editorial life, his rule was, never to let a day pass by, without refreshing his taste with the perusal of some lines from a favorite poet, such as Virgil or Spenser.

Mr. Edwards had a patriotic aim in his various periodicals. He desired to encourage a national literature, to guard the reputation and elicit the talent of American authors, to lay the treasures of British, German, and French learning at the feet of his own countrymen, and stimulate them in this way to a more vigorous and independent activity. His belief was, that the light of other nations would enkindle our own, and that we should become the more versatile, the more manly, and even the more original, by the quickening influences of Transatlantic mind. The most radical discussions of the German divines he was willing to examine in his periodicals, for the

sake of invigorating the spirit of his countrymen. He writes:

"Why should English and American scholars trouble themselves with the Teutonic scepticism? Why should our periodical publications lay before their readers the results of inquiries which would never else be entered upon, the solution of doubts which would never else be started? A sufficient answer is, that the scepticism is not confined, and cannot be, to the continent of Europe, any more than English or French infidelity, in the last century, could be confined to London and Paris. Error flies on the wings of every wind. It is impossible to lay an embargo upon it in any country of Christendom. It will meet and battle with truth on every field. Papal and neological dogmas cannot be imprisoned in the countries of their birth. Our candidates and ministers would do well to resort to the great Protestant armories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and be prepared on all points to meet the Bellarmines and Bossuets of the present day. Alike necessary will it be to encounter the sophistries of the 'higher criticism,' which has had its congenial soil in Germany. The emigration to this country from the German States is very large, and will occasion, no doubt, the influx of no inconsiderable amount of learned rationalism. The new States will be particularly obnoxious to this evil. To encounter it successfully, truth must have her numerous and well-trained champions. Besides, the mischief is widely propagated through the written page. It is stated, on high authority, that well-prepared translations of Strauss's 'cunningly devised' work on the Gospels, are largely circulated and read in England, in the form of tracts. It may soon be found that the elaborate work of Dr. Davidson on the New Testament, in which he has refuted (as some suggest

unnecessarily) so many errors of the Strauss and Tübingen schools, was published none too early.

"Another answer would be, that, in discussing and overthrowing an error, valuable truths are elicited. The collision casts new light on some important doctrine. Fresh and interesting aspects of a subject are presented, which might have remained, in the ordinary and peaceful study, for ever unknown. The strength of a beam is not known till it is tested by a heavy weight. Truth is not seen to be invincible till it has come out of a sharp encounter. Amid the storms of the last thirty years, it has struck its roots deeper than ever. Till it felt the tempest, it was not known how sound its heart was. The impregnable position in which the Gospels stand was not apprehended, till Strauss and his followers had exhausted their quivers. For these reasons, and others that might be named, we think that no apology is needed for the frequent discussions in our pages of topics in Biblical criticism, and for meeting, so far as we are able, the attacks which are made on the volume of inspiration, whatever form they may assume. In so doing, we are consulting the best interests of the Church and of the country, by providing weapons by which the truth may be successfully defended." *

But while this prudent editor labored to keep his countrymen familiar with the results of German scholarship, he often uttered dissuasives from an undiscriminating imitation of it. The following remarks illustrate his habitual caution in guarding his readers against *subjecting* themselves to the German authorities, which they ought still to *consult*.

"German writers, both in philosophy and theology,

* Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. VIII. pp. 318, 319.

have been arranged into various classes, the right, the centre, the left, the extreme right, the extreme left, etc. But there are important points where they coincide. In some essential respects they are formed in one mould. Various influences have been at work for many years, which have affected them all alike, the naturalist and the supernaturalist, the young Hegelian and the evangelical scholar. Now in judging of individual character, it is essential to bring into account those influences which all have shared in common. Otherwise, we shall form unjust judgments. Instead of exercising candor and an enlightened discrimination, we shall condemn men *en masse*, and thus violate some of the plainest principles of Christian morality. Often it is the system which is in fault, not the man; it is the institution which we should denounce, not the individual. The root of the difficulty may be in the national temperament, in causes which have been in operation for centuries, and of which particular writers are in a great measure the innocent and unconscious exponents. By overlooking such obvious considerations, many persons are accustomed to pronounce harsh and sweeping judgments, which only serve to create and perpetuate melancholy prejudices. We will advert to some of the more obvious of these causes.

"First. Among the influences which have given a general likeness to German writers, is that which we may trace to the union of the Church with the State. If the government and the leading ecclesiastical authorities happen to be rationalist, as, for example, has been the case in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, then the pulpits and the schools would be brought under the same destructive influence. Strong temptations would be held out to the abandonment of the old creeds and to the profession of rationalist opinions. If the higher powers were evangelical, as in Prussia, motives

would be brought into action which would lead to the hypocritical profession of evangelical views; an unsuccessful applicant for office might charge his failure to his frank avowal of opinions that were considered unsound. Besides, the system strikes at the root of all ecclesiastical discipline. By tolerating avowed deists and pantheists as teachers in the Church and professors of theology, all the interests of piety and truth would be compromised. The young theologian sees that the widest departures from the Confessions and from Biblical truth are no hindrance to preferment.

"Second. The despotic character of many of the governments in Germany, has been one of the most fruitful sources of theological and philosophical error. In some respects, the Prussian government has been as arbitrary as that of Russia or Austria. These *paternal* governments have acted on one vast system of regulations, of minute and vexatious interference. The political, social, religious, and private life is harassed by an all-pervading espionage. A business partnership cannot be formed, an inn cannot be kept, a marriage cannot be consummated, without its being made a subject for government inspection. The poor man has a supervisor over him from the cradle to the grave. All must attend the school, all must be confirmed, baptized, and buried, under the formalities of a special code. In short, in certain great departments of thought and action, freedom has existed only in name. But the mind is free, and must have scope. In the provinces of abstract, scientific, historical, theological truth, the Germans have had the 'largest liberty.' Once escaped from government domination, they have run wild over the regions of 'the absolute.' The individual, who, in practical life, is obedient, obsequious, and timid, in speculation is bold as a lion. In politics he is on forbidden ground; in antiquities he has free

range: the divine right of kings may not be questioned; divine inspiration may be denied and scouted: the vicegerent of God must be honored; God himself may be resolved into an abstraction. In short, in proportion to the absence of freedom in some spheres of action, is the reckless abuse of it in others.

"Third. The influence of Leibnitz, Kant, and their followers, has contributed to give to the race of German scholars a thoroughly subjective character. In whatever respects the different schools of theologians and philosophers may differ, all, or nearly all, agree in dwelling upon truth in its subjective relations. Neither mind nor matter is considered practically, in its bearings on man's happiness and well-being. A history is not a detail of actual life, but the evolution of a principle, or the creation of a tendency, or the development of a myth, with only a germ of objective truth. A miracle, stripped of its adventitious costume, is a great event in the struggle of some heroic spirit, or a sudden bound which humanity makes in its everlasting progress. Facts, objective truth, are of little account, unless they can be adduced as links in a theory, or be shown to have roots in the mind. The German cannot rest upon them as ultimate grounds. All history is uncertain, all experience is vacillating, unless the alleged phenomena can be made to accord or symbolize with what is fitting and natural in the view of the investigator. This intense subjectiveness makes German literature and theology one-sided, and, so far, unphilosophical. German writers have never had an adequate understanding and perception of the treasures of thought which exist in the English language. The very works, which, of all others, were needed in German education, have been unknown or depreciated. The great masters of thought in the English language have been set down as practical,

shallow, empirical. The illustrious names that will shine for ever in our firmament, Baxter, Howe, Bates, Butler, Edwards, are hardly worth enumerating in a German catalogue, or are placed on a level with some fifth-rate, paltry Teutonic writer.* No one has read the history of the various branches of theology in German writers, without being struck with the meagreness of the English list. Such men as Neander mourned over the want of the practical in the German character and theology, yet his favorite English authors were those who most resembled the German. It is to be feared, that he did not use his great name and influence in effecting that revolution which German literature and modes of thinking so urgently need. Many of the ill effects of De Wette's views might have been prevented, if he had made himself at home in the practical, wholesome, objective, and yet profound writers in English literature.

"Fourth. The dead orthodoxy which prevailed in the German churches so extensively in the latter part of the eighteenth and in the beginning of the nineteenth century, was fitted to damp all generous aspiration, to destroy all influences favorable to a vital, orthodox piety. Nothing could have been more artfully adapted to disgust ingenuous young men with creeds and confessions. The professed defenders of Biblical truth betrayed a frigid indifference. The church service was gone through with as an empty formality, in some instances as a prelude to a theatrical performance. Rationalism, bad as it was, was preferable to this twice-dead orthodoxy. It had learning, zeal, honesty, which orthodoxy often had not. At the door of this cold, stiff Lutheranism is to be laid much of the evil of the rationalism of later times, and of the vulgar infidel-

* One of the greatest living German theologians had never heard of Edwards on the Will!

ity of the present day. The staid, precise, passionless formalists of the eighteenth century, failed of course to commend vital Christianity to the people. The various forms of rationalism to which they gave birth, were powerless of good, where they were not positively pernicious. The consequences are, the socialism, the low democracy, the godless Hegelianism, the infinite confusion of Germany as it now is. Which was most in fault, the sapless orthodoxy, or the icy rationalism, it would be hard to decide. At all events, the various phases which rationalism has assumed, and the various partial reactions from it, have revealed the sad effects of the dead forms which oppressed the country of the Reformation fifty years ago. No party has wholly escaped from its contaminating touch. Individuals of evangelical views and of eminent piety, have not been able to keep themselves wholly clear from the contagion." *

It was a prominent aim of Mr. Edwards, in his various periodicals, to elevate the standard of Biblical learning. His views on this subject he stated at length, in the following words:

"Biblical Literature, in its most appropriate meaning, is of recent origin. In the creation and advancement of its interests, our country, even in the view of some of the more enlightened portions of highly civilized and jealous Europe, has attained an honorable rank. Ever since the revival of learning, a few scholars, it is true, have devoted themselves to this sacred study, in its various departments, with equal credit to themselves and usefulness to the Church. The names of the Buxtorfs, of

* Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. VII. pp. 772–775.

Grotius, Pococke, Selden, Salmasius, and a few others, will be held in grateful admiration. But it is only a short period, comparatively, since it assumed a scientific form, developed general laws, and enlarged its points of interest in all directions, — exhibiting itself in a striking attitude, no less by the multiplicity of its ramifications, than the precision of its rules and the fixedness of its principles. The fundamental importance of this branch of study, and its claims upon the attention of the periodical press, may be inferred from considerations like those which follow.

"Sacred philology has been the means of establishing the principal Christian doctrines on a firmer basis. They were supported in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by a multiplicity of arguments, frequently by great ingenuity of reasoning and strictness of logic. Many passages of Scripture were interpreted with much felicity and force. Especially was the spiritual meaning, 'the hidden glory' of some texts, beautifully expounded and illustrated. Yet there was a manifest deficiency in the knowledge of the true principles of Biblical interpretation. Particular doctrines were supported by apposite and incongruous texts alike. Every part of the Bible was adduced in support of every other part, without any consideration in relation to the different nature, scope, object, etc. of the paragraphs brought thus into juxtaposition. Deficiency in point and pertinence was made up by formidable numbers. With all the great and various excellences of the theologians of past generations, in our own country and in England, — and we would yield to none in promptitude to acknowledge those excellences, — still they adopted, for the most part, a very unsatisfactory and jejune method of sustaining those precious doctrines which were their sole trust and consolation. The case is now, however, widely different. A few texts,

provided they are clearly and indisputably to the point, are justly regarded as affording to a doctrine a support infinitely firmer than a thousand disputed, vexed, irrelevant sentences, whose only appropriateness, it may be, is an accidental, verbal analogy. The doctrines of the Atonement, the Trinity, the Deity of the Son of God, the eternal duration of future punishment, are defended by a few passages which have been most rigidly canvassed, and whose meaning is irrefragably established. The doctrines named do doubtless receive countenance from various parts of the Bible, and from its general current and texture. Collateral and subordinate proofs are not to be set at naught. Still, in the last resort, in the final conflict with a wary foe, or when the pious soul looks around for its strongest stay, tempted by unwelcome and sceptical thoughts, then a few distinct, unrefutable texts are precious beyond comparison. They are equally potent over the outward and the inward enemies. The obligations of the whole Church to the philologists who have labored in the exposition and defence of these texts, are very great.

"This study has no unimportant effect in promoting the unity of all true Christians. The unity to which we refer can never be accomplished by controversy, nor even by amicable discussion, nor by the reluctant or the willing abandonment of denominational watchwords, nor by lamentations on the miseries of dissension, but, in the first place, by 'seeing eye to eye.' Christians and Christian ministers must interpret the Scriptures substantially alike. They must not bring to its explication a system of rules, which would be utterly inapplicable to the deciphering of any other book. They must permit themselves to be under the dominion of common sense here as elsewhere. Before there can be any extensive and permanent unity of feeling,

such as is involved in the sublime intercessory prayer of our Saviour, there must be a fixed determination on the part of the great body of Christians to interpret the Bible according to the common laws of language, and then to manfully abide the issue of such an interpretation. A course of this nature would terminate instantly half the disputes which now deface and rend the churches of Jesus. Sacred philology can, with the blessing of Heaven, do much in bringing to pass such a result. Already her efforts have not been altogether unavailing. Existing theological controversies, numerous and violent as they may be, are not to be compared to the gladiatorial exhibitions which were made in Germany soon after the Reformation; in Holland, at the time of the Arminian controversy; or at some periods which might be specified in English church history. Eminent theologians of the present day, belonging to both divisions of the Protestant cause in Germany, to the established churches and the numerous dissenting bodies of Great Britain, not wholly excluding some Quakers even, and to the various Christian sects of the United States, are agreed substantially in respect to the rules to be applied in the exposition of the inspired volume. Such agreement is certainly of very auspicious omen. Most assuredly, like results will follow in this study, as in any other branch of knowledge. The labors of Blackstone and one or two other British lawyers poured a flood of light into the previous confusion and intricacies of the English statutes. Occasions of endless strife were, doubtless, in this way, cut off. In precisely the same manner will an intelligible, consistent system of Biblical exegesis remove at least some of the causes of ill-feeling and of controversy, which have ravaged the fairest portions of God's heritage.

"The study in question has a favorable bearing on the

spread of Christianity. Its efforts in the elucidation of the Scriptures are of the very highest importance to all future translators of those Scriptures in the thousand dialects of the earth. A thorough grammatical investigation of a word of three letters, found in the New Testament, may quicken and direct the studies of some weary missionary translator on the banks of the Ganges or the Oby. As an interesting fact, in corroboration of these remarks, it may be stated that all our important Biblical works find a most ready market in the very centres of the pagan world, where the missionaries of the cross are stationed. Besides, the wants of the philologist, as he is exploring the antiquities, the geography, the customs, etc. of the Bible, furnish to the Oriental missionary a powerful stimulus to rescue from decay and ruin whatever he can, which will throw light on the Biblical narratives, and which may finally settle long disputed and important passages. Frequently as Palestine has been investigated, eminent as some of the journalists are, who have traversed its hills and valleys, we shall still look for richer harvests, when intelligent missionaries shall have been permitted to establish themselves on various points in that interesting country. What may not a well-trained missionary do in the country east of the Jordan, in some parts of Arabia, in Babylonia, in Media, and in the whole vast regions of Asia Minor and of Southeastern Europe? Every locality, almost, is fraught with Scriptural reminiscences. But the labors of the philologist at home will be necessary to guide and enliven the footsteps of the explorer abroad. They are fellow-laborers. They mutually act and react on each other.

"This branch of knowledge has greatly promoted the study of the Bible among all classes. The labors of the most learned philologists are now, in a measure, accessible

to millions of children in all parts of Christendom. No sooner does a profound work on sacred literature appear in Germany, than its general results find their way into the literary and religious periodicals. The attention of learned foreigners is attracted; the work is translated into other languages; the theologian reads it, and copies its most interesting thoughts into his essay; the preacher is silently affected by its influence; the compiler of Sunday-school books, by abridgment, by a change of language, by simple explanation, brings the main facts or thoughts before the eyes of children in numbers almost without number. Thus a recluse student of the Bible is furnishing nutriment for all the families in Christendom, — vital air for the spiritual growth of even untaught pagan nations. He thus becomes, in the highest degree, a benefactor to his species. Like the stationary engine at the top of a mountain, he is the source of power and activity to thousands toiling below him. If any one refuses credence to these assertions, we may ask him to take up any well-written Sunday-school book of the day, which professes to be in any way concerned with the Scriptures, and he will find sufficient for the expulsion of his incredulity. The traces may be faint; the process of dilution may have gone on for a long time, but the evidence of philological knowledge, skill, and tact is there.

"Biblical learning has greatly increased respect for the Bible as a literary production. Among the mental qualifications of some philologists, has been a healthful poetic taste. Such men as Lowth, De Wette, Herder, have opened a thousand new sources of delight in the oracles of God. The cultivated taste may be gratified, while the most refined spiritual feelings are still further spiritualized and perfected. The Bible, it is true, may be studied without devotion. Its num-

berless literary beauties may be appreciated by those whose hearts are utterly dead to its regenerating influence. Still, it is something to have removed the prejudices of learned men in relation to it. It is something to have vindicated its claims to the consideration of those whom ignorance or false pride might have kept aloof from its pages. Literary curiosity may be the portal to something higher and nobler. The mysteries of the inner sanctuary may be at length revealed to him, who was attracted to the edifice simply by the beauty of its columns, or the majesty of its proportions.

"The study in question has prompted to a remarkable zeal in the acquisition of languages. The Semitic tongues, in particular, have been investigated with a zeal worthy of all commendation. Opulent noblemen, literary societies, companies of merchants, royal munificence, individual enterprise, have vied with each other in efforts to promote the acquisition of the treasures contained in these languages. Recollect what has been done by the expedition under the direction of Michaelis; by the corps of literary and scientific men who accompanied the French troops into Egypt; by Asiatic societies; and by the labors of such single men as Pococke and Burckhardt; all, if not directly commissioned for the purpose, yet conspiring in effect to throw light on the ancient Scriptures; on the Hebrew and its kindred dialects. Call to mind the hosts of learned men in Germany, who are now employing the utmost critical tact, the profoundest acquaintance with antiquity, and the unwearied attention of a long life, in efforts to establish some point in sacred criticism, or to throw light on some obscure text, or to establish the genuineness of some ancient ecclesiastical document; all achieved very considerably by the aid of an acquaintance with the languages in question. In our own country the same cause has operated to excite an

increasing interest in the German language, with results, which we cannot but regard as highly favorable to the cause of truth and righteousness, though possibly in a few instances prejudicial to the faith of ill-established believers.

"Such are some of the reasons, which, in our opinion, justify, and even require, the religious press to be, in a measure, Biblical in its character. It is but falling in with a great tendency of the age, the tendency to study God's word on the principles of grammar, common sense, science, and true philology and philosophy. It is the strongest voucher which a publication can give of its soundness in the faith. Its theology is not partisan, but Scriptural; not vacillating, but consistent and stable." *

Another favorite design of Mr. Edwards, in his more learned periodicals, was to improve the condition of mental and moral science in our country. He says:

"An intelligent observer cannot but be impressed with the vacillating opinions and militant theories which are constantly started in this department of knowledge. One writer boldly asserts, that the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel cannot justly be excluded from the philosophical treatise. Another writer, equally a believer in the Gospel, maintains that morals and mental science stand on ground perfectly independent of revealed religion. One theory is connected with speculations on the mysteries of the human soul; another is confined to the external phenomena; a third endeavors to sustain the character of an eclectic philosophy; a fourth multiplies the original powers of the soul; a fifth strives, by the most subtile analysis, to reduce

* Biblical Repository, Vol. IX. pp. 2 – 7.

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the whole to one or two simple principles. Theory succeeds theory. The scholar has scarcely time to peruse the current volume before an ambitious rival presents its claims. Confused by this endless shifting of the scene, he is tempted to renounce all thought upon the subject, or else to betake himself to some old author, whose errors even have a charm which is not found in the mazes of more recent speculations.

"When such is the predicament in which this science is involved, it may be presumption in us to offer any suggestions. There are, however, certain desiderata which it may not be indecorous for us to name.

"One half the errors which prevail in relation to this subject may be traced to indefiniteness in the use of language. Two writers use the same term in different senses. The same writer, not unfrequently, attaches opposite significations to the same word in different portions of his treatise. Misconception follows. His opinions are attacked. He sends out a rejoinder. In the heat of battle, he loses his self-command, and becomes involved, along with his speculations, in learned confusion. Thus, what began in misapprehension of a word, ends in jarring opinion, heretical doctrine, or thoroughly alienated feeling. Now is it wholly impracticable to effect a general, if not unanimous agreement, in respect to the use of certain words, — such as *idea*, *subject*, *object*, *subjective*, *objective*, *reason*, *motive*, and others in the vocabulary of mental science? Might not our principal periodical publications contribute something to such a result?

"Again, is there not a point of view in which the essays of various philosophers may all be in conformity with truth? Not that there are no fixed principles in the science; not that erroneous or crude notions may not be broached. But

are we, to a proper degree, in the habit of putting ourselves in the position of a particular author, and of contemplating a subject in the aspects in which he intended that we should contemplate it? On the contrary, do we not hasten to compare him with some preceding or contemporary writer, in order to bring them into collision, and affix upon one or the other the seal of condemnation? A more Christian mode of procedure would be to put a charitable construction upon the language of both, and not charge heresy or absurdity upon either, because their minds happened to be differently constituted, or their object in appearing before the public not identical.

"Some students of mental philosophy impose on themselves, by requiring a uniform style of writing in all treatises on the subject in question. They are warm advocates of simplicity, plainness, perspicuity, or, in other words, of Saxon monosyllables. The only criterion of the worth of a book is its instant and perfect intelligibility to them, — to them, in all states of their minds and of their bodies. It is not easy to see how they would grapple with Paul's Epistle to the Romans. He deals in sounding polysyllables, as well as in particles of three letters. Yet if he employed the latter alone, it would not follow that his reasoning would be any better than it is now. Long words were made to be used. A due mixture of them is indispensable to a philosophical writer. There are trains of thought which cannot be enunciated without them. We are not aware that Bishop Butler's language could be much altered for the better. In sitting down to a writer of any pretensions on philosophical subjects, we need patience, reverence for his understanding, and a desire, on our part, to listen, to digest, to be instructed. He may utter truth, awful and

everlasting truth, which may be nearly unintelligible to us, because our minds are unformed and dark.

"No thorough philosopher, no accurate observer of mental phenomena, can for a moment doubt that human depravity has in some way affected the intellectual faculties of man. A candid observer must be as far from maintaining the dogma, that these faculties have not been influenced by the fall of Adam, as he must be from asserting that they are themselves, in the strict sense, depraved. Do not debased affections, unworthy motives, vicious habits, act at all on the intellect? Was Adam in paradise and Adam in his apostasy precisely the same being, intellectually considered? Certainly the human intellect is, in some sense, in a darkened and degraded state. It has lost something of its original brightness. Ought not this fact, therefore, to be taken into the account, both by the mental and moral philosopher? Otherwise, can he accurately and fully discourse on the *mind* of man? We do not vindicate the mode in which this subject has been sometimes treated. Christian morals and mental philosophy have been handled not with the most consummate judgment and taste. But the great truth that human depravity has seriously affected the mind, and that he must not overlook this fact who would give a complete view of the physiology of man, no reasonable person can deny. May we not hope that the boundaries of mental, moral, and theological science will be defined with more discrimination; that the influence which moral causes exert on the intellectual nature and faculties will be more clearly pointed out; and that a spirit of more entire self-diffidence and candor, in connection with enlarged conceptions and comprehensive views, will be hereafter characteristic of the researches and studies connected with the great department of mind and morals? If the periodical press can be made

auxiliary to the effecting of such a result, its labors will not have been in vain."*

It was also an aim of Mr. Edwards, in his various periodicals, to combine the good men and true of all Evangelical sects in one literary brotherhood, and to call forth their associated activity in aid of the great principles which were dear to them all. He therefore raised his more erudite Journals above sectarian influences, and concentrated upon them the choice talent of varying parties. Ever was it his joy to see the scattered rays of genius converge to one point. Some of his reviews were published amid the stir and the noise of ecclesiastical warfare; but how serene is the spirit of Christian science which beams forth from his pages! Who would ever suspect, that those catholic words were written for partisans agitated with the polemics of theology, and clamorous, often, against the divine who stood aloof from their strife? He knew the temptation of reviewers to gratify an envious spirit, and to malign *men*, under the pretence of opposing error. He knew the perils environing the anonymous critic, who finds it easy to say behind a mask what he would be ashamed to utter in the full exposure of day. He published the names of the essayists who wrote for his more learned Reviews, and thus gave them both the stimulus and the caution which authors derive from a sense of their accountability to the public. He believed that the editor of a religious newspaper

* Biblical Repository, Vol. IX. pp. 11 - 14.

or quarterly magazine should be eminently a civilized man. He shrank from the truculent spirit which sometimes contaminates the Christian press, and which, in his view, was fostered by the habit of anonymous authorship. Although he was naturally inclined to shrink from public observation, yet he appended his own name to nearly all the essays which he wrote for his more important periodicals. It was no *feeble* effort which he made to save his journals from the very appearance of a morose, querulous temper, and to keep out those personal or sectional jealousies, which are the most baneful of heresies. To all reckless critics he has taught a wise lesson. Of the numerous authors whom he has reviewed, has a single one ever accused him of an unfair, an unscholarlike, an ungentlemanly criticism? Once, when he received an article exposing the grossest literary blunders of a divine whose faith he disapproved, he refused to publish the article, for the mere purpose of checking the tendency to assail the character of men, in order to supplant their doctrines. Again, he was importuned to make a display of the literary plagiarisms which had been detected in a theological opponent. But so sensitive was he to the evils of personal strife, especially among divines, that he spared his foe at the risk of displeasing his friend. — I have used the word *foe*. I ought not to have used it. For the honor of our race, I would trust that he had no personal enemies; and if he had, — Father forgive them, for they know not what they have done, — if he had personal enemies, they would

have been safe in his hand. Probably he never published a word against a man who had injured him. The reputation of others he looked upon as a sacred treasure. He studied that true dignity, which consists in sustaining a principle and forgetting the persons of his antagonists. He had a passion for true and kindly words. Would God, that the mantle of this editor, as harmless as he was wise, not less free from envy than from vanity, might fall upon every man who ventures upon the work, so hazardous to his own soul, of being a censor over his brethren!

Still another aim of Mr. Edwards, in his different periodicals, was to combine learning and taste with true religion. For the sake of stimulating both writers and readers, he intended to publish original articles, occasionally, and he did publish one from a learned correspondent, in the Latin language.* As he recoiled from an unsanctified literature, so he struggled for a higher good than unlettered pietism. He digged deep, that he might enrich his Reviews with the costliest gems of beauty. His creed was, that a refined sensibility to the graceful and the noble gives ornament and aid to virtue. It was one object of his life to prove that learning and taste are congenial with a profound piety. He shrunk from all coarse and vulgar criticisms, as out of harmony with the genius of the Gospel; and he frowned upon every expression of irreverence and ungodli-

* Mr. Edwards was not seldom obliged, as an editor, to conduct a lengthened correspondence in the Latin and German tongues.

ness, as at variance with the spirit of true philosophy. Hence his periodicals were welcomed to libraries which had been wont to receive no books of clerical aspect. He lamented, in his later years, that he had given so much of his time to our serial literature; but he did not know how much he had achieved thereby, in liberalizing the studies of good men, and in purifying the tastes of those who had previously no fellowship with the Gospel. Several features of his Reviews have been copied, not only by American, but also by European journals. He did not reflect, that he had found access to minds which would never have perused the more lengthened treatises of systematic theologians; that he had insensibly stimulated authors to be more generous in their culture, more candid in their decisions, less flippant and unthoughtful in their words; that he had breathed the spirit of the peaceful Gospel into the hearts of men more belligerent than wise. If his thirty-one octavo volumes of periodical literature had been superintended by a man of indelicate taste and of confined learning and litigious spirit, how disastrous would have been their influence upon the comfort of godly and discreet men! *

Speaking of an "elevated Christian literature," Mr. Edwards says:

* Even in his efforts to preserve the purity of our language, this voluminous editor deserves no small praise. He might probably have accomplished more in this regard, had his delicacy allowed him to criticize authors with more freedom; but he has achieved something by excluding from his Reviews, as far as he had the power to do so, a

"We do not mean by this the protruding of denominational peculiarities on every possible occasion; nor the constant iteration of the language of cant and bigotry; nor the use of authorized theological terms in inappropriate company, or on inexpedient occasions; nor the merging of science and literature into technical or devotional theology. No one of these things is desirable. Either is an offence to good taste and to good morals. A treatise on chemistry is not the place for a moral lecture. Some histories, in many respects excellent, are disfigured by too frequent or perfectly obvious moral reflections, or by ill-concealed attempts at religious sentimentalism.

"On the other hand, there is an important sense in which every book should be Christian. As an illustration, let us look for a moment at civil histories. Setting aside such obviously unchristian books as the historical treatises of Hume and Gibbon, we may ask, How is the Rev. Dr. Robertson, a minister of the established church of Scotland, to be vindicated from the charge of an indifference to Christianity, amounting to little short of positive infidelity? How could a heart glowing with love to the Redeemer — all which was implied in his ordination vows — write so frigidly about the glorious Protestant Reformation? How could he display such consummate stoicism while recording events, or speculating on their causes, when the religion of which he was a minister was passing through its agonies of trial? Dr. Robertson has found an imitator in this respect, in a late writer of great ability, Mr. Hallam. He is unques-

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multitude of words and phrases like "issues of the press," "surroundings of a city," "it is being built, printed, done," etc., "talented," "to progress," "stand-point," "ignore," "of community," "Presbytery will judge," "transpire" in the sense of *happen*, to "base" in the sense of *found*, etc., etc. See Vol. II. p. 191, of this work.

tionably a Protestant, and would wish to be considered as friendly to religion. Yet in holding the balance of a professed, philosophical historian, Christianity seems to be regarded by him, if not with suspicion, yet with studied coldness and reserve. He seems to be constantly on the watch lest her influence should bias his judgment. It is astonishing with what *sang froid* he can hold his critical knife in the dissection of character, while the axe of Mary and the fires of Smithfield are in sight. Yet he is a most able and, in general, impartial historian. We know nothing of his private character.

"Instead of proceeding any further with criticisms of this nature, we may point to a very late author, who deserves eminently the character of a Christian historian. We refer to James Grahame. He has written a History of the American Colonies, from their establishment to the Revolution, in a manner which entitles him to the thanks of every citizen of the United States, and of all Christians throughout the world. This work is not interlarded, like that of Rollin, with moral reflections. There is no unseemly obtrusion of the author's pious feelings. There is no effort, as though he apprehended that his faith would undermine his impartiality. He has the fundamental qualification of being able to sympathize with the early settlers of this country. He enters completely into their spirit. He identifies himself with their interests. No one, who cannot do this, is fit to write their memorials. At the same time, he is not afraid to administer censure. His religious spirit does not degenerate into that of a partisan or timeserver. He maintains the dignity and authority of the historian. We perceive that he is a Christian writer, by an almost hidden charm which pervades his pages, rather than by any formal statement, or authoritative dicta. The Christian reader can

peruse his pages with *sympathy*. This sterling trait, joined with a good style, with great accuracy, and the most thorough research, renders his work the best which has appeared on our history.

"The peculiar character of our people and of our institutions makes this general subject one of great importance. Our national literature is in a forming state. Established usage, literary standards, antiquity, family interests, control the taste much less in this country than in Europe. We have no civil, nor scarcely any literary censorship. Our periodical reviews mostly confine themselves to commendation. Every man publishes what is right in his own eyes. No individual has appeared in this country with a flail like that of Dr. Johnson, — with a power of rebuking vicious books and depraved authors, which was not to be gainsaid, or trifled with.

"The rapidity of the transmission of thought is very great. There are few post-office systems more minute in detail, more penetrating or prompt, than our own. A paragraph committed to a book or a pamphlet is soon gone beyond the power of control or recall. It is poisoning the minds of hundreds west of the Mississippi, or it is vindicating among the inhabitants of Florida the rights of the oppressed. The number of readers is great. There are few among the millions of the older States, who have the organs of vision, but can peruse the paragraph charged with libel, or the paragraph inciting to noble deeds. Volney and Voltaire, Abner Kneeland and Ethan Allen, are found in the woollen manufactory, in the Western steamboat, in the Schuylkill colliery. Supposing the civil restrictions upon the press in Austria were removed; it would be of little service to millions of her population.

"A correct public sentiment in this country, where it

exists, is not made to bear promptly on this subject. A considerable time must elapse, after a publication is issued, before the virtuous part of the community utter their voice. They are so divided by denominational or party lines, or so engaged in politics or commerce, that they do not rise up to condemn a book, till it has diffused its poison widely through the community. Their voice may be full and unequivocal when it comes, but it is too late. Public opinion is in a highly excited condition on all subjects. The appetite, already sadly perverted and depraved, must still be plied with all possible provocatives. There is a tendency, in some quarters, to denounce every thing like sound reasoning, mature investigation, and scholar-like criticism, as heavy, metaphysical, and unintelligible. Now it is very easy for publishers, authors, and editors to take advantage of this feverish state of the public mind. Give, give, is the demand. Take, take, is the reply. Perhaps in no quarter of the world is personal defamation carried on, through the press, so extensively as in this country. Even the grave religious quarterly may not always be wholly free. Books must not only be accompanied with flaming and licentious embellishments, but they must be seasoned with slander, and be made captivating by calumny and vituperation. From these remarks, it is very obvious that all who are connected with the press, should be men of sterling principle. Accurate knowledge, great enterprise and energy, intelligence, and general excellence of character, are not sufficient. These men ought to be worthy of filling a high place in society. Upon no individuals is the advance of mankind in knowledge and happiness more essentially depending. They should be eminently conscientious. They should have that regard to the public welfare, which will cause them to make sacrifices for its promotion. They

should attach a much higher importance than they are accustomed to do to their profession, as a part of that array of force which is to renovate the world. They should not adapt their publications to the demand of the community, indiscriminately, but they should determine what *ought to be* the public taste. That which an author preëminently needs is a foresight of the condition and needs of the community, — such as Edmund Burke possessed of the results of the French Revolution, — so that he can control what is to be the current of public thought and action, by making the fountain sweet and healthful. The character of a national literature is frequently depending on very insignificant but still palpable causes.

"The intelligent and Christian public have a plain and most important duty to perform in relation to this matter. They should bestow an efficient patronage on such men as are disposed to publish *only* useful works.

"This whole subject is not regarded by the community as of that high importance which it really possesses. A good book or periodical is one of the greatest blessings of civilized society. But we have no reason to complain that the community are deluged with worthless publications, till we have done all in our power to put into circulation such as are really valuable.

"A periodical work, possessing intellectual power, written with purity of taste, and circulating among ten thousand of the leading clergymen and laymen of the United States, would have a weight of authority, and an extent of influence, which would illuminate the conscience, and arouse and direct the mind, of the whole country. It would concentrate a great amount of talent and influence which is now lost. It would look abroad upon the relations which we sustain to other portions of the world, and to the duties re-

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"A periodical work, possessing intellectual power, written with purity of taste, and circulating among ten thousand of the leading clergymen and laymen of the United States, would have a weight of authority, and an extent of influence, which would illuminate the conscience, and arouse and direct the mind, of the whole country. It would concentrate a great amount of talent and influence which is now lost. It would look abroad upon the relations which we sustain to other portions of the world, and to the duties re-

as acceptable words. His eye was often downcast when he held up the scales of justice. It was literally suffused with tears, when he first read Mr. Macaulay's *critique* on Lord Bacon.

"The longer I live," he wrote in 1839, "the more I think religion to consist in candor, kindness, forbearance, hoping for the best. The way of the world is to be sometimes extremely lenient, but at other times cruel as the grave, and overbearing as a torrent."

And again he wrote in 1846:

"Pure religion, I am more and more convinced, so far as it has regard to our literary pursuits, consists in humanity, and courtesy, and honorable feeling, refined and perfected for Christ's sake. Better than all the creeds in the world, without this humane temper, is the heart of him who weeps with those who weep, and is prompt to show those little delicate Christian kindnesses which are a cordial to a broken spirit."

The following is the considerate language of Mr. Edwards in reference to the public criticism of books.

"The late Dr. Thomas Brown has written a paragraph on this subject, which we cannot forbear to adduce: 'If all other circumstances be equal, he will undoubtedly be the best critic, who knows best the phenomena of human thought and feeling; and without this knowledge, criticism can be nothing but a measurement of words, or a repetition of the ever-repeated and endless commonplaces of rhetoric. The knowledge of *nature* — of the necessity of which critics speak so much, and so justly, and which is as essential to the critic himself, as to the writer on whom he

sits in judgment — is only another name for the knowledge of the successive transitions of feeling of the mind, in all the innumerable diversities in which it is capable of being modified by the variety of circumstances in which it may be placed. It is for this reason, that, with so great an abundance of the mere *art*, or rather of the mere technical phrases of criticism, we have so very little of the *science* of it; because the science of criticism implies an acquaintance with the philosophy of thought and passion, which few can be expected to possess. Though nothing can be easier than to deliver opinions, such as pass current in the drawing-room, and even in the literary circle, which the frivolous may admire as profound, and the ignorant as erudite, and which many voices may be proud to repeat, yet it is far from being equally easy to show, how the one passage is beautiful, from its truth of character, and the other, though perhaps rich in harmony of rhythm and rhetorical ornament, is yet faulty, by its violation of the more important harmony of thought and emotion, — a harmony which nature observes as faithfully, in the progress of those vehement passions that appear most wild and irregular, as in the calmest succession of feeling of the most tranquil hours.'

" From these discriminating remarks of the philosopher, it may be justly inferred, that the proper criticism of books is an undertaking of no little magnitude. It requires, in many cases, a thorough study of the author's mind, as well as of his book, and the kindred treatises which have been published on the same subject. It demands the ability to enter into the author's feelings and habits of thought. It is in perfect variance with all dogmatical assertion, wholesale denunciation, indiscriminate eulogy, and superficial analysis. The critic must be firm, candid, patient, unprejudiced, willing to labor, clear-sighted. He must not, on the one

hand, indulge any private pique or personal enmity, in forming an estimate of a book; nor, on the other hand, sacrifice the interests of taste, good learning, truth, and righteousness, in order to gratify personal friendships, promote a pecuniary speculation, or please an interested bookseller. Of a large proportion of the books diffused in our community, both of the original and imported classes, no literary judgment is required. Some are entirely harmless, — incapable of producing good or evil. Others are mere transcripts of volumes whose character and tendency have long been settled in the reading world. Some will perish at once, and deservedly, unless a too forward exhibition of their faults and weakness raise them to a temporary notoriety. Others require no analysis or notice, from the fact that their publication was owing, very properly it may be, to the grateful impulses of sorrow, or to some other limited and transient cause." *

Mr. Edwards was nearly as careful to repress his attachments as his antipathies, in his criticism of books. He often seemed desirous of hiding his private affection for authors, under his sense of responsibility to pass a candid judgment. The following are his measured comments on two poets, for whom he cherished a deep inward love. He would have excited a greater enthusiasm in their behalf, if he had been more free in expressing his own admiration for them. But he was jealous of himself, and reticent.

George Herbert. — "One of the best judges of the value of writing, Mr. Coleridge, says: 'Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts,

* Biblical Repository, Vol. IX. pp. 15 - 17.

not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems; which are, for the most part, exquisite in their kind.'

"They are, in the first place, strictly religious poems. They are transcripts of the heart from which they came, pure, gentle, breathing of heaven. They betray a spirit such as Pascal and Leighton and Augustine would have loved; not, indeed, altogether emancipated from the forms of the Romish Church, but having no communion with its temper and genius. He belonged to a small body of men, — *the elect*, — who, in a corrupt age, walked by faith, held converse with the just made perfect, and overcame all inward and outward foes by the blood of the Lamb. In the second place, his poems exhibit excellent sense, a close observation of human nature, and a delicate perception of character. In some of his most serious passages, there are unexpected turns of thought, which no superficial observer or thinker would have imagined. In one respect, there is a close resemblance between Herbert and Cowper; — both exhibit that refined, dignified, and delicate train of thought, which is originated or fostered in the society of virtuous and highly intelligent females. It does not border, in the least measure, on effeminacy; neither is it masculine in the highest degree. It combines considerable vigor with all the elements of beauty. Herbert, in his younger days, was a man of the world, and in his pastoral life was a close student of human nature. All this knowledge was blended with that which he derived from his mother, and other relatives well endowed with intellectual gifts. In the third place, after having made considerable abatement on the score of conceits, caprices, puns, taste of the age, and other like things, we must allow that there are veins of true poetry, the gushing out of sweet waters of song. In addition

to the piety and good sense everywhere manifest, there is the secret gift of the native poet. With many prosaic lines and stanzas, there are oases of refreshment, gladdening the eye and rejoicing the heart." *

John Keble. — "Such poetry [as his Holy Baptism and Catechism] is indeed delightful, and many such strains are found in [his] volume. They do not belong to the English Church. They are the echo of all Christian hearts; the effusions of regenerated nature wherever found. Many of the poems will well repay repeated perusal and close study. The full meaning cannot be hastily found. The writer seems modestly to shrink from public gaze behind the music of his periods and the grace of his thoughts. At the same time, there is a want of clearness in his conceptions, and of power to convey, strikingly, his meaning. On repeated examination, we are not sure that we have apprehended the true sense of the passage. Doubtless, this fault is in part owing to the prosaic nature of some of the subjects of his lines. Verses composed on occasions like that of the commemoration of the restoration of Charles II., must be commonplace or far-fetched. Some of the ecclesiastical sonnets of Wordsworth, and the series of Biblical lyrics of Newton and Cowper, are entire failures. No poet can pour forth genuine strains on a long string of *set* subjects. Many of them in their nature are unsusceptible of metre or melody." *

Who would suspect, from these calm words, that the writer of them was an enamored admirer of Herbert and Keble, and wept often over their tender strains?

* American Quarterly Observer, Vol. III. pp. 281, 282.

† Ibid., p. 291.

CHAPTER X.

PHILANTHROPIC SPIRIT AND EFFORTS.

It was as a *Philanthropist*, that Mr. Edwards began his editorial course. He never would have withdrawn his mind from classical learning to the statistics of schools and charitable funds, had not the same bosom which glowed with the love of letters, been warmed with a still more active zeal for the welfare of men. Animating the pages of his Reviews, is found the liveliest sympathy for the feeble, the troubled, the ignorant, the perverse. When he commenced his public life, there prevailed throughout our churches a new, fresh interest in the benevolent schemes of the day. He became a bosom friend of men who had the liveliest enthusiasm, and exerted the most extensive influence in behalf of our charitable associations. He rejoiced to consider himself as belonging to the same family with all good men, and as having all things common. "If there be one desire," he once wrote, "which has no place within me, it is the desire for money. Perhaps I have not sufficient love of property, to take care of myself in this avaricious world." He seemed happy in the thought of being through life a practical man. In his zeal to conduct well the correspondence of the Education Society, he attended a writing-school when he was thirty years old, for the sake of improving his chirography, which before was good enough. He was deeply interested in the ed-

ucation of the young. Many of his letters indicate an abiding solicitude for the academy in his native village. In 1826, while a Junior at Andover, he aided in the compilation of a school-book, designed for the moral improvement of the rising generation.

"We shall take care," he wrote, "to insert two or three pieces on intemperance, and as many on slavery, — not so much in the form of didactic comment, as of interesting and touching examples. It is a laborious business, as we have to rummage libraries, newspapers, and dictionaries, arrange, rewrite, and remodel, take metaphors to pieces, cut out the heathenism from some compositions, and the heresy from others, and try to make, what nobody ever did, an unexceptionable book."

In 1832 and 1835, he published two other school-books, "The Eclectic Reader," and an "Introduction to the Eclectic Reader," both of them filled with the choicest selections from English and American literature, and both of them showing the fruits of his multifarious reading and delicate moral taste. He also prepared, but never printed, a series of questions on President Edwards's History of Redemption, and designed them to be used in academies, as an aid to the recitation of that treatise. In 1832 he published his "Biography of Self-taught Men," which was designed, as it was admirably fitted, to wake up the dormant powers of the youth who are most tempted to neglect them. While residing in Boston, he was one of the most enterprising members of Pine Street Church; he was enthusiastic as a teacher in its Sabbath school. He wrote and published, in 1835, for

his own adult class, a small volume on the Epistle to the Galatians, and a pamphlet on the Journey of the Israelites through the Wilderness, and he also assisted in preparing several other books for Sabbath-school instruction. His labors for Amherst College, during its infantile sufferings, were earnest and faithful. In 1845, he was solicited to become President of the institution. In 1848, he was chosen one of its Trustees, and he fatigued himself in care and toil for its library, at a time when his health demanded entire rest. He loved his country; and while making the tour of Europe in 1846–47, he collected materials for a large (and it would have been a strikingly original) volume, which he was intending to publish, on the reciprocal influences of the Old World and the New, and the methods in which we may give as well as receive good, in our intercourse with Transatlantic nations. It would have been an opportune treatise on moral intervention.

Few persons have reflected more than he on the missionary enterprise. For several months he examined the question with an honest, self-sacrificing heart, whether it were his duty to spend his life, where he was entirely willing to spend it, among the heathen. Like his father before him, he kept himself familiar with the details of missions established not only by the American Board, but by other Societies. In 1832, he published the Missionary Gazetteer, containing a succinct account of the various attempts made by all Christian sects to evan-

gelize the world. With the hope of deepening the public sympathy for the heathen, he edited, in 1831, the Life of Henry Martyn, prefixed to it an Introductory Essay, and appended to it a series of Notes, compiled, as the Essay was written, after a most extensive research. The character of Henry Martyn was ever dear to him. He resembled that beloved man in the refinement and generousness of his philanthropy.

"Are we willing," he asks, "to be philanthropists on a small scale? Are we willing to look into our own circumstances? Are we willing to relieve the distress at our own doors? Henry Martyn had visited the sick in an obscure village of England, and had instructed sailors on ship-board, before he proclaimed the Divinity of the Son of God in presence of the wise men of Persia. Howard was a philanthropist before he commenced his circumnavigation of charity."

Again he says, in his Introductory Essay to the Memoir of Martyn:

"The whole tendency of the benevolence of this age, is to the elevation of human character. While it brings angels down, it raises mortals to the skies. It is unlocking the prison of the human mind. It is breaking in sunder the bars of prejudice and exclusive feeling. It is calling forth powerful sympathies in favor of that great prostrate multitude of human beings, who have hitherto had a subterranean existence. It is bringing men to act on the simple truth, that God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. It is tearing up by the roots the senseless systems of Buffon, and Kames, and Monboddo, and putting in their place common sense, and fact, and

Scripture. It regards the household servant, the manacled slave, the Pariah, the Sepoy, the Savoyard, not as mere beasts of burden, but as brothers and sisters, children of a common Father, and bound to a common destiny. And while this benevolence is breaking up the unnatural distinctions in society, it is cementing society by the peace and love which it is breathing through it."

From the beginning to the end of his public life, Mr. Edwards labored for the African race. The first pamphlet which he ever printed was a plea for the slave. The first address which he ever delivered from the pulpit, was on the evils of slavery. For several months he thought of devoting his entire life to the African cause. When he had decided not to do so, it cost him a severe effort to banish the subject from his mind. Unless he *forcibly* abstained from thinking of it, he could not feel an interest in his studies. Few of his countrymen have reflected more, or formed more accurate judgments, with regard to the negro. At the age of twenty-four, he wrote:

"Because I feel a deep interest for the oppressed African, I hope it does not destroy all regard for other branches of Christian philanthropy, or transform my natural sympathies into stoical hardness. If it had such an effect, I should consider it as altogether spurious. I am satisfied, however, that the subject has taken hold of me in such a manner, that the impression will leave me only with life. Why it should so affect me, I cannot perhaps explain. I read and thought on the subject, till I had hardly power to banish it from my remembrance. Some days it seemed to me incorporated with my feelings, and images of suffering haunted me like spectres."

Again he wrote, at the same age: "The fourth of July will be generally observed [this year, 1826] in reference to the African cause, especially in our large towns, unless patriotism and rum should prevent. The day is coming, when the month of July will be the season to think and act upon slavery, as much as November is a month of thanksgiving. The day is coming, when the monthly concert will in part be devoted to the cause of Africa, in imploring the God of mercy to hear the crying of the prisoner, and heal the broken hearts of the slaves. Heaven has surely promised that this earth shall be purified. Slavery will then cease totally and for ever."

"*September* 19, 1826. — A distinguished clergyman from the South heard me read, a few days since, my Report on Slavery before the Society of Inquiry in the [Andover Theological] Seminary. He remarked that he would rather see a seventy-four loaded with slaves come into the Southern country, than that Report. I must not become too deeply interested in this subject. My first duty is to study my profession; my inclinations are to serve the Colonization Society."

While this friend of Africa was pursuing his theological studies, he heard that a colored youth had come to Andover to enjoy the privileges of the Seminary. Some of his fellow-students had an instinctive reluctance to be in company with the stranger, but Mr. Edwards, sensitive as he was to the ridicule of men, shrinking from all appearance of eccentricity, scrupulous in his regard to all the rules of neatness and refinement and seemliness, invited the sable youth to reside in the same room with him. For several weeks this man, so dignified, so delicate

in his sensibilities, studied at the same table with the poor African. This was the man! He was preparing himself to be a *minister* of reconciliation. He was the servant of all for Jesus' sake. Like his great Exemplar, he chose to suffer with and for the publican, rather than to sit in the halls of kings. For twenty-six years he was an unwavering friend of the Colonization Society, in its reverses as well as in its triumphs. He prayed for it. He toiled for it. He meditated plans for it. He suffered for it. He was willing to suffer more. The Secretary of the Massachusetts Colonization Society writes: "I do not know how this Society could have been kept alive, for two or three of its first years, but for the aid of Mr. Edwards." "To no person, perhaps," says the Secretary in his Eleventh Annual Report (page 5), "is the Society more indebted [than to Mr. E.] for its formation, or for its preservation during the first years of its precarious existence, or for his hearty and liberal support to the end of his life." He was one of its Board of Managers from its foundation in 1841 (May 26), until 1845, and was one of its Vice-Presidents during the last seven years of his labors on earth. It is an interesting coincidence, that a daughter of the chief founder of the American Colonization Society performed some of the last rites for Mr. Edwards at his death, and immediately afterward, and that some of his last physical wants were supplied by the African race for whom he had toiled and prayed.

A large part of the years 1834 and 1835 he de-

voted to labors in behalf of the "American Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race." He was among the most zealous and persevering of all the founders of this Society. He wrote, published, lectured, delivered fourth-of-July orations, and gave liberally, too liberally, in its behalf. The object of this Association was:

"First, to secure a course of combined and systematic efforts for the improvement of the people of color in all our cities and large towns, to provide for their religious instruction, to furnish for them well-ordered free schools, facilities for learning profitable trades, the means for a safe and lucrative investment of their earnings. Secondly, to bring forward promising young men of color, secure their education in the higher branches of knowledge, and thus prove the capabilities of the African population. Thirdly, to make a full exhibition of all the facts respecting the condition of the colored race, and to give a full illustration of all the influences which conspire to depress them in this country and elsewhere, and thus to form an intelligent and decided public opinion in their favor." *

* Under this general object were specified the following topics for investigation:

"1. The free people of color in this country.

"(*a.*) Their number, and the number of families, in each State and District.

"(*b.*) Their legal privileges and disabilities under the legislation of the several States and of Congress.

"(*c.*) Their employments; — from what employments they are excluded by law or by public prejudice.

"(*d.*) Their opportunities for acquiring knowledge; the number and character of the schools open to them; the number of pupils; the number of children who have no means of instruction.

An exposition of the object of this Society was prepared by Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, and pub-

"(*e.*) The amount of property owned by these people in the several States; how much, in proportion to their numbers, as compared with other classes of people.

"(*f.*) Their increase, and its causes; — how much of it in each State is natural, and how much is by emancipation or immigration.

"2. Slavery and the slave-trade.

"(*a.*) The legislation and jurisprudence of each State and Territory in respect to slavery, and the practical operation of the laws as affecting the power of the master, and the protection of the slave, and the character and happiness of both.

"(*b.*) The economy of slavery, — or its influence in the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth.

"(*c.*) The commerce in slaves, as carried on within the United States; — how many are transported from one part of the country to another; which are the exporting States, and to what amount; which the purchasing States and Territories, and to what amount, and for what uses; who are the carriers; what restraints upon this commerce in the laws; what the bearings of it on the wealth, safety, and character of the parties.

"(*d.*) The means of instruction and improvement enjoyed by the slaves, as compared with those enjoyed by the laboring class in other countries, and especially under the despotic governments; their actual improvement; how far they have ceased to be barbarians and pagans.

"3. The abolition of slavery.

"(*a.*) The causes, political, commercial, and moral, which, in various instances, have brought about or necessitated the extinction of slavery.

"(*b.*) The processes or forms of abolition at different periods, and under different governments, and their comparative adaptedness to the legitimate end of abolition.

"(*c.*) The effect of abolition on property; — what bearing it has had on the value of real estate, and of other kinds of wealth in different states of society; and how this illustrates the reasonableness and extent of the master's alleged right to compensation.

"(*d.*) The results of abolition, as affecting the condition of the emancipated population and the general welfare of society; the actual condition of the colored race where they have been emancipated, and the influences that modify that condition."

lished in a pamphlet, of which sixty thousand copies were circulated in all parts of our land. Two volumes of much interest, one written by the late Professor Hovey, of Amherst College, and one by Professor E. A. Andrews, were published under the auspices of this Society. Its officers, for the year 1836, were the following:

Hon. William Reed, *President.* Stephen Van Rensselaer, Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, D. D., Hon. Roger M. Sherman, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, John Wheeler, D. D., Francis Wayland, D. D., Rt. Rev. E. Hedding, Hon. Sidney Willard, William Ladd, Esq., Gerrit Smith, Esq., Benjamin Silliman, John H. Church, D. D., *Vice-Presidents.* F. M. Hubbard, *Recording Secretary.* Prof. E. A. Andrews, *Corresponding Secretary.* James Haughton, *Treasurer.* Daniel Noyes, B. B. Edwards, E. A. Andrews, Charles Scudder, Jacob Abbott, Henry Edwards, Joseph Tracy, James C. Dunn, John B. Jones, *Executive Committee.* Charles Stoddard, Thomas A. Davis, *Auditors.*

A vigorous opposition was made to the Society, however, by certain opposers, and also by certain advocates, of American slavery. Mr. Edwards, and two or three other gentlemen, on whom the Society had depended for its life, removed from Boston, the city of its chief influence, and after the lapse of five years it became extinct. Probably some such organization will be revived, if the descendants of Africa are ever to attain a respectable position on our continent.

In his habits of thought, and under the influence of religious principle, Mr. Edwards avoided the vari-

ous forms of ultraism. In the modern technical sense of the term, he was never called an "Antislavery man." Still, no man had a more intense aversion than he, to the system of involuntary servitude. He had seen its evils. He had felt them. He bore his last pain among them. He sighed at the very thought of an innocent man in chains. His spirit was burdened within him, by every new wrong inflicted on a race already bleeding. In his very make, he was a lover of freedom. By his dearest instincts, he recoiled from every form of injustice and harshness. But he restrained the expression of his feelings, whenever the expression seemed to threaten harm. He guarded his tongue with bit and bridle, wherever he feared that his warm sensibilities would rush out in words tending to irritate, more than reform, his opposers. "It is always the part of wisdom," he said, "to bend to circumstances, when the laws of virtue are not compromised; to give up a part of a thing rather than be robbed of the whole of it." And as he disciplined himself to be meek and forbearing towards the friends of slavery, so he fostered a patient spirit towards those of its enemies who passed the bounds of what he deemed a safe discretion. He knew, in the depths of his soul, how to sympathize with their abhorrence of the unrighteous bondage, but he knew that undiscriminating rebuke might aggravate the ills which it was intended to heal, and he studied on this subject, more than almost any other, to adopt wise as well as efficient

methods for removing the evil under which he groaned.*

The whole truth is, that our brother loved man as man; and nothing that touched the welfare of one of the least among his fellow-sufferers, was alien from him. Not a few of his friends and pupils can remember how he spoke, — it was in the strains of a second Cowper, — when the Choctaws and Cherokees were compelled to leave the graves of their fathers; how he sighed, as if he had been personally bereaved, at the ravages of the Seminole war; how indignantly — for his gentle spirit would rouse itself at fitting times — he spoke in the Seminary pulpit against the British invasion of China; how deeply and personally grieved he ever felt at the reports of disasters by land or sea; how carefully he studied to assuage the griefs or fears of the widow and the orphan; how faithfully he taught German to a servant in his house; how thoughtful he was to search out the sick student, to provide raiment for the

* Speaking of an Abolitionist, who was also an infidel, Mr. Edwards writes: "He has lost none of his thirst for martyrdom and none of his vituperativeness. The English language hardly comes up in bitter expressions to his present needs. I feel more and more the importance of keeping calm, of studying the character of our Saviour, and of imitating his meekness and love. We are, perhaps, in danger of talking too much against the Abolitionists."

"If immediate and unconditional emancipation be not a duty, most certainly it is the immediate duty of the master to set the slave on a course by which he can earn his liberty; by which his wages, instead of going wholly to gratify the desires of one who has really no equitable right to them at all, should be employed for the benefit of him who *has this* right."

young men who were poorly clad, and to take such as were desponding to his own home, and attend to their good cheer. So did he live, — and how rare for a man to live so! — that we feel even now the rich meaning of the sentence which will one day be uttered before him: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me."

In the following energetic words did Mr. Edwards give vent to the feelings which habitually stirred him to action:

"The Christians of this age ought to feel the amazing responsibility under which they act. The disciples who lived in the first and second centuries, were charged with duties which were new in the history of man. It was a high privilege to live in the sixteenth century. The men who landed at Plymouth two hundred years ago, felt that the interests of an unknown and uncounted posterity were depending on their energy and faith. The year 1620 will be for ever an era in the progress of human events, — a strongly illuminated point in the records of man's existence on earth. But the men of this generation have come to a period of far greater interest. Not the empire of the Cæsars, simply, is to be planted with the seeds of Christian truth. No undiscovered continent is to be filled with the abodes of free and civilized man. The field is the *world*, — the *means*, a combination of moral influence, which is to link together, not the tribes of a single empire, but the hearts of multitudes over all the world, — the *object*, to purify thoroughly the great mass of human sentiment, to unite heaven and earth, — the *promised aid*, the same Power who laid the pillars of the sky, — the *results*, glory to

God in the highest, and peace on earth. A new series of ages is commencing. Now is the spring-time of the world. This is the period for noble thoughts and noble deeds. The minds of men are everywhere preparing for a great change. Heaven is opening wide her gates. Hell is moved from beneath. Who will not link his influence and his destiny to the cause of man and of God? Who will dare shrink from his duty now? Who is ready to meet the heavy curse of all coming time, for unfaithfulness to his trust? Who is ready to meet the burning indignation of the Almighty?

"Do we ever repine that this is a *practical* age? Do we ever sigh that we did not live in the meditative days of Plato, when men speculated nobly, when the human mind received its last finish of elegance, but when deformed children were thrown to the wolves of the mountains, when Athens contained twelve times as many slaves as freemen, when there was not a hospital in the known world? Do we sometimes fondly linger over the age of Queen Elizabeth, illuminated with a constellation of great men, the like of which the world had never seen? But what was the condition of the vast prostrate multitudes? Under the auspices of that learned queen and all her orators, scholars, statesmen, geniuses, it was not possible to find persons to supply the churches generally, who could go through the service decently, — a service made ready in every part to their hands; and when to be able to read was the very marked peculiarity of here and there an individual. No, we give thanks to God that this is a practical age. For its monuments, we do not point to the temple of Minerva on Sunium, nor to the Egyptian obelisk, nor to St. Peter's at Rome, piled up in its glorious proportions and its dazzling brightness to the sky, by the blood and groans of thousands of wretched men.

"We hope that the next age and all coming ages will be practical, till the world is renovated. Instead of lamenting that we are surrounded with men and women energetic in doing good, we have every occasion to rejoice. He who would change the character of the age, must arrest the progress of invention and discovery in the arts, must destroy the thousand agencies which are at work on land and sea, annihilating space and time; he must stop the influence of the Reformation; he must burn up the Novum Organon; he must obliterate from the minds of men the deeds of the greatest benefactors of the race, and disband our philanthropic efforts, and turn back those great wheels, which at every revolution are bringing happiness to man and glory to God."

CHAPTER XI.

CHARACTER AS A PREACHER.

As a Preacher, Mr. Edwards next appeared before the churches. During his first Senior term at Andover, he wrote to his father:

"Our class will, I suppose, preach in vacation. I think I shall not. I cannot do it conscientiously, and no one would advise me to do it against my conscience." Again he wrote: "As I am borne on towards the Christian ministry, I shrink back almost with terror. It sometimes seems to me, that I shall be upheld till I reach the summit, only to fall the lower." Still again: "My heart and my conscience fail, when I look forward to such a work [as the ministerial]. If I take it upon me, I do not know but that

it will be said, Better for that man if he had not been born."

Under the inspiriting influence of Mr. Cornelius, however, this diffident youth was persuaded, in the latter part of 1830, to enter the pulpit, and even to preach extemporaneously. He often regretted afterward, that he had ever done so. He could never regard himself as fit for so high a position. When he was first "approbated" as a preacher, he wrote:

"This is indeed a most fearful work. Chrysostom says, that he thinks but a few ministers are finally saved. Augustine, when they wished to ordain him, asked with much solicitude, if they wished that he should perish. I feel very little confidence in my own personal safety, and perhaps ought to feel none. For me to preach to others, seems to be hypocrisy." Again he wrote: "It is a dreadful thought to me, very often, that God is more displeased with me for my prayers than for any thing else; they are so heartless and hypocritical."

His excessive diffidence in the pulpit arose, not altogether from his severe introspection of his own heart, but in some degree, also, from his want of certain gifts for public address. His voice was not commanding; his gestures were not graceful; his attitudes not easy. He was near-sighted, and compelled to lean his head over and near his manscript. Still, in a small house, or before a learned audience, his outward manner, though wanting in some of the graces, was singularly winning. Few men in the Andover Chapel have ever equalled him, in holding their auditory spellbound. He spoke with a cau-

tious accent and a guarded emphasis, which betokened the selectness of his thoughts. He recited passages from the Bible with such a glowing countenance and marked inflection, as gave a living commentary on the text. There was frequently a plaintiveness in his tones, that harmonized well with the sentiment breathed forth in them. Some of his attitudes in the pulpit would furnish a sculptor with a good model of self-distrust and self-abasement. In his lowly way, he expressed a reverence and an awe of God, which must have come from a heart broken under a sense of guilt. When he raised his frame from its inclined position over his manuscript, and when for a moment he stood erect and gazed so honestly and earnestly at his hearers, he drew them to him as to a friend in whom they might confide, and whose sympathies were ever with his Redeemer and with all good men. Then there was a classic purity in his style, which fascinated the hearers who were trained to discern it. Then there were the terse, sententious, apothegmatical utterances, which startled and delighted the men who were able to understand them. He did not care so much about the logical form of his discourses, as about their inmost heart. They were free from commonplaces; and had a luxuriance of thought and feeling, which reminded one of trees with their branches bending and breaking under their fruit. They were not so remarkable for an obvious unity, as for a pathos that swelled through them, or a vein of sentiment original, delicate, graceful, intangible, enchanting. They

would have retained more semblance of logical order, had there not been so great an effort to avoid all trite and dry sayings. For the sake of avoiding the tedious repetition of connective clauses, Mr. Edwards failed sometimes to exhibit the principle which bound his various thoughts together. He had, in no small degree, the artlessness of George Herbert, whom he loved so tenderly. His simple-hearted suggestions reminded one of the "meek Walton," to whom he had a rare likeness. Where he was known, he gained the ear of his auditors by their reverence for his general character, so congruous with the preacher's calling, and also by their sympathy with his interest in all parts of Divine worship. They perceived his studious care in selecting and in reading the hymns, or rather the psalms, which were his favorite lyrics. He sometimes was so earnest, as to specify the tunes in which his select stanzas were to be sung. He took a deep interest in all parts of the public worship, and often condemned the practice into which the Puritans are apt to fall, of exalting the sermon above the other services of the sanctuary.

One might infer from the native sweetness of his temper, that he would be refined in his treatment of men who had no spiritual interest in the truths which he dispensed. While a theological student, he strove to foster among his companions a taste for the gentle and the delicate mode of address. After noticing a volume of sermons which had begun to receive the applause of his brethren, he says:

"I cannot help thinking that there is an unfeeling and vindictive spirit in these discourses. If I am not mistaken, they will drive the sinner to rage and mutiny, sooner than to self-condemnation. By these sermons, I should think their author lived when Agag and Ahitophel, Ahab and Jezebel, were enemies to the Church, rather than under the Gospel of mercy."

He was of so contemplative a habit, and his general intercourse with men was so courteous and deferential, that he was less inclined to make a direct and impetuous onset upon the feelings, than to present before them a faithful and vivid delineation of Biblical truth. Here, as elsewhere, his private character disclosed itself in his public labors. He seldom asked his most intimate friends for a favor which he needed. His wants, even when urgent, he patiently left to be inferred or imagined. In his last days, it was by watching his countenance, rather than by hearing him describe his necessities, that his friends learned how to relieve him. He was habitually pungent and severe and uncompromising in his application of the law to himself, but he deemed it wise to address other men in a general rather than personal, in an instructive rather than hortatory way. He may have been too exclusive in his preference for the didactic style; but it was a preference founded on mature consideration. Had he been subjected to the discipline of an active pastor, he would probably have modified his views on this theme, and while by no means less instruc-

tive, might have been less abstract in his public addresses. He would have said "It" less, and "You" more. Still his favorite principle is in its place very important, and too generally overlooked. Long before he entered the pulpit, he wrote:

"You must have noticed, that truth presented in an indirect manner is more touching than when presented in the way of direct assertion and advice. For instance, it has a much more powerful effect in exciting me to duty, to hear a preacher describe particularly the love of Christ, giving minute instances of it, than to exhort me to awake, or to present to me the most pointed appeals. When I was living in entire forgetfulness of God, I was not half so much convinced of the reality of religion by the pathetic exhortations in the letters of my friends, as by some occasional and altogether incidental remarks of my father. It seems to me, here is a field for doing good that is in a great measure unexplored. In writing a letter to an unconverted friend, it appears to me that it will be much more effectual, as a general thing, to present two or three real instances of the value of religion or the evil of wanting it, and to let him make the inference, than to warn or exhort. Also, when in company of a promiscuous kind, a Christian can relate an incident, or make a passing remark, more deep and lasting in its effects than a formal conversation. If I am ever permitted to preach, I think I shall take this course as the general one. . . . . I am unfit to admonish other men; I need all stern warnings for myself. If I were better, I might be more severe."

We shall not contradict any of the preceding remarks, when we affirm that Mr. Edwards was characterized by a sympathy with the age in which he

wrote. With all his abstract study and reflective habit, he was a man of his times. He took their form and pressure. His personal history may be gathered from the modest intimations in his sermons; from the fears which he expresses concerning this or that tendency of his age; from his endeavors to forestall this or that impending evil. It has been said of Bishop Butler's discourses, that no reader can divine from them where, or when, or how their author lived. But if a man, rummaging an attic, should accidentally find there some of Mr. Edwards's sermons without name or date, he would easily detect the signs that one of them was written while the Education Society was depressed; another, while the Board of Foreign Missions was in debt; a third, during what is called the "Miller excitement"; a fourth, during the controversies about Elder Knapp; a fifth, when the Oxford divinity was becoming fashionable; a sixth, when the New Haven discussions were enlisting the zeal of clergymen; another, in the time of Repudiation; still another in the time of political manœuvres in relation to Texas and Mexico. Some of his best discourses are not inserted in the present collection of his miscellanies, because those discourses are so exclusively appropriate to the emergencies for which they were composed. He strove to check, as far as his nature allowed him, the exsiccating influence of his abstract investigations.

The most conspicuous feature in the sermons of Mr. Edwards was the tenderness of sensibility which

they developed in regard to the redemptive system. His tones of voice, his expression of countenance, the arrangement of his words, all changed as soon as he touched this theme. He felt, as few men have ever felt, the worth and power of that grace by which the sensitive conscience is eased of its pains. The waves of trouble flowing from a sense of guilt had rolled over him, and he had found a shelter behind the Rock that was higher than he. He had heard the deep call unto the deep, and his soul would have been swallowed up amid the surges that threatened him, had not the voice of his Redeemer cried to the waves, "Peace, be still." His discourses were a sign of his breathing a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the world; of his intense personal sympathy with the Man of Sorrows; of his living in Christ, while Christ abode in him; of his being himself offended with all that could displease the Head of the Church, as our sympathizing Head is offended with all that disturbs the peace of his members, even of the little ones that abide in Him.

Those who have never seen Mr. Edwards in the sanctuary, will more readily form an idea of him as a preacher than as a hearer of the Gospel. He seemed to keep up an incessant dialogue with the minister to whom he listened. He gave a visible illustration of the theory that a sermon is a colloquy between the man who stands in the pulpit, and the man who sits in the pew. Men often smiled at his simple-hearted expressions of sympathy with the truths which he heard. He could not endure to sit in the vicinity of

hearers, who did not feel as he felt toward the preacher. He has been seen to leave his appropriate seat among his companions in middle life, who, as he feared, would dislike a sermon from which he anticipated pleasure, and to take a seat among young men, who, as he foresaw, would share in his delight. When listening to a speech on the wants of the heathen, he looked as if he were attending to a funeral address on some favorite relative. A few years ago, in attempting to recapitulate the substance of a discourse which he had recently heard, on the riches of atoning love, his emotions checked his utterance, and he could not proceed in rehearsing even the schedule of the sermon. Such instances were common in his life. Have not all his friends discerned the smile playing on his lips, at the gracious words which came from the pulpit; or the tear which suffused his eye at every tender sentiment which was uttered; or the frown and hanging head which betokened that he had heard a phrase tending to dishonor his Maker; or the turning of his countenance this way and that way, to catch the sympathies which seemed to be floating around him? And who, that has ever seen the light and shade of sentiment thus alternating over his visage and attitude, has not felt that a spirit so delicate and sensitive was not formed for a lengthened sojourn in a tabernacle of flesh and blood? It is a sad reminiscence, that, during the last two years of his worship in the Andover Chapel, he perhaps never heard an allusion to the grave and to bereavement, with-

out casting a pitiful eye to those who might soon be clothed in weeds at the side of his own burial-place.

CHAPTER XII.

INTEREST IN CHURCH PSALMODY AND MUSIC.

INTIMATELY connected with the ministerial character of Mr. Edwards, was his interest in the psalmody and music of the church. In connection with a friend, he had formed the plan of collecting and publishing two or three hundred of the most exquisite songs of Zion, for those worshippers who loved to offer praise in rich words, full of choice sentiment. He believed that this number would include *all* of our psalms and hymns which are of sterling value for the sanctuary. The smallness of their number would render it easy to commit them to memory, and would thus facilitate congregational singing. "The old psalm-tunes were sung faster than we sing them, and by a far greater number of voices, 'by all the people together,' as the original directions state. 'Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Cross. Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church of this city is but a trifle,' — said Roger Ascham, writing from Augsburg, May 14, 1551." This quotation was penned by Mr. Edwards in his note-book at Paris, and indicates his partiality for the sound of many voices in the church.

The following are some of the principles which he was wont to lay down for the structure of our psalms and hymns.

"I. Psalms and hymns should be strictly lyrical passages, that is, the expression of feeling, not preceptive, not doctrinal, not the narration of mere facts. Thus the following lines are strictly lyrical:

'My soul lies cleaving to the dust,' etc.
119th Ps., 14th part, Ch. Psal.

'Angels, roll the rock away,' etc.
128th hymn, Ch. Psal.

The following, however, are narrative:

'John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,' etc.
50th hymn, 1st book, Worc.'s Ed.

The next is didactic:

'Before the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word,' etc.
86th hymn, Ch. Psal.

"II. They should be simple in their structure, not complicated or involved, or stated with logical formulæ. Thus the following is simple:

'He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,' etc.
23d Ps. 4th part, Ch. Psal.

The 15th Psalm, 2d part, of the Church Psalmody furnishes a specimen of the complex. In the second stanza begins a protasis, and the fifth stanza contains the apodosis. Thus the second stanza introduces the condition:

'The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands'; —

The third and fourth stanzas continue in the same style, and the last two lines of the fifth introduce the consequence:

'His [whose] hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor: —
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.'

"III. Words should be so selected as exactly to express the quality of the thought. For example, words that have as many of the four liquid letters as possible express smoothness, softness, gentle flow. Thus:

'Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.' (13 liquids.)
46th Psalm, 1st part, Ch. Psal.

In slow, solemn, elevated stanzas, the letters *r*, *n* are needed.

'No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.'
183d hymn, Sel., Worc.'s Ed.

"IV. The strongest figures of speech, as a general thing, should be used in lyric poetry. For example, a metaphor should be preferred to a comparison. Lyric poetry is in its nature vast, indefinite, uncircumscribed. This rule is violated in the following lines:

''T is a broad land of wealth unknown.'
119th Ps., 8th part, Worc.'s Ed.

Which is tamely altered thus:

''T is like a land of wealth unknown.'
119th Ps., 7th part, Ch. Psal.

'Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens,' etc.
'Not half so far has nature placed,' etc.
103d Ps., 4th part, Ch. Psal.

These lines are very unlike the original.

"V. Particular, individual, characterizing epithets should be chosen, rather than general words. Horace, in his first Ode, chooses, as more forcible and lively, the words *Cypria*, *Myrtoum*, *Icariis*, rather than *navis*, *mare*.

'Jesus, lover of my soul,'
(84th hymn, Sel., Worc.'s Ed.)

is altered for the worse to

'Jesus, Saviour of my soul.'
124th hymn, Ch. Psal.

'There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in Eastern gold.'
72d Ps. 2d part, Worc.'s Ed.

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'
Worc.'s Ed. Book 2, H. 14.

Altered for the worse to

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.'

"VI. All prosaic words should be avoided. Instances:

'How important!'
234th hymn, Ch. Psal.

'Where congregations ne'er break up.'
640th hymn, Ch. Psal.

'Do justice to so vast a theme.'
178th hymn, Ch. Psal.

'They break our duty, Lord, to thee.'
402d hymn, Ch. Psal.

'Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same.'
495th hymn, Ch. Psal.

'O God, my heart is fully *bent*.'
108th Ps. 2d part, Ch. Psal."

In the year 1844, Mr. Edwards committed to paper many of his thoughts on church music. Their character may be learned from the ensuing extracts.

The First Sacramental Hymn.

"Our Saviour, before he went out to Gethsemane, on the night of his betrayal, sung a hymn with his disciples. This hymn was probably a part of that which was made up of the 113th and the five following Psalm, which was sung by the Jews at their principal feasts, particularly at the Passover. The 113th, and a part of the 114th Psalm, were recited at the beginning of the supper, the remainder after they had partaken of the cup. How interesting to have been present in that upper room, and to have joined in that hymn, and to have heard the voice of the Man of Sorrows, as he breathed forth with a depth of meaning that the disciples could not understand, '*The sorrows of death compass me, the pains of hell get hold upon me; I find trouble and sorrow*'; or as he sung with exulting note, '*The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner.*' One cannot but think, that there must have been something *peculiar* in the accents of those lips into which *grace* was poured; for no other child of Adam has ever *perfectly* sung with the spirit and with the understanding also."

Singing of the Primitive Christians.

"Having been taught by their great Leader, it is not strange that the disciples, as they went out into an unfriendly world, should comfort their hearts and revive their old recollections by singing hymns. We are not surprised that the walls of a prison echoed at midnight with Hebrew melodies, or that Apostolic authority should prescribe the sing-

ing of Psalms as the appropriate expression of Christian joy. When enlightened by the Holy Spirit into the meaning of the inspired word, the first Christians must have taken special delight in rehearsing those Psalms which foreshadowed the advent and history of their Master; for he had often assured them, that the sweet singer of Israel had spoken of *Him*. The last words which he had uttered on the cross were a citation from the Psalter.

"In the first century, the Psalms formed an essential part of Divine worship. After the reading of passages from the Epistles, an entire Psalm was chanted, or a part of it was read and a part was sung. These sacred hymns were frequently sung by the whole congregation. Often in the Eastern Church, and afterwards in the West, the congregation was divided into two choirs, one singing a single verse, and the other the verse following, or the chorus. One of the fathers, of the second century, says: 'We approve ourselves to God, by celebrating his praises with hymns and other solemnities.' Origen remarks, that 'we sing hymns to none but the Supreme Being and his only Son, in the same manner as the Pagans sing to the sun, moon, and stars, and all the heavenly host.' Clement of Alexandria writes, that 'the singers are holy men, their song is the hymn of the Almighty King; virgins chant, angels glorify, prophets discourse, while music sweetly sounding is heard.' Music is said by some of the fathers to have frequently drawn the heathen into the church, through mere curiosity; who liked its services so well, that they were baptized before their departure. Augustine speaks of the great delight which he received in hearing the psalms and hymns sung at his first entrance, after his conversion, into the church at Milan: 'The voices flowed in at my ears; truth was distilled in my heart; and the affection of piety *overflowed in* sweet tears of joy.'

"How *joyful* in spirit were the primitive Christians! They *spoke* to one another in psalms and hymns. They taught and admonished each other in the words of their ancient melodies. While they were taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, while all things external looked bleak and desolate, their hearts were so full of joy as to break forth into audible thanksgiving. Some of them, it is reported, went to the stake singing. Their religion was pre-eminently one of gratitude and joy. *To praise God* was the most precious part of public worship. They met together on purpose to sing hymns to the Redeemer."

Romish and Protestant Music.

"The use which has been made of music by the Roman Catholic Church in all ages, is well known. It has been, and is still, a chief support of that splendid hierarchy. Amid the thick darkness of the Middle Ages, it was cultivated with great zeal, and one cannot but believe that the walls of the gray cloister sometimes rung with praises to which angels might listen. Music was one of Luther's main instrumentalities; he thus assailed his opponents with their own weapon. This great man might be called the founder or restorer of Protestant music, as well as of the Protestant religion. He made a nation of singers. He connected his own name with the simple and imperishable hymns of his language. Music he put next to theology, as the means of salvation. The ability to sing, he considered an indispensable qualification in all who intended to preach the Gospel.

"Those Protestant churches that at first discarded music in a great degree, perceived their error and retraced their steps. It is now universally considered as an indispensable part of the services of the Sabbath. Its value, also, in civilizing and Christianizing the heathen is well known. At

the Sandwich Islands, the hymn-book was introduced immediately after the translation of the Scriptures.

"The services in our Congregational meeting-houses are few and unimposing. It is an obvious duty, therefore, to make the *most* of them, to undervalue no part of them, to study their nature and mutual relations, and make each conspire towards the accomplishment of that which is the end of all religious services. The unadorned sanctuary may thus become the most attractive of all edifices, and the Sabbath day the *best* of the seven.

"It may be said, indeed, that the selection of a hymn, or the quality of the singing, is to three fourths of the congregation a matter of perfect indifference. Provided the other parts of public worship are edifying, no serious regret or loss will be incurred if the music be deficient. To this it should be replied, that the pleasure and benefit of the remaining fourth should be consulted, when it can be done without prejudice to their fellow-worshippers. We may thus do a great good to some, without injury to others. We may awaken a thousand grateful associations in the minds of a few, while we do not disturb the quiet of the many. But we are favored with many youthful auditors, whose tastes are yet unformed, whose principles are still to be moulded. Many of these will be permanently and beneficially affected by whatever they see or hear, which is both attractive and conformed to Christian propriety, in our conduct of the public worship of God. They will learn to think better of our religion and of our enforcement of duty, if they perceive that our ear is not altogether insusceptible to melodious sounds, or that we are not willing to neglect any thing which can do them good.

"Much is done, at the present time, to promote the religious observance of the Sabbath. But this will be in a great

measure lost, unless those who now profane the day can be *attracted* to the *sanctuary;* unless some substitute can be provided for the earthly pleasures in which they now find delight. *This* substitute is the house of God. They may be induced to remember the Sabbath and keep it holy, by the convincing and refreshing truths which they may hear, by the beautiful order and decorum of God's house which they may witness, by the select hymns of praise in which they may join, rather than by arraying before them a positive command, or associating the Sabbath with the idea of pains and penalties."

The Design of Church Music.

"This is to promote the glory of God, the highest spiritual enjoyment of man. Its single purpose is to fit the human soul for heaven, to attune it for that choir where no voice is to be silent. In other words, spiritual edification ought to be the purpose of all church music. It may be considered under two points of view; first, as auxiliary to the other parts of public worship; and second, as an essential and independent exercise. It has a happy tendency to fit the mind for prayer and for communion with God. It is mentioned of George Herbert, that he usually went twice a week, twenty miles, to the Cathedral at Salisbury, and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. Henry Martyn often speaks of this elevating effect of music on his mind, lifting it above the cares and sins of earth into a serener atmosphere. Should the worshipper enter the house of God in a frame of mind adverse to its holy associations, or indifferent to his Master's will, one strain of music, one line of a hymn, *may* turn heavenward the current of his feelings; and this is not of necessity a *temporary* effect.

The operations of the soul are sometimes of a mysterious character. A slight association, the accidental reviving of a train of thought, may be followed by permanent and salutary consequences, oftener than we imagine. *Incidental* and apparently inadequate causes unseal the fountains of feeling, and fit the soul for communion with God. But sacred music may be regarded, not merely as auxiliary to the other parts of public worship, but as having independent claims of its own. So it has been esteemed in all ages and nations, Pagan and Christian. It meets an essential want of our nature. It is justified by the original structure of our constitution. Not only the human ear, but the human soul, is *made* to be delighted with the congruity, fitness, concord of music. He who is not conscious of it, may blame a perverted education, not the Author of his nature. The preaching of the Gospel is intended to enlighten the understanding, and impress the heart. Public prayer is appropriately the confession of sins, the imploring of forgiveness, the deprecating of Divine judgments. *Adoration*, the ascription of praise, comes less within its peculiar sphere. Its attitude is more strictly that of a helpless sinner. Music, on the contrary, is the attitude of a sinner saved, justified, and soon to be glorified. Its language is thanksgiving; its most appropriate companions are the saints in light; its congenial clime, heaven."

Biblical Hymns.

"The hymns which are selected for public worship, should, as far as is practicable, be those which are founded on the Scriptures, especially on the lyrical portion of them.

"The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, *authority* is thus given to the selection. In proportion as the spirit and words of the hymn are analogous to the *inspired*

passage, other things being equal, it will commend itself to the conscience, as well as to the taste, of the auditor. It has the sanction of something higher than genius. Human imagination works on divine materials. Opinions of doubtful tendency, and all that class of compositions which may be termed fanciful and sentimental, are thus effectually excluded. In the second place, the composition will ordinarily be of a higher character. The Psalms and some other portions of the Bible are the storehouse of sublime and beautiful images, the repository of those thoughts which move harmonious numbers. The Psalms, especially, would seem to have been designed for public worship to the end of the world; as much fitted to the Christian as to the Jewish Church. Feeling, the simple emotions of Christian experience, in all its diversified forms, are their pervading characteristics. They are thus essentially lyrical. Doctrinal instruction is entirely a secondary object. The imagination and the heart are the powers that they address. Adoration, the boldest description, the wailing of the soul covered with the blackness of despair, its exultation in view of the coming glory of the Church, or of its own happy state when awaking in the likeness of God, are the element in which they live, the scenes amid which they move.

"Hence a version of the *Psalms* into a modern language will ordinarily contain twice as many productions of a high lyrical character, as an equal number of the so-called *hymns*. The latter, when they are not founded, as many of them are, on some passage of the Bible, are comparatively feeble and unequal, or simply instructive or doctrinal. The truth is, the sacred poet needs a divine prototype, an inspired model, or at least germs, hints, suggestive intimations, which he may expand into such forms as the necessities of the Church shall require."

Simplicity of Church Music.

"Church music should be characterized by *simplicity*. Simplicity is opposed to all which is intricate and complicated; to all those movements which require close attention in order to perceive their fitness and beauty, or where the result intended to be produced is for some time suspended, or where there is a nice scientific adjustment of the different parts of a composition, or where effect is *laboriously* sought after. Simplicity is not opposed to the extremest delicacy of tone. On the contrary, it accords especially with all which is gentle and tender in sentiment or expression.

"Church music should be characterized by simplicity, because it will thus best agree with the other parts of religious service. The external rites of the Christian religion are few and simple. Prayer is the simplest form of speech that infant lips can try. The Bible is characterized by this feature, perhaps, more than by any other. How artless are its narratives! How noiselessly and inartificially its writers proceed from one topic to another! When a great truth is uttered, how unconscious the author seems to be! How interesting alike to childhood and age are its unpretending parables and allegories! How little like a body of divinity are its doctrines, scattered here and there over its pages! How natural and unconstrained its sublimest passages! Church music ought certainly to harmonize with the Bible in its spirit. Of course, it should be in keeping with its inspired model.

"Again, it is to be remembered that Church music is not for the benefit of the refined and highly educated few, but of the mass of the worshippers. Dr. Watts remarked, on his dying bed, that he was sustained by those *simple* truths which were the support of common Christians in that

trying hour. So it should be in the praises of the sanctuary. The *common* chord is to be touched; the appeal is to be made to feelings shared in by all Christians. The truths of redemption which fall from the lips of the singer, are equally and vitally interesting to every auditor. They are common property, like the sacred stillness of the Sabbath, like the hallowed associations of the sanctuary, like the privilege of prayer to a *common* Father. How inappropriate it is, then, not to say cruel, to deprive three fourths of an audience of all pleasurable participation in one part of the service, in order that some scientific principle may be developed, some musical novelty may be introduced, which only the highly practised ear can enjoy. The design of public worship is thus thwarted; the sanctuary, instead of being the gate to heaven for *all* the worshippers, is converted into a musical academy."

Permanence of Hymns and Tunes.

"Church music, as far as practicable, should be unchanged. *Permanence* should characterize both the hymn and the tune.

"Music is not a science of modern invention. It is as old as geometry itself. Some of its principles were developed in the third and fourth centuries. Some of its sublimest and its imperishable compositions reach back to the age of Ambrose, or of Gregory. All will acknowledge that it is at least two hundred years since the main features of church music were established and fixed. Improvements, doubtless, have been made within a few years, and still more important ameliorations may be effected hereafter. But it should not be treated as a thing of yesterday's growth, with characteristic features yet to be unfolded. It is as old as the *Te Deum Laudamus* of the primitive

Church, the judgment anthem of Luther. Yes, it is as old as the creation, when the morning stars sang together, and when the great principles of harmony were engraven on the constitution of man.

"Again, it should remain permanent, because it is as true of music as it is of some other of the arts, that the first compositions have very peculiar excellences of their own. It was in the infancy of poetry, that the epic was produced which has never been matched. Milton is the first and last in the English tongue. So in respect to the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The *first* specimens are, in many instances, the unchangeable models. The weather-stains of time but add to their beauty. The study of centuries only corroborates the universal voice. The reason of this is perfectly obvious. The road is not beaten. A childlike admiration of the works of God has not become unfashionable. There is a dewy freshness on them, such as Adam first saw in Eden. The artist can work unrestrained by artificial rules.

"Some of the best Christian hymns were composed in the Dark Ages; sombre and monotonous, but simple and sublime, and never to fade till that last day which they so often celebrate. Some of the best hymns in our language, and, it may be, some of the best tunes, were composed under an extraordinary conjunction of auspicious circumstances. It was when the poet was favored with rare access to the throne of grace, was admitted into the holy of holies, where all his faculties received a new illumination. The hymn is therefore the product of earthly genius and heavenly inspiration, of which he would be totally incapable in his ordinary states of feeling. How hazardous, therefore, to dislocate such a composition! How presumptuous for another individual, though of equal talent, to interfere with thoughts and words which *had their origin* almost in heaven!

"Once more, these compositions should remain unchanged, so that the ancient recollections connected with them may be preserved. It is well known, that such associations are often a principal cause of the extraordinary effects which are produced by popular music. The poetry and the music may be indifferent, but the composition was used in some great crisis of the country, in some new turn of human affairs; and tradition, and popular sympathy, and recollection, impart to it astonishing power.

"In like manner, some pieces of sacred music, some standard hymns, excellent as they may be in themselves, are greatly indebted to the reminiscences that have been clustering around them for ages. They were sung in the fastnesses of the mountains, when it was unsafe to utter the louder notes; or in some almost fathomless glen, where the eucharistic wine might be mingled with the blood of the communicant. Some of them aroused the fainting spirit of the reformer, when the fate of Protestantism was depending on the turn which a half-enlightened human will might take, in the caprice of a moment. Others were sung on a wintry sea by pilgrim voices. Some are hallowed by missionary reminiscences, or by all the sad yet joyful images of the chamber of death. A thousand times have they quivered on lips, which in a moment were motionless for ever. A thousand times have they been wept rather than sung, while the grave was unveiling her faithful bosom; while a mother's precious remains were descending to their last resting-place, or while they came as life from the dead to the solitary mourner whose entire household were beneath the clods of the valley. Everywhere, in innumerable burying-places, fragments of them are engraven with rude devices, teaching the rustic moralist how to die, or pointing

him to the sure and certain hope. They are embalmed in the most sacred affections of the heart. They often come like unseen ministers of grace to the soul. We would not lose a line, or suffer the alteration of a word. The *slightest* change breaks the link. It is sacrilege to touch them. They connect us with the holy dead on the other side of the ocean; they bring up the hallowed memories of Watts and Wesley and Cowper; they make us at home in the venerable churchyards where our forefathers' dust is garnered. We are *fellow*-citizens with the great commonwealth of the happy dead in both hemispheres. We feel new chords of relationship to the saints in glory."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARACTER AS A BIBLICAL TEACHER.

HAVING resided in Boston from the autumn of 1830 until the spring of 1836, Mr. Edwards then transferred his residence to Andover. For nineteen years, including his student's life, this was his favorite home. In the autumn of 1837, he was appointed Professor of the Hebrew Language in the Seminary. On the resignation of Mr. Stuart, he was elected, in 1848, to the chair of Biblical Literature, which devolved upon him instruction in the Greek, as well as the Hebrew Bible. As a Biblical teacher, he spent the last fifteen years, the most valuable period of his life. As a Biblical teacher, therefore, he deserves to be noticed at this time.

We are first reminded of the great labor which he

spent upon the sacred text, and of his exertions to qualify himself for teaching it. "Those who are concerned," he once said, "in preparing men for the sacred office, stand like the apocalyptic angel in the sun, in the very centre and focus of those means which are to renovate this world. Let them look well to their high calling." He provided well for his. His earliest studies were Biblical. He had read the Bible through seven times, and all of Dr. Scott's Notes twice, before he was eleven years old. He began the Hebrew language at the age of twenty-two, and pursued it regularly, almost daily, as long as he lived. He had studied the old Saxon tongue, chiefly for the purpose of being able to appreciate more correctly the merits of our English Bible. Through life it was his rule, to peruse no book which would impair his taste for the sacred volume. During his editorial career, he had corrected proof-sheets of Hebrew and also of Greek works then in press, and had submitted to this drudgery — alas! how much of literary drudgery did he not perform! — for the sake of familiarizing himself with the *minutiæ* of the sacred languages. In order to gain a more thorough mastery of the Hebrew idioms, he began, in 1839, the study of the Arabic, and in subsequent years the study of other cognate languages. If we will but examine his essays in the Reviews which he edited, and the volumes which he was engaged in publishing during the last fifteen years, we shall see that they all indicate his design (for he was eminent for acting on a plan matured with fore-

thought), to qualify himself more and more for expounding the original Scriptures. Thus, in 1839, he aided in translating a volume of Selections from German Literature; and his chief design in preparing this work was, to familiarize himself with the German tongue, that key to the Biblical literature of the world, that instrumental tongue without which no one, at the present day, will be an adept in sacred learning. In 1843, he united with Professors Sears and Felton in publishing the "Classical Studies." But his ultimate aim in this work was, to imbibe more deeply the spirit of the old Greek and Roman authors, to refine his taste for elegant letters, and thus to fit himself for worthier comments on the inspired page. He was associated, in 1844, with Mr. Samuel H. Taylor, in translating the larger Greek Grammar of Dr. Kühner, and in 1850–51, in revising that Grammar for a second edition. He deemed this a wise discipline for acquiring a minute acquaintance with the structure and genius of the Greek language, and for capacitating himself thereby to examine the New Testament more profoundly.* All these studies he made tributary to his one

* "It is the accurate classical scholar," Mr. Edwards has said, "who will become the able Biblical interpreter. He only who is grounded in Demosthenes and Tacitus, will be likely to relish the words of Paul and Isaiah, as they are found in their original source. There is a universal grammar. The principles of all languages are to a great extent alike. He who has mastered any single language has the best preparation to commence any other. He who has come to the classic page in college as a task, who does not find a kind of going out of the heart to those old masters of thought and speech, will be likely to sell

comprehensive aim. They were not miscellaneous in the sense of planless, but were the wide-reaching efforts of an enterprising, concentrative mind.

And when he made the tour of Europe for his health, he did not forget his one idea. He revelled amid the treasures of the Bodleian Library, and the Royal Library at Paris; he sat as a learner at the feet of Montgomery, Wordsworth, Chalmers, Mezzofanti, Neander, the Geological Society of London, and the Oriental Society of Germany, and he bore away from all these scenes new helps for his own comprehensive science. He had translated a Biography of Melancthon, for the sake, in part, of qualifying himself to look upon the towers of Wittemberg; and he could scarcely keep his seat in the rail-car, when he approached the city consecrated by the gentle Philip. He measured with his umbrella the cell of Luther at Erfurt, wrote his own name with ink from Luther's inkstand, read some of the notes which the monk had penned in the old Bible, gazed intently on the spot where the intrepid man had preached, and thus by the minutest observations he strove to imbue his mind with the hearty faith of the Reformer. So he might become the more profound and genial as a teacher. This was a ruling

his Hebrew Lexicon at the earliest opportunity, and content himself with King James's version. Hence, the systematic, patient, genial study of Latin and Greek in the colleges, is of unspeakable value in its bearings on theological study, and on the success of the Christian ministry. Hence the reason why so many clergymen fail to become skilful interpreters of divine truth. Their preparation in Greek and Latin was superficial." —Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. VIII. p. 2.

passion with him. He gleaned illustrations of divine truth, like Alpine flowers, along the borders of the Mer de Glace, and by the banks of "the troubled Arve," and at the foot of the Jungfrau. He drew pencil sketches of the battle-field at Waterloo, of Niebuhr's monument at Bonn, and of the cemetery where he surmised for a moment, that perhaps he had found the burial-place of John Calvin. With the eye of a geologist, he investigated the phenomena of the Swiss glaciers, and with the spirit of a mental philosopher, he analyzed the causes of the impression made by the Valley of Chamouni. He wrote tasteful criticisms on the works of Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Titian, Murillo, Vandyke, Canova, Thorwaldsen; he trembled before the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo; he was refreshed with the Italian music, "unwinding the very soul of harmony"; he stood entranced before the colonnades and under the dome of St. Peter's, and on the walls of the Colosseum by moonlight, and amid the statues of the Vatican by torchlight, and on the roof of the St. John Lateran at sunset, "where," he says, "I beheld a prospect such as probably earth cannot elsewhere furnish"; he walked the Appian Way, exclaiming: "On this identical road,— the old pavements now existing in many places,— on these fields, over these hills, down these rivers and bays, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Marius, and other distinguished Romans, walked, or wandered, or sailed; here, also, apostles and martyrs once journeyed, or were led to their scene of

suffering; over a part of this very road there is no doubt that Paul travelled, when he went bound to Rome." He wrote sketches of all these scenes; and in such a style as proves his intention to regale his own mind with the remembrance of them, to adorn his lectures with descriptions of them, to enrich his commentaries with the images and the suggestions which his chaste fancy had drawn from them. But, alas! all these fragments of thought now sleep, like the broken statues of the Parthenon; and where is the power of genius that can restore the full meaning of these lines, and call back their lost charms! Where is that more than Promethean fire, that can their light relume!

The assiduity of Mr. Edwards in exploring so many sources of knowledge, enabled him to impart various instruction in an accurate, chaste, elegant style. His editorial labors had required of him a multifarious reading, and still had taught him the necessity of scrupulous exactness. Indeed, some have supposed him to be a mere sharp-sighted, punctilious, painstaking, wary chronicler of facts. His moral principles, also, made him aim to be correct in his studies. It was one of his favorite maxims, that a rigidly honest heart exerts a reflex influence upon the mental habits. In his conversation he cherished a delicate regard to truth, so that he might be incited to new carefulness in his professional inquiries; and as he was exact in his life, in order to become the more exact in his study, so he was cautious as a scholar, in order to become the

more exemplary in his life. He would have appeared more original, if he had not been so cautious; for, like Dugald Stewart, whom of late years he much admired, he often chose to express his own thoughts in the words of other men. His dress, room, manners, evinced his love of neatness, and his taste for just thought and fit words. Writing far more than the majority of scholars, he still wrote with a degree of painstaking, which men who do not sympathize with his love for the precise truth would think unworthy of him. He conformed to the principle, which he has often reiterated, that, "after all which may be said respecting unstudied nature, the outbreaking of natural eloquence, the happy disregard of rule and formality, of which we so frequently hear, it is yet refreshing and instructive beyond expression to listen to well-composed sentences, which have been subjected to the revision of a severely disciplined mind."* His style became so well adjusted, so affluent in thought, that Professor Stuart pronounced it to be "just about perfect for a commentary." Like all other men, he lapsed into error sometimes. He would have been more accurate had he written less. He strove, however, with singular earnestness, to avoid even the most trivial mistakes. He once remarked: "I shudder at the thought of casting my eye upon some pages which I have written, lest I should be mortified at the discovery of new blunders." And with all his

* See his Biographical Sketch of Dr. Porter of Andover, in the American Quarterly Register, Vol. IX. p. 13.

nice care, he combined a singular beauty. His fine taste for nature and art gave every day the most promising first-fruits of a rich harvest, to be gleaned from his future labors. As the works of God are perfect in their minutest lines, and the more narrowly we search into them, so much the more exact symmetry, the more exquisite finish, we find in them; as the microscope reveals various beauties previously hidden in the filaments of a leaf, or the web of an insect's wing; so the Divine Word contains many fine adjustments invisible to a rude observer, and a cultivated taste is like a microscope for the discovery of these concealed graces. The comments of Professor Edwards on the poetry of Isaiah and Jeremiah, disclosed his sensitiveness to the turns of expression, the shades of sentiment, the slight hints, which are unnoticed by persons of blunt sensibilities. Other men have broken up the fallow ground and have levelled the waste places, and have fought with beasts at Ephesus; but the sensitive man whose life is now under review, had a rare fondness and an almost instinctive aptitude for detecting the latent beauties of the Bible, for setting in a good light its numberless minor graces, for clothing its loftier thoughts with their own befitting majesty. Here was to have been his excelling power as a commentator. His Biblical notes are now like a garden of fruits just budding into life. His classes hung upon his words, uttered with a lowly accent, and will now labor to fill out the etchings which were drawn for them by his breathing pencil. He

had not the masculine tones, the strong, impetuous, overpowering utterance, of Mr. Stuart; he did not compel the attention of the indolent, and force men to hear when they would forbear; he did not startle men by curious hypotheses or bold speculations; he had none of a lecturer's art, honest as it may be; but he had this great excellence, — he insinuated his thought into the love of his pupils, and he wound their affections around him with silken bands. His reverence for the human mind led him to treat his pupils with a marked courtesy, and this predisposed them to value his instructions, delivered as they often were without physical vigor. One of his pupils writes: "I am indebted to Professor Edwards for almost all that I know of the Bible. He pointed the way, animated my course, and was the means of giving a vitality to my faith in the Scriptures."

He had another excellence as a teacher. It was his sympathy with the truths and characters delineated in the Bible. He was, indeed, familiar with the geography and archæology of the Scriptures. He could have threaded his way through the lanes of Jerusalem, as easily as through the streets of Boston, and he did not know the windings of the roads in his own New England better than he knew the paths along the hills and valleys of Judea. But he was not so eminent for his knowledge of the outward circumstances in which the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles lived, as for his cordial fellowship with their inmost life. His home was in the heart of the sacred penmen, amid their tenderest senti-

ments. He brought the enthusiasm of a poet to the study of the volume, so large a part of which is written in poetry. Abraham was a father to him, as to the faithful of old. He looked up to Moses with a reverence like that of the ancient tribes. He lingered over the Psalms of David, as if he could never let them pass out of his sight. When he perused them in course for the last time at family prayer, he could "not afford to read many verses on any single day"; they were so precious that he dreaded to reach the end; and the few lines with which he regaled himself in the morning, were his refreshment until the glad return of his hour for household devotion. Few men had ever a clearer insight into the book of Job than he, or a deeper sympathy with the emotions that swelled the bosom of the old patriarch. And had he lived to finish the commentaries which he had begun on this book and on the book of the Psalms, he would have uncovered new gems of sentiment, and bequeathed untold treasures to a late posterity. Not his lips only, but his entire frame, would sometimes quiver with feeling, as he explained before his pupils a sentiment of the old prophets. Were it not for his reverence for the inspired penmen, we should say that he had a fellow-feeling with them, and this quickened his eye to discern the shades of expression too faint for the notice of cold, verbal critics. He *felt* the philosophy which lies hidden under the poetic forms of the Bible. His taste for the inspired beauties was like a magnet attracting them to itself. To him, the sacred words

were written in illuminated letters. He enjoyed the delicate graces imperceptible to heartless inquirers. "It was pleasant," writes one of his pupils, "to see how much more softly he lingered about the actual life of Christ, than about the prophecies respecting him. *That* subdued, *these* aroused him. He exhibited more admiration, more poetic fervor, in his comment on the predictions; more tenderness, more spirituality, in his comment on the real history. Yet he made the character of Jesus appear to me more as a living reality, than it had ever appeared before. I felt under his instruction, as never previously, that I had a living Saviour, an actual friend, a present Redeemer. His whole manner, his very entrance into his lecture-room, indicated his earnest love of the truth, his solemn reverence for it." He had not so much originality of intellect, as he had originality of feeling. His emotions were peculiarly his own. No one could mistake the individuality of his heart. In brief, his was an elect spirit, and was developed in an outward demeanor as winning as it was diverse from conventional etiquette.

From the qualities already specified resulted others equally important. Professor Shedd, of Auburn Theological Seminary, writes:

"I have known men who in the recitation-room were more discursive and vivacious in their instructions, who caused a greater variety of information to pass before the minds of their pupils; but none who imparted a more temperate, judicious, and thorough culture in the end. As an interpreter, he was very cautious, and almost timid, on the

minor points; but whenever a fundamental principle of Scripture was involved, his tone was as determined and as high as that of Calvin himself. This trait of his character struck me particularly in reference to the general tendencies of a pupil or of a class. No man saw the direction which a pupil's mind was taking, in respect to cardinal subjects, more quickly or unerringly than Professor Edwards; and if it was a bad one, no teacher made more instantaneous and decided endeavors to reverse or to regulate, than he. I well remember the influence which his teachings exerted upon minds predisposed to a false philanthropy, and which were morbidly sensitive towards the sterner truths of Scripture. His instruction, the *turn* which he gave to the mind of his class, in respect to a topic like the Imprecations in the Psalms, for instance, was of the boldest and most determined character, and most wholesome and invigorating in its influence. I mention this as only one example, simply adding, that although there was very little which was formally theological in his explanations of Scripture, I am confident that the whole influence of his instruction in his department was to make thorough-going theologians on the best of all bases, the Scriptural.

"Closely connected with this, was the confidence in an opinion inspired in the pupil's mind from the fact that the instructor had confidence in it. In reference, for instance, to some of the more able objections of a sceptical criticism to the inspiration of the Scriptures, my own mind, I distinctly remember, relieved itself by falling back upon the character and authority of my instructor. I could not have done this in reference to an ordinary mind, or to a common instructor. But I knew that the mind of my teacher, in this case, was one of singular candor and fairness, and would give opposing views all the weight they were entitled to; that it

was a learned mind, fully conversant with the subtlest and ablest objections of Rationalism; and still a mind most *vitally* convinced of the truth of the doctrine of plenary inspiration. This fact had great weight with me, and although ultimately every mind must be rationally convinced of the truth for itself, and by the truth itself, still I cannot but think that this authority of a wise, learned, and honest teacher over the mind of a pupil, in some stages of his progress, is of the highest worth in preserving it from final scepticism. It braces and steadies the mind in a moment of weakness and irresolution, and enables it to take breath for a stronger and more successful effort of its own."

Professor Samuel C. Bartlett, formerly of Western Reserve College, writes:

"The instructions of Professor Edwards were, in an unusual degree, suggestive and expansive. I remember him as one who came to his exercise with great fulness of mind, and with a richness of scholarship that overflowed its banks; which, while intent on its immediate employment, was continually dropping fruitful hints that led far beyond the precincts of the lesson, and tended to a similar breadth of view in his pupils. The best illustration of unity in discourse, which I had then heard, was casually thrown out by him in his nice analysis of the train of thought in a Psalm. In a similar connection, a passing hint would gather up the legitimate characteristics of lyric poetry. His comparison of the Hebrew, the Homeric, and the Virgilian descriptions of a storm, gave us exemplifications of the highest order of criticism. These hints of his, and the like, were unobtrusively dropped, and easily overlooked; but there were not a few who remembered them with interest, and who felt greatly indebted to him for the broad and elevated scholar-

ship to which he pointed the way. In this manner he did much to form their literary taste, enlarge their circle of thought, and liberalize their modes of thinking; and all this was accomplished, not by digression, but in the pursuit of his appropriate work."

Rev. John N. Putnam, Professor of Greek Literature in Dartmouth College, presents some new phases of Mr. Edwards's character, in the following sketch:

"Without attempting to reduce my recollections to any precise order, I recall, first, among his characteristics, his affection for the subjects on which he gave instruction. This was always manifest. He seemed to us to love the language itself in all its elements for its own sake, as heartily as the literature it contained. He loved to dwell upon its peculiar features, and best of all, those less obvious ones which, he thought, might elude our notice. He took an affectionate care to unfold all the beauties of the Bible in word or thought, and bring his own language up as *close* to the expression of them, as its native differences would allow. We felt that his heart was in this, and we could not *help* having our interest awakened by such a spirit, and feeling that the subject must be worth our study. It would have been hard for any one wholly to resist the influence of that anxious desire that we should love the study as much as he did, of that tenderness of responsibility he seemed to feel, if we did not value it as we certainly should could he but make us see it as he saw it. He loved the old simplicity, the childlike feeling, the wondering earnestness and awe, of the Hebrew writers. He seemed to us to be *near* to them in these traits, and for that very reason to love them the more. Their history and poetry and prophecy affected alike his imagination and his feelings, and through him they *awakened* ours.

"I think next of his *conscientious exactness* as a teacher. I say conscientious, for it was a moral as well as an intellectual trait. The habit of his *mind* led him to be exact, and he thought it *wrong* not to be. He labored to verify all his statements and all parts of them. Hence we not only relied on their substance, but loved to preserve them in the precise *form* in which he gave them, being sure that every word had its place for a good and indispensable reason. I would not for the world have changed the language nor the order of his translations, so faithful, so express an image of the original, so sure and true and *necessary* did they seem, as you traced them word by word. And so with his expositions, especially of doubtful or perplexed passages. They neglected no word, no faintest shade of thought, no individuality of expression. He never gave the general meaning only, which you might find in any commentator, and which makes commentaries so much alike, but he gave *all* the sense of *that* writer in *that* passage, and thus his interpretations were singularly fresh and forcible, and drew out of the Bible a vividness, a vivacity and a fulness of meaning, such as it seemed to me I had seen elicited nowhere else. It was no gathering of fancies or conceits from without, but only what his exact and earnest eye saw within the letter of the Scriptures, and his conscientious truthfulness would not fail to express.

"He was indeed admirable to his pupils for his intellectual sincerity. He would say no more than he knew. His answers to our questions were always given thoughtfully. Often he would be silent a moment, as if weighing his answer, so that when it came it seemed doubly reliable. For he seemed to have no ambition of mere readiness or rapidity in meeting difficulties, but would rather ponder with himself whether he really knew the solution, and if he

did not, he would tell us so; he could not put us by with an imperfect or unsatisfactory one.

"Thus it was, that, while always thorough, he was always perfectly *clear* in his teachings. He would not let us go away with a semblance of knowledge, but he was at all times anxious that we should have a full understanding of what was to be known. For this purpose, we could see that he carefully prepared himself for every exercise, and he wished the same care on our part, as well for our own discipline as that we might the more readily enter into the results of his research.

"Nor were the clearness and exactness of his teachings confined to language only, though they developed enough of power and beauty there, to make us feel how rich a study is language even for its own sake. But he led us back to the Hebrew time and the Hebrew world, to Palestine and its people, their way of life and thought, their religious culture, doubts, and hopes, their whole aspect to the pagan world about them and the aspect of that world to them. On these subjects he put forth questions for our study and discussion. He desired us to aim towards a comprehensive, as well as a minute acquaintance with the Hebrew Past, — with all that could make the Old Testament life and feeling *real* to us; and he himself led the way for us in such researches, with so reverential a mien, that we could never forget that we were on holy ground.

"For it was preëminently characteristic of Professor Edwards always to remember that he was a *religious* teacher of *inspired* truth. He loved to find the New Testament in the Old, as well as the Old in the New, and everywhere to see and show to us the divine element moulding and elevating the human. And thus he sought to raise us above the mere curiosity of the scholar, to the serious, the

submissive, and the devout temper of the Christian. Again and again do I remember how, from the discussion of a subject on rational or scientific grounds, we were brought back to the higher plane of revelation, the 'inward spirit and power' of God's own word.

"Another of his best-remembered traits as an instructor was his tasteful and appreciating spirit; and I like to speak of this, because some who never knew Professor Edwards were not accustomed to associate it with their ideas of him, which, strangely enough, were rather of a man merely laborious and dryly exact. How unlike this was he to his pupils! None of them will easily forget the fitness and beauty of his translations from the poetry of the Old Testament; his exquisite sense of the power and spirit in words, — in *Saxon* words; his love for the *earliest* meanings, so simple, so fresh, so picturesque, of that old primeval Hebrew; the earnest emphasis with which he would linger on some *choice* word, an emphasis the more touching and expressive, when feeble health too plainly made it a fatiguing effort; the upward glance at the class, as if to say how good it was, and see if we too were taking it all in; his fine perception of the whole strain and movement of a passage, worth so much in poetic and prophetic interpretation; as when he would tell us, 'Such a meaning is jejune and frigid, it does not come up to the *splendor of the words*'; and the deep imaginative feeling, which would kindle as he read, and warm us into sympathy with him.

"I speak of all this, for this was a part of his instruction which we would not have lost for much. Indeed, it was by no means alone by what he said that he instructed us, but also by what he *was*, — by what he was in the lecture-room. His example was always inculcating the *meekness* of wisdom. It commended to us a docile, humble, and believing

spirit, a patient looking after truth. It led us on from a feeble or uncertain hold to a firm mastery of each successive subject. It was not by the excitement of an outward enthusiasm, but by a more calm and constant influence, that he formed us; an influence that dropped as the rain and distilled as the dew. By some, perhaps, it was not felt at first, but it grew upon us silently day after day, and we found at the year's end, that we had gained more than our note-books alone could show; a greater fineness and precision of view, a nicer sense of beauties, a calmer and surer habit of mind, more candor, more charity. We had learned to estimate the difficulties of others, in learning to solve our own. We seemed to ourselves to have a more delicate appreciation of evidence, to be more sensitive to moral reasoning in the decision of Biblical problems. For he had such a sensitiveness, — and though calm and clear and wise in balancing arguments, he taught us *in himself* how often the perception of the final truth may depend on the moral feeling more than on logical keenness.

"I have not spoken of Professor Edwards's manner in the lecture-room. It was, as everywhere else, quiet, modest, unassuming, *humble*, showing the mien of one wishing rather to be taught than to teach. His plaintive and supplicating spirit in the opening prayer seemed to bring a blessing to the hour. He appeared to correct an error with reluctance, and sometimes seemed to deprecate any thing like wounded feeling on the part of a student with one of his faint but expressive smiles; though there was no need of this, for no word or manner of his could ever cause such feeling. On the other hand, a lesson or subject well mastered was always rewarded by his evident satisfaction; and it was his pleasure to draw out to the utmost by his questions the results of study in his pupils. Indeed, it seemed

far more satisfying to him to find the knowledge which his questions were meant to elicit, already gained, than to communicate it himself. Such results of study were peculiarly grateful to him, as an index that his class were working in sympathy with him, and that his careful and often exhausting labors were not without response from them."

Professor Hackett of Newton, who was familiar with Mr. Edwards as a teacher, writes:

"I ought first of all to mention his striving to be exact in his knowledge, his ἀκριβεία, his endeavor to teach what he taught with critical precision, and to train his pupils to that method of study. Allied to this quality, or rather an effect and manifestation of it, was his ingenuousness, his clear perception of what he knew, or what the nature of the subject allowed to be known, and his extreme solicitude not to transcend the limits of his knowledge in the opinions which he advanced. His caution kept him from offending often against this rule. But if it happened at any time, he was not restrained by a false pride from confessing his error. 'I make it a point,' he said to me, 'if I perceive I have committed a mistake in the class, to acknowledge and correct it, the next time I meet them; and I consider this due to truth, as well as the best way in the end to gain their confidence.' As this trait of his character was well known, as he did not allow himself to speak at random, but made up his opinions with deliberation and conscientiousness, it gave so much the greater value to his instructions. It was felt that his teachings were reliable; that one might safely follow such a guide. He may not have possessed so much power as some more impassioned teachers, to arouse the *dormant* energies of a certain class of young men, but he had a rare faculty for lodging information in the minds of

those who are awake in their studies, who have a desire to be taught, and feel that they have something more to do in their education, than simply to acquiesce in the efforts of others for their improvement. His popularity was greatest — a teacher's best criterion — with the more discerning, the choice men of a class. His manner in the lecture-room was mild and conciliatory, his utterance deliberate, his language simple, or so fitly chosen as to convey his ideas almost with the force and precision of apothegms. I can now recollect distinctly from my college days not a few of his remarks on passages in the classics, not merely the things said, but the words employed by him, the tone and look with which he spoke. His crowning excellence as a theological teacher was, that he entertained so childlike a confidence in the Scriptures as the word of God, and could unfold their meaning with the moral power which can spring only from that conviction. It was this view of the Sacred Oracles, their character as the only authoritative source of our knowledge on religious subjects, that rendered him so anxious to ascertain the exact sense of what the Bible teaches, and so earnest to inspire others with the same feeling."

The merits of a teacher do not lie entirely in his general character. He needs a particular interest in the school which he instructs. While a tutor in Amherst College, Mr. Edwards *identified* himself with it. During the nineteen years of his residence at Andover, he loved its Seminary with an intenseness which wasted his frame. It was his terrestrial Zion. His joy was to go round about her, telling her towers and marking well her bulwarks. Before her gates he scattered the flowers of his vari-

ous learning, and at her altars, with a grateful heart, he threw down the laurels with which a world had crowned him. No arrow that was hurled at her could ever reach her, without first passing through his own soul. While on his foreign tour he wrote:

"*O felicem diem!* (as Cicero would exclaim,) when I shall revisit my country, — now dearer to me than ever, and superior in many important respects to all which I have seen in Europe, — and when I shall again see Boston, Newton, and Cambridge, and that circle of towns so highly favored of heaven, — vastly more so than one is apt to feel, unless one have been like myself banished far away, — and when I shall resume my duties at the Seminary, where, although I am absent in body, yet my heart remains ever."

He will not be remembered at Andover as fully as he would have been, if a mysterious Providence had not broken him off from his labors. But his memory will wave before distant generations of students, as the memory of *that disciple whom Jesus loved.* They will walk with a tender interest around the classic stone that is to mark his resting-place. They will write and speak of the star that rose mildly in the east, and attracted the gaze of distant observers, and men were turning their glasses to it, and watching its upward progress, when it vanished out of their sight.

The affection of Mr. Edwards for the Seminary to which he devoted the best period of his life, and the consequent love of its *alumni* toward him, are aptly exhibited in the following words, addressed by a

committee of the *alumni* to his household, two months after his decease.*

"We have lost a beloved brother and friend, an able, patient, wise instructor, a learned, accomplished scholar and writer, an example of many of the graces which adorn the character of a Christian man. One of our most industrious and successful workmen in the fields of sacred learning has fallen in the midst of labors which were rewarding him and enriching us. Great hopes and expectations perished when he died. We humble ourselves in this affliction under the mighty hand of Him to whom, alas! we must so often cry, 'Thou destroyest the hope of man.'

"We have not been unconcerned witnesses of his struggles with disease, the triumph of his nobler nature over the infirmities of the body, and the sad necessity by which he found a place to die far off from his beloved Andover hill. Would that his eyes could have enjoyed, in his last days, those sunsets which he and we so much loved, making us feel as though the sun gathered every day from the *alumni* in all parts of the earth their glowing remembrances of the place, and threw them back each evening from the western heavens on that sacred spot! But he looked for a city which hath foundations, and, like banished John, he saw it in his exile.

"He has come now to the fountain-head of knowledge, and his thirst, so insatiable here, is satisfied. No more is he stopped at the very moment of highest curiosity by deficient sources of information, or by the limits of human

* This committee, consisting of Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Rev. Selah B. Treat, and Rev. William A. Stearns, was appointed at an *alumni* meeting in Boston, May 26, 1852, and the letter from which an extract is here given was dated June 17, 1852.

knowledge, or by wearied powers of body and mind. It requires no great effort of imagination to see his benignant face lighted up with the calm joy which marked it here, and turning, as was his manner, at every new manifestation of truth and beauty, to look at some companion and watch its effect on him. His intrinsic worth, his genuine modesty and humility, his exemplary character as a scholar, his deep concern for the best interests of his fellow-men, have secured for him an imperishable place in our hearts."

CHAPTER XIV.

SOUTHERN AND EUROPEAN TOUR.

We have incidentally noticed the fact, that Mr. Edwards was interrupted in his official duties at Andover by a course of travel. While a tutor at Amherst, he complained of a pectoral debility, which prevented him from lecturing, as often as he desired, in behalf of African Colonization. In 1845, his pulmonary trouble rendered it expedient for him to visit a Southern climate. On the 6th of October, 1845, he left his home for St. Augustine, East Florida, remained there until March 4, 1846, and on the 22d of the next April embarked from New York, with his wife and one of his two surviving children, for Liverpool. He landed on the British shore, May 11, 1846, and returned to Andover, May 31, 1847. The journal which he kept during this absence of eighteen months, would, if printed,

form a large octavo volume. From this journal, some parts of which were carefully elaborated after his return to America, and from his more familiar letters, the following sketches are taken, almost at random. As an apology for his letters, it ought to be remarked, that they were written hastily, to the young, the old, the grave, the gay, the clergyman, the merchant, and from foreign steamboats, inns, counting-houses, and library-rooms. "I hope," he writes to one of his correspondents, "that you will commit my letters, penned after the exhaustion of travelling, to the fire, with all reasonable despatch. When your executors are arranging your papers for the press, how sad it would be for my memory should they alight on any of this European correspondence." A few extracts, however, from his Southern and European letters are necessary for the elucidation of some traits of his character, — his versatility, cheerfulness, occasional sportiveness.

Southern Scenes, Slave Auctions, etc.

"*St. Augustine, East Florida, November* 11, 1845, *and January* 5, 1846. — Here I am in the old capital of the Spanish dominions on the continent of North America, in a city named after the great antagonist of Pelagius, with an immense octagon fort frowning upon the beholder, bastions, gates, moats, ditches, with high-sounding Castilian inscriptions, a lofty obelisk commemorating the assembling of the Spanish Cortes, narrow streets bordered by high walls, and many other things which remind one more of the fifteenth century than of the nineteenth, and more of some ruinous old town in Flanders, than of a city in the United States.

. . . . . The streets of St. Augustine are so narrow, that two loaded donkeys can hardly pass each other, without the most perilous collision. The houses are perfect *nondescripts;* the walls made of [fossil remains,] oyster-shells, crab-shells, etc., and covered with plaster; the chimney often built outside, with piazzas on the second story projecting over the road; the few lower windows and doors barricaded, as if the inmates were nuns, or were in momentary expectation of an attack from the Asiatic cholera, or Osceola. One half of the twenty-five hundred people are slaves; of the other half, a great portion are the descendants of Greeks, Arabs, and Minorcans, whose ancestors were brought hither by a Dr. Trumbull. The prevalent tongues heard in the streets are Spanish, French, English, or rather various mixtures of all three. In short, there is hardly any thing like New England except the mosquitos. These have not lost their identity, though they are fifteen hundred miles from their Northern relatives, with whose physiognomy I am acquainted. Only think of going into a garden and meeting with figs, oranges, lemons, bananas, pomegranates, magnolias, castor-oil plants, olives, dates, etc., etc., without one tree or shrub known at the North. Some of these, indeed, are found here, but they were not in the garden which I speak of. One thing, however, if we may judge from our short experience, is found here in perfection, — *the climate.*"

"*February* 2, 1846. — Some garden vegetables have been growing ever since we came here, and the rose and the peach-tree have been constantly in blossom. The buds are now swelling on many trees, indicating the approach of spring. The soil in many parts of this State, I am told, is very good, and the number of immigrants is supposed to be three times greater than in any previous year. It is a

very encouraging fact, that the climate is such as not to render the labor of colored people necessary. I am persuaded that I could labor here in the field six or eight hours a day with perfect impunity, and even with advantage to my health. I have this week visited two farmers, eighteen miles from this place, who labor every day in the field with great success. One of them has been a resident of this State for thirty years, and contends that slave labor is not only unnecessary, but very pernicious to all parties. Another individual is contemplating the purchase of a large tract of country, with the expectation of inducing a number of persons from Maine to come and settle upon it. The mention of the subject of slavery, induces me to copy some brief memoranda which I have made since I came here, and which may interest you:

"'November 4, 1845. Attended an auction in Savannah, Ga., between eleven o'clock, A. M. and one o'clock, P. M., before the court-house. Among other articles sold were a negro man aged about forty, and a woman about thirty-five. The latter was described as "sound, a seamstress, washer, ironer," etc. She was sold for $390. She stood by the side of the auctioneer, on a kind of joiner's bench. She was a part of the time in tears, and sobbed aloud. To whom she was sold, I did not learn. The man was described as a gardener. He shed no tears, but looked sullen, as if determined to meet his fate bravely. He was finally sold to a Dr. ——, for $350. An old man between fifty-five and sixty-five years of age was put up, apparently by his owner. Only $31 were bid upon him, and he was withdrawn. Some jokes were thrown out in regard to him; e. g. his owner was asked why he sold *children*, and how long since his child was *weaned*. A fourth slave, a young woman about twenty years of age, was

brought to the sale, but withdrawn for reasons which I did not learn. She and her mother were much affected, for fear that she would be sold to some distant place. About one hundred white men and boys were present, and forty colored people, the latter standing at some distance, discussing various matters in relation to the slaves who were sold.'

"'November 10, 1845. At noon attended a slave auction at St. Augustine. Twenty-four slaves, all belonging to two families and one plantation, were sold together for $7,180. They were of all ages, from children three years of age to a blind old man of seventy years. In general, they were a rather stupid and uninteresting company, very black. Some were jovial and laughing, others were downcast and sullen. Among the principal bidders was Hon. Mr. ——, who has acquired some notoriety lately in the Senate of the United States.'

"I have not acquired, as you may infer, much love to the system of slavery from seeing its actual operation. I have made it a special subject of observation and inquiry, so far as it is safe to do so. There is not much ground for complaint, so far as I have seen, in respect to the food, clothing, and physical treatment of the slaves. But still the system is accursed of Heaven. Its effects on the whites, in many ways, are most deplorable. Two causes will at length work its utter overthrow; the preaching of the Gospel, and the certain operation of the laws of political economy. Nothing can be more wasteful than slave labor. . . . . We ought to be very careful at the North, how we palliate the evil. Our opinion has really great weight in the South, though many will not allow it."

The Poet Montgomery, Rogers's Cutlery, etc.

"*Manchester, England, May* 18, 1846. — Having just

come from the wilds of America into a civilized part of the world, you will possibly be glad to hear how the outside barbarians are received. On Saturday last I went to Sheffield, forty-one miles distant, to see the poet and the penknives that are famous there. On walking to Mr. Montgomery's house, which is on a hill one mile from the town, I fell in company with a Sheffield merchant. After considerable talk, I told him I was from the United States. 'I thought so,' replied he, 'the moment I saw you.' How so? 'Not because you have the Yankee twang, but from the shape of your hat.' So I went on my way rejoicing, as Bunyan says, considering that my hat and not my tongue is to be reformed; a battered or unfashionable head-piece being much more readily disposed of, than a nasal irregularity. Mr. Montgomery lives in a poetic style, on a mount commanding a very delightful and extensive prospect, in a stone house, which is in the midst of the green grass, and would be remarkable in the United States for its taste and beauty, but is only one among a thousand in the terrestrial paradise around us. I had no introduction, but sent in a card at the door, stating who I was, etc. He received me with all the cordiality that a very modest and retiring man could be expected to exhibit. He is a little below the common height, quite thin and spare, his eyes very bright and benignant, his hair abundant, and perfectly white. He is now seventy-five years old. On my inquiring respecting his health, he replied, that he had a disease which is incurable, — old age. He was never married. His housekeeper is a maiden lady, sister of Mr. Gales, one of the publishers of the National Intelligencer. He remarked that there is a great dearth of poetry now in England; attributed it partly to the influence of reviews and newspapers; said that Wordsworth is the undisputed sovereign among living

poets; suggested that he is now as extravagantly lauded as he was once condemned; supposed that Wordsworth had completed the great poem, of which the Excursion is but a part; thought that Jeffrey would never repent of his literary injustice, though convicted of it by the unanimous vote of the public. Mr. Montgomery expresses himself much pleased with a visit of Mrs. Sigourney; spoke in high terms of the poetry of Longfellow, etc. A large volume of Missionary Sermons of American clergymen has just been published, to which Mr. Montgomery has prefixed an Introduction. He says he was greatly surprised that so much new and original matter could be found on that subject. I carried a volume of his poems in my pocket, and asked him to write his name in it. He did so, adding a verse of apparently extempore poetry, appropriate as a motto for the Bible. I then descended, in a metaphorical sense indefinitely, and one mile literally, to the show-rooms of the Messrs. Rogers, which, for splendor and costliness, exceed any thing I ever saw. There is a knife with one thousand eight hundred and forty-four blades, worth fifteen hundred dollars; another single article contains two hundred different instruments, worth four thousand dollars, with beautiful scenery from the United States etched on the blades; a dozen scissors, with joints and rivets quite perfect, and all of which will cut, but which do not weigh together half a grain. I presume I saw one thousand penknives all of different patterns. I then went into an old church, part of which was built in the time of Henry I.; in the chancel of which several of the Earls of Shrewsbury are buried. There are marble effigies of them, with arms, devices of various kinds, etc., which to me are very interesting, and throw much light on English literature."

Notices of London, Scotland, Wordsworth, etc.

"*June* 3, 1846. — Our voyage over the Atlantic was delightful, yet we were glad to step on the shores of Old England. Indeed, the sight of the cliffs of Ireland and the mountains of Wales, which is my 'faderland,' was truly delightful. I gazed on the successive objects till my eyes were pained. Since my arrival I have been in a paradise, a wilderness of beauty, where nature and man work most harmoniously. As I have rode through the streets of this astonishing city, I have been amused at the signs, and the grotesque objects with which the streets are filled. On one sign I read, 'Eighth wonder of the world, just discovered, a fish without a —'; in the turning of a corner I could not make out the last word. Then a huge cart will meet us, with immense capitals blazing all over it, announcing that this is positively the last week but three in which General Tom Thumb, from the United States, will remain in London. Then will come on a nobleman's carriage, with a driver and two powdered and liveried footmen, dressed, to me, most ludicrously, and in a moment get wedged in between a drayman with four elephant-like horses, all *tandem*, and a large covered wagon with the label, 'Wenham Lake Ice Company.' In a moment you will see a policeman knocking about in this direction and in that, ordering nobleman and plebeian alike to clear the road. By the way, this police system is as perfect as can be imagined."

"*July* 7, 1846. — I have had a noble opportunity of seeing Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as they went into, and came out of, a meeting of the Privy Council. I have had a delightful interview with Dr. Mantell, the geologist. He procured for me a ticket to the Royal Society, accompanied

me to a meeting of the Geological Society, introduced me to a number of the members, invited me to tea at his house with two other persons (one a son of Dr. Buckland), and spent half the night in showing us his curiosities and experimenting with his microscope. I have had much interesting conversation with Dr. Horner, President of the Geological Society (brother and biographer of Francis Horner, and father of Mrs. Lyell). He speaks in the highest terms of the United States, and says that Boston is doing more than the whole of England for popular education."

"*September* 2, 1846. — A very extensive trade in old books is carried on in London. There are many book collectors in the employment of persons in the Old World and New, who are smitten with bibliomania, or who are collecting large libraries, with the intention of bequeathing them to some public institution. These collectors are ready to seize on any treasure the moment it comes into the market, so that it often requires no little adroitness and promptitude to secure an old book for which one is in pursuit. The price of a work is generally according to its age; sometimes, to the fact of its having the autograph of some distinguished author. For example, it is now extremely difficult to procure the autograph of Sir Walter Scott. Any volume with his name written in it would be eagerly purchased. His fine library at Abbotsford, consisting of fifteen thousand volumes, a catalogue of which in two volumes has been lately published, will remain unembarrassed and undisturbed as the property of his heirs. It has almost come to be a regular trade in London to supply with the pen a deficient title-page or any number of leaves in a volume, where a perfect copy can be found, and in such a manner that the supplied part is not easily detected."

"Since I wrote last, I have visited Edinburgh. I spent

eight days there in a kind of Elysium. For advantages of position, for the number of noble views which are afforded by various localities within the city and around it, Edinburgh is probably unrivalled. Viewed from Princes Street, from Calton Hill, from Arthur's Seat, from the Castle, and several other points, the panorama is extremely picturesque and impressive. It combines nearly all the elements fitted to excite the imagination, — quaint, lofty, antique buildings, bold and craggy precipices almost in the heart of the city, the sea at a little distance, some fine specimens of modern architecture, the green fields on the south and west, the Castle and the Holyrood palace, and many objects which have been consecrated in the history of Scotland, or by the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

"In company with Mr. Dunlop, I took tea and spent four or five hours at Sir William Hamilton's, in astonishment all the while at the vastness and accuracy of his knowledge. He is suffering, as you know, from an attack of paralysis, so that he cannot use his right arm. We spent three days in the 'Lake country,' with the greatest delight. Took a steamboat sail on Windermere, ascended Nab Scar, and rode the whole length of Ulleswater. We had an exciting ride on the outside of a coach through the lands of the Duke of Buccleuch, and through the valleys of the Esk, Teviot, Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tweed. Stopping at Galashiels, we spent the next day at Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh. How such men as Scott and Wordsworth have enriched their country! Every spot about which they wrote is classic ground. 'Woodstock' has given an interest to Blenheim palace that the Duke of Marlborough never could impart to it, and 'Kenilworth' has made the place immortal."

"*September* 8, 1846. — Our visit with Wordsworth at

Ambleside was in every respect such as we could wish. He received us with the utmost good feeling, and entertained us between one and two hours. He is a tall and venerable man, with white hairs, erect person; as seen in front, not resembling his portraits. His eyes have a wild expression. I asked him if his health was good. 'Very good, thank God, for a man who is seventy-six, though I cannot walk eighteen hours out of twenty-four, as I formerly sometimes did.' He conversed about the scenery in his neighborhood, Dr. Arnold, O'Connell, the Alps, Italy, etc. He said that the two most interesting cities he had seen were Venice and Edinburgh. He said that his sister, the Emmeline of the poems, has in manuscript two journals, one of a tour in Scotland, which he thought to be a model of that kind of writing, and which would be published after her death. She is now very old and infirm in body. She sat in front of the house, and recited to us some exquisite lines of her own recent composition, expressive of her gratitude to God and her brother. He introduced us to Mrs. Arnold, who lives in a perfect paradise. She received us most kindly, and gave us a fragment of a letter of her husband. It was touching to hear the people in the vicinity speak of Wordsworth, one of them not without tears. They said he never passed them without a kind word. About Abbotsford, what shall I say? We were almost in a delirium. One of our party actually shed tears on seeing Sir Walter Scott's hat and cane. Is not that dwelling a phenomenon? The interest at Waterloo, compared with that, is fading away. It is the Mecca of all civilized lands, — hallowed and immortal. In the course of a week we read a large part of his Life anew, and his Lady of the Lake four times over. His publisher [Mr. Cadell] told us that the sale of his works is as great as ever. [Mr. Black, another

publisher, informed me that Cadell] had made out of them, in ten years, an independent fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds. Sir Walter's autograph is sold now for several pounds sterling. The great benefit of visiting England and Scotland is the fresh and deep interest which it throws over what you have been blindly reading about, all your days. It seems as if a mist had dropped from my eyes. You can hear the shrieks of Mary as the conspirators broke in. You can see the bodies of the Covenanters as they were dragged from the Grass-market to the pit in the old Gray Friars burying-ground. Did not Dr. Chalmers remind you of Dr. Beecher? What a good, hearty, loving Scotch soul he is? Did you hear Mr. Guthrie preach?—altogether the most eloquent man I have heard abroad. I sat as one among 'four-and-twenty elders' under his pulpit, and I could have remained there till the next day; he discoursed most ravishingly. I am told, however, that he is quite unequal."

"The *peace* of *England* may be depending on a shower of rain. It is not an impossible contingency that the stability of the throne is suspended on a week's shining of the sun in August. Starvation and loyalty do not go well together. Hunger will break through paper constitutions, and over the highest bulwarks which are made of ink and parchment. Glasgow, and Manchester, and Birmingham contain elements of desperate, because of hunger-bitten ferocity, which it would be difficult to control, when a pinching famine should thoroughly arouse it. Well may we be thankful that the best minds in our country are not taxed and wearied from year to year in discussing, enacting, or repealing what are appropriately enough called *Poor* Laws. This is the vital question in our parent land."

"A war between the United States and England would

be like a war between Judah and Israel. It is a part of the household taking an oath to exterminate Benjamin. It is the daughter plunging the sword into the heart of her mother. It is a *civil* war, and therefore most unnatural. When we declare war against Great Britain, we should feel that we are taking up arms against an old house; we are going to burn the old mansion where we were born, to ravage the fields where we roamed in our infant days, to redden with blood those little brooks where we played together in childhood. We should feel that we are going to make war on the countrymen of Milton and Bacon, of our own Cowper, of Baxter, and Watts, and Doddridge. When Great Britain does any thing to provoke or to injure us, she ought to feel that she is acting a *suicidal* part; she is robbing herself of the glory that belongs to her; she is destroying those who are carrying her name, her glorious language, her pure religion, her blessed institutions, over our own great continent.

"Besides, the two nations are the principal representatives of Protestant Christianity. They of all others ought to be united in bonds of everlasting concord. There is too much at stake for *them* to quarrel. It would furnish too much occasion for joy to the uncircumcised Philistines. The sight of hands lifted to shed paternal blood, would give renewed hope to those who desire nothing so much as the total overthrow of Protestantism. On Great Britain and the United States, the hopes of the pagan world are almost wholly depending. Involve them in deadly conflict, and you quench the lights which are now kindling on almost every pagan shore. You make the sea impassable. Instead of British protection, which now spreads its powerful shield over more than half of our foreign missionaries, you behold the melancholy sight of those missionaries ordered

to quit the regions where they are now laboring. The war of 1812 effectually prevented all missionary labor. It not only closed India, and made the ocean almost impassable, but it caused enmities and disturbances among our own Indian tribes, which threw up an effectual barrier against missionary effort among them."

Paintings at Antwerp, Scenery of the Rhine, Geneva, etc.

"*August* 15, 1846. — A novice in travelling, like myself, is in too much danger of hurrying on from object to object, where there are but few comparatively which are worthy of close and continued study. Nothing, on the whole, has made so deep an impression on me as the paintings by Rubens at Antwerp. They have given me, I may say with a little vanity, a new sense. I have never known before, I am sure, what a work of art in this department really is, — such individuality, such consummate groupings and contrasts, such perfect life and nature, such coloring, such an instantaneous conviction that it is the work of genius, — while a second or third visit only deepens the impression and discloses new wonders. These paintings have spoiled every thing else in that line, that I have ever seen. I would give the whole of Texas, Oregon, and California, for one portrait by Rubens in the Museum at Antwerp, — that of the burgomaster, Nicholas Rokkox. I was greatly aided by an excellent pair of magnifiers, which also enabled me to see eight or ten German kingdoms from the top of a mountain like that of Kaiserstuhl behind Heidelberg. One of the greatest benefits which I have derived from my tour is historical. Not a few things are just the reverse of what I always imagined them to be. I can now read descriptive poetry, like that of Childe Harold, with some satisfaction. Histories of European wars have ac-

quired a new interest. Faith, here, is no equivalent for sight."

"*July* 20, 1846. — Between Coblentz and Bingen, the Rhine concentrates its glories, far beyond what any river can show in the same space, or in some respects in any space. The whole effect is made up of the following particulars:

"1. The Rhine itself is a large and rapid river, very interesting in its origin, course, and historical associations.

"2. Between Bingen and Coblentz it is very circuitous, changing at almost all angles, and constantly creating doubt how it will extricate itself from its difficulties. This winding course adds wonderfully to the picturesque effect of the scene, as it of necessity constantly changes the shapes and forms of the mountains.

"3. The mountains themselves are grand objects to look upon, from four hundred to a thousand feet high, often approaching very near and confining the river in very narrow limits, sometimes with menacing overhanging crags, now utterly bare of vegetation, now clothed most luxuriantly with vines and yellow grain, now presenting a narrow chasm for a little side-stream to run through, and then a deep cavern under shelving rocks.

"4. The historical associations, embracing the Romans, Charlemagne, and the Middle Ages, the stirring events of the Reformation, and the wars of Buonaparte and the allied armies. Forts, castles, and funeral monuments attest these great events. The Rhine is an open book of history, as well as of

"5. Legends and romance. For some distance, every height almost seems to be crowned with a fortress, in every stage of decay, or bearing marks of modern repair and improvement. Those mouldering walls, overgrown with ivy

and weeds, remind one of a thousand legends, or half-historical incidents connected with these sites. They recall to us at once the warlike turbulence of the Middle Ages, the deathless nature of the human affections that here sought a refuge, the dreadful scenes of carnage which these gray walls sometimes witnessed.

"6. The signs and evidences of modern improvements, in the high cultivation of the vine, in terraced rocks, in steamboats, etc., bringing the tenth and nineteenth centuries into close proximity.

"The scenery of the Rhine reminds me, in some faint degree, —

"1. Of the Notch in the White Mountains at Franconia, N. H., where some savage perpendicular cliffs approach so near as hardly to admit the passage of the river and road.

"2. Of the Connecticut River in Hampshire County, Massachusetts. There are the high peaks of Sugar Loaf and Holyoke, the Mount Tom and Green Mountain range, the luxuriant meadows of Northampton and Hadley, with their long strips of cultivation, strikingly similar to some views on the Rhine, for instance, from Godesberg.

"3. The Hudson River, particularly at West Point, where the stream makes sudden bends, where high hills impend over the narrowed and deep flood of waters, etc."

"*Geneva, September*, 1846. — In the burying-ground outside of the walls of this city, where, it is supposed, the remains of John Calvin were interred, are handsome monuments to the memory of Sir Humphrey Davy, De Candolle the botanist, and other distinguished men. In the little isle in the Rhone, at the point where it issues from the Lake of Geneva, is a marble monument of Rousseau, visited by hundreds every day. About five miles from Geneva is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire. The curtains of his bed

are greatly reduced by the thefts of admiring visitors, anxious to secure a relic. At Coppet, five miles from the city, the inkstand and desk of Madame de Staël are carefully preserved, as well as the little chapel where she and Necker, her father, are buried. Even the small inn where Lord Byron was detained two days, and where he wrote his Prisoner of Chillon, has added, it is said, another deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the lake. Yet no one can tell the spot in the burying-ground where John Calvin was buried. There are three places where, it is conjectured, his remains may have been placed. One is at a considerable distance from the other two, and it has the preponderance of evidence in its favor. Yet not a stone, a piece of wood, or any thing else, was ever put up to mark the spot. Traces of a tower built by Julius Cæsar have been detected on an island in the Rhone. Traces of the wall which he says that he built from the Lake Leman to the Jura Mountains, have been most industriously sought. But no one seems to care much about the memorials of the great Reformer. The house in which he lived and died is still supposed to be standing, but the identical house is not known with certainty, nor even the street. The house in which Rousseau was born is well known, and the street in which it stands has been named after him. It is true that Calvin, on his death-bed, requested that no monument might be placed over his remains, from fear that the Catholics would disturb them. Yet why did not Beza, or some of his friends, by some secret mark preserve the remembrance of the place, or why has not tradition, so faithful in regard to multitudes of inferior men, handed down the identical spot where his sacred remains rest in hope? Though a prophet without honor in his own country, yet multitudes in Scotland and the United States would rejoice to contribute to

build some fitting memorial over his grave. On Sir Humphrey Davy's monument are the simple words: 'Summus arcanorum naturæ indagator.' With the change of one word, *naturæ*, how appropriate to Calvin! I heard a clergyman of the Church of England, a few Sabbaths ago, pronounce a eulogy upon him which made my heart leap within me. He began his discourse by saying, that he had been informed that he was standing in a pulpit that had been a short time occupied by Calvin. He then went on to mention the obligations that the world were under to this illustrious man. I need hardly say, that he was a Low-Churchman. He was also a personal friend of Wilberforce and Legh Richmond. In the public library of the city, founded by Calvin, there are several portraits of him, and many of his letters and manuscript sermons. There is also a small print of Servetus surrounded by the flames. From the pulpit of the Cathedral, or St. Peter's Church, where Calvin preached many years, Arianism is now proclaimed. Of the *forty* pastors of the National Church of the city of Geneva, all but four or five are supposed to be Arians. These pastors must have very little labor to perform, as their number is about four times greater than that of the churches over which they are settled."

Excursion to Zurich, Constance, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Berlin, Halle, etc.—Letters from Rome.

"*January* 5, 1847.—About the middle of September, I left my family in Geneva, and went through Berne, Zurich, Constance, across the Lake of Constance to Lindau, thence to Augsburg, Munich, Nuremberg, to Leipsic, Halle, Jena, Dresden, Berlin, etc. I spent about three weeks in Halle, then returned through Weimar, Gotha, Erfurt, Eisenach (Wartburg castle), Frankfort, Bâle, etc. to Geneva,

about seventeen hundred miles. Let me mention a few *notabilia*. Zurich is one of the most pleasant and thriving cities I have ever seen. I visited every known object connected with the name of Zwingle, saw his house, pulpit, manuscript sermons, and bought some *fac-similes* of his correspondence with Lady Jane Grey. At Constance, I saw the very spot, in a meadow, about twenty rods outside of the walls, where Huss met his fiery and glorious end. I bought a little miniature of him made of the clay taken from the spot, and covered with wood made from an apple-tree growing there. Is it not wonderful that in this Catholic city, the seat of an archbishop, with a cathedral, the great name is that of John Huss, the great relics relate to him; the door of the prison which confined him is sacredly kept, the house where he stopped a few days is indicated by a statue of stone rudely carved over the door, and the Council is principally remembered for its faithlessness towards the poor but intrepid Bohemian? The lake, thirty miles long, has no grand scenery, but it is very beautiful. The gentle slopes of the Canton Thurgovia, reaching down to the lake, looked fresh and verdant as Eden. At Augsburg, I stopped at the 'Drei Mohren' where Charles V., Buonaparte, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington had put up before me. You will find all the honored names in the 'Stranger's Book.' The house belonged to the famous family of Fugger. I saw the room, in exact preservation, where Charles lodged at the time of the Diet, and where Fugger burned the note which he had against Charles in a fire of cinnamon. I also went and sat down in the very spot where Charles sat in the hall, when the Chancellor read the Confession in 'a loud voice, so that the Reformers outside might hear.' By the way, I was so for-

tunate as to purchase in Berlin the *first* edition of this Confession. . . . .

"I was much interested in the fine old city of Nuremberg. I spent a Sabbath there in the two cathedrals, both, for a wonder, *Protestant*, and crowded with hearers both parts of the day. The music, in which every German and one American joined, would have lifted George Herbert's soul to heaven. I find that much evangelical religion and real piety prevail in this part of Bavaria. The neighboring University, Erlangen, has an excellent influence,—nearly all the theological professors being pious men. . . . . At Leipsic I found a most excellent man in Mr. C. Tauchnitz, the well-known publisher. He took me with him over the 'Volker Schlacht,' the battle-field of the nations, and I got a clear idea of the position of the armies on those memorable days, reading Alison as soon as possible afterward. Mr. Tauchnitz was in Leipsic at the time of the conflict, and told me many personal anecdotes. I also saw the battle-fields at Jena and Dresden. How interesting it is to examine such spots!"

"*January* 5, 1847. — At Berlin nothing pleased me so much as the tomb of Queen Louise in Charlottenburg. What perfect repose, what innocence, what calm anticipation of heaven, is in that cold marble! When such a work commemorates such a character, the sight of it will repay one for making the tour of Europe. I had a fine opportunity to see the wise men of Berlin. The day on which the University was opened was the anniversary of the king's birthday. Dr. Neander introduced me to Boeckh, Twesten, Von Raumer, and others of the distinguished professors. The ceremonies of installing a new rector of the University were quite imposing. The one who laid down and the one who assumed the *insignia* delivered

Latin orations. I met twenty Americans at our ambassador's, Hon. A. J. Donelson's, who is very popular and very kind to his countrymen. We all took tea in the good old style, around a table."

"*Halle, October* 7, 1846. — To the Englishman or American, no university in Germany has so many attractions as that at Halle. It is associated with the fervent zeal and indefatigable labors of the Pietists of the eighteenth century. It is also the continuation of the establishment at Wittenberg, so memorable in the annals of the Reformation, and which seems to impose a sacred obligation upon the professors at Halle to adhere to the doctrines of Luther and Melancthon. To this University the world is indebted, for the revival and extension of Hebrew learning in consequence of the studies and labors of Gesenius. Professor Tholuck's name has long been beloved and honored throughout the Christian world. To his fraternal love and unwearied kindness multitudes of Americans delight to bear testimony. To his instrumentality, more than perhaps to that of any other man, Germany is indebted for the happy revival of evangelical religion which has prevailed during the last twenty years. His personal influence is great, and is most happily coincident with the effect of his numerous writings. His position is the more important, as the University at Halle is in fact the theological seminary of Northern Germany. It numbers more theological students than any other university in the country, and the majority of its members belong to that department. Its present corps of teachers enrols many distinguished names; e. g. Hupfeld, the successor of Gesenius, and perhaps the most eminent living Hebraist; Pott and Rödiger, well known for their profound and extensive researches in Oriental literature; Bernhardy, celebrated for his publications relating to Greek lit-

erature; Ross, who has lately returned from a long abode in Greece, full of zeal and knowledge, and others to whom I cannot now refer."

"Last week I took a long walk [in Halle] with Dr. Neander and Professor Müller. It was amusing to see Neander stop in the middle of a thronged street, and lay down a proposition, or ask a question. We were obliged three or four times to get him up on the sidewalk, before he could proceed. He says that Germany is now passing through a crisis; that it needs the good sense, the practical consen*soos*, which are found in England and the United States, and which will put down those fantastic and dangerous notions constantly springing up in Germany..... At a public dinner of the Oriental Society, I recently saw the celebrated Dr. ——. As soon as he was introduced to me, he put both his arms around my neck, and would have kissed me, if I had made the least advance in that direction. It was indeed a most affectionate greeting for a public hall. He took a walk with me afterward, near the burying-ground, and said of it, 'Non est *yookoondoos locoos*,' — by which I ascertained that he meant, *Non est jucundus locus.* I have found it difficult to understand the German pronunciation of Latin."

The Public Buildings and Fine Arts of Munich.

"It is a matter of the deepest regret, that in the establishment or enlargement of our cities, in the founding of our public buildings, colleges, etc., there have not been some controlling minds possessed of cultivated taste and enlarged views, that would have given a form and direction to architecture, uniting at the same time economy and convenience with the highest principles of art. In the first place, a suitable locality should be chosen, so that the gen-

eral effect of an edifice would be most impressive. Then the material — stone if possible — should be selected, whose color, durability, massiveness, etc. would conform, as nearly as possible, to the object of the institution. Then that plan should be adopted, which would admit ultimately, if means are at first wanting, of those chaste and sublime ornaments, which are in fact, not mere ornaments, but become teachers of the young, the guides of taste, and ultimately useful in the highest degree, because their influence, though unseen, is ever active, ever insinuating, ever moulding the plastic soul of the youthful beholder after their own ideal of beauty. But how sadly have all these things been neglected in our own country! Our colleges, that profess to teach the principles of rhetoric and taste, must teach by negatives and contrast, must point for illustrations to what these establishments are not, and to what they easily might have been. The student must be directed to nature, not to the works of man, for his models. Man puts up uncouth piles of brick, standing in long, solemn rows, or huddled together in most unartistic confusion. No master genius was consulted; no enlightened plan was thought of, or at least carried out. The only aim was to put up a mass of bricks and mortar, or of pine boards and shingles, in the shortest possible time. Pure taste, high art, durability, real utility, were not brought into the account. The result is, that these buildings become, to all men of true cultivation, distasteful objects; and it will be well if they are able to retain their affection for the institutions themselves, associated as their outward forms are with flagrant violations of taste and propriety.

"The city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, shows what can be accomplished by one great genius, by one eminent architect, who is not controlled by building committees,

or by a mean economy. The city lies on a level and very unpicturesque plain, watered by the Iser, a sluggish branch of the Danube, which Campbell has immortalized in his poem. It is a modern city, and has none of those antique associations which cluster around Augsburg, Nuremberg, and many other towns. It had a very unpoetic origin. It was erected on some salt-works, owned by the monks, *Mönchen*, whence its name. But it has had one very distinguished architect, Von Klenze, under whose auspices a great number of churches, museums, and other public edifices have been built. No sooner was the plan of a new building decided on, than work was provided for the painter and sculptor, in furnishing decorations for the interior and exterior. The arts of painting in fresco, in encaustic, and on glass, once believed to have been lost, have been revived and carried to great perfection. There have been at one time not less than from six to eight hundred artists resident in the city, either attracted from other countries, or born and educated on the spot. To King Louis, whose fortunes are now so fallen, and whose moral principles have been shown within two or three years to be so sadly deficient, a great debt of gratitude is due for his enlarged patronage of the arts. His taste, seconded in so enlightened a manner, by Von Klenze, Schwanthaler, Cornelius, Ohlmüller, and others, has made Munich one of the most interesting cities in Europe. The king has created a taste which has spread over all parts of Germany. It should be recollected, too, that he has had at his command the resources of only a second-rate state, and that he has been sparing in availing himself of them, since the expense of the palace, the gallery of sculpture, and many of the most valuable specimens of art in that gallery and also in the gallery of paintings, was defrayed from his own private purse.

"The parish church of Maria Hilf, in the suburb Au, beyond the Iser, is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices of modern times. It was built by Ohlmüller, and is in the pointed Gothic style, with high lancet windows. There are nineteen large windows of modern painted glass, containing subjects from the Bible, designed by living painters, and executed under the direction of Hess in the China manufactory at Munich.

"The new palace, facing the Max. Joseph's square, is an imitation of the ornaments of the Loggie of the Vatican at Rome, or of a more ancient model, the houses at Pompeii. The walls of the state apartments are painted with subjects from the great German epic, the Niebelungenlied. They are the productions of Professor Schnorr, and are considered to be very fine specimens of historical painting. The ceilings and walls of the king's apartments are decorated with encaustic paintings illustrating the Greek poets; those of her Majesty contain subjects from the principal German poets. The paintings in the throne-room are surrounded by beautiful Arabesque or Romanesque borders, either original or copied from Pompeii. There is perhaps no palace in Europe (the English would except Windsor castle), which in splendor, comfort, and good taste can vie with that of the king of Bavaria.

"The Pinacothek, or Picture-gallery, has just been completed from the designs of Von Klenze. It is a beautiful edifice, and the most convenient receptacle for paintings in Europe. On the façade is a row of twenty-five statues of the greatest painters, modelled by Schwanthaler. The number of paintings is limited to about fifteen hundred, consisting of a selection of the best works out of all the collections belonging to the king, including the galleries of Düsseldorf, Mannheim, and many others, which amount to

seven thousand single works. They are arranged according to schools, in seven splendid halls and twenty-three adjoining small cabinets. The large pictures of each division, or school, are placed in the central halls, and are lighted from above. The apartments devoted to the German school include the *élite* of the Boisserée gallery, commenced at Cologne, in 1804, by two brothers of that name, and for which the king paid 375,000 florins. The longest hall of the gallery and one cabinet are exclusively occupied by ninety-five works of Rubens. The Fall of the Damned or the Fallen Angels, Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced to be one of the greatest efforts of genius that the art has produced.

" The Glyptothek, gallery of sculpture, is a classical edifice of the Ionic order. A separate apartment is devoted to the works of each distinct department of art, and the decorations of every apartment are adapted to its contents. The hall of modern sculpture contains Canova's Venus and Paris, Thorwaldsen's Adonis, and Schadow's Girl fastening her Sandal.

" The moral impression of many of the productions, especially of those in the gallery of paintings, is beneficial in the highest degree. Some of the most touching and awful scenes of time and of eternity, are so portrayed as to impress the conscience, and haunt the memory, and linger in the imagination for days and weeks. In Rubens, what a prodigious fertility of invention, what daring confidence of genius in selecting his subjects, what coloring and what truth to nature! How perfectly lifelike some of his portraits! One's respect and love for the German masters, too, are constantly augmenting, — for Albert Dürer, old Lewis Cranach, so associated with the Reformers, and for the brilliant coloring of Wohlgemuth.

"The famous telescope establishment of Frauenhofer, is in Müller Street, outside of the gates. The business is carried on in a large house of four stories. It contains no external sign of the work that is performed within. Frauenhofer himself died June 7, 1826, probably in consequence of his unremitted labors. His grave is near that of his friend and partner, Von Reichenbach. On his tomb is the epitaph, *Approximavit sidera.* The establishment is continued with undiminished reputation by Utschneider. Forty men are now employed in it. The directors exhibit much complacency in showing the magnificent telescope belonging to Harvard College, which was completed near the close of 1847, and which cost about 42,000 florins. The smallest telescope which is made here is worth about ten dollars.*

"Lithography was invented in Munich, by Aloys Sennefelder, about the year 1800, and the art still maintains great perfection here. In 1826, Sennefelder invented a new process for taking impressions on colored sheets, so as to imitate oil painting. This art he called mosaic painting. He died February 26, 1834.

"The most imposing street in Munich is the Ludwigs Strasse, built under the auspices of King Louis, terminated at one end by a lofty triumphal arch. On both sides of the street, near the arch, is the University of Munich. At a little distance on the same street is the building which contains the public library and the archives. It was begun in 1832 and finished in 1843. It is a noble structure, of

* I purchased one of these telescopes, and the director said that he would pay me *backwards* one florin, and then *conduce* me to the room of the Harvard telescope. This equalled the remark of an eminent Professor in Prussia, who spoke to me of the "videness and wagueness of German theology."

ample dimensions, and surpasses any other building in the world, which is devoted to this purpose. The entrance is from Ludwig's Strasse, by some stately steps, on the parapet of which are four statues, in a sitting posture, eight feet high, — Aristotle, Thucydides, Hippocrates, and Homer, — indicating the design of the building. The printed books are arranged into twelve main classes; viz. Encyclopædias with 11 subdivisions; Philology with 18; History with 40; Mathematics with 8; Physics with 13; Anthropology with 4; Philosophy with 3; Æsthetics with 15; Politics with 6; Medicine with 8; Jurisprudence with 16; Theology with 38; total, 180 subdivisions. To show the nature of the subdivision, we may select the class of history, which includes universal geography, maps, collected journals of travels, single books of travels, chronology, genealogy, heraldry, antiquities, archæology, ancient coins, recent coins, universal history, annals, political ephemerides, ancient history, intercalary history, history of Europe, various countries of Europe under a number of heads, extra European history, history and geography of other portions of the world, biographical collections, single biographies, miscellaneous history. There are, besides these, twelve special collections, embracing such objects as dissertations, *incunabula* (books printed before 1501), books printed on parchment, Chinese books, editions of the Dance of Death, etc. In each department the books are arranged according to the three principal forms, folio, quarto, and octavo. Alphabetical catalogues and catalogues by subjects are in the process of preparation. Two or three thousand printed volumes are added to the library yearly, 16,000 florins being annually devoted to that object by the government. One copy of every book published in the kingdom is required to be sent to the library.

"The manuscripts, exceeding 22,000, are arranged according to languages. The number in the German exceeds 4,000, French between 500 and 600, Italian between 400 and 500, 242 picture manuscripts, 587 musical, 700 catalogues, etc.

"Among the more valuable or curious objects in the library are the following: An Arabic Koran in golden letters, which belonged to a confessor of Louis XIV.; a Koran remarkable for its extreme diminutiveness; a breviary of Alaric the Visigoth; a manuscript, half uncial, without any separation of the words, of the sixth or seventh century; parts of the four Gospels, half uncial, of the ante-Jerome translation; the orations of Demosthenes on cotton paper from Chios; a collection of traditions of a church of Ravenna on papyrus of the ninth century; a translation of the Gospels into Latin of the fifth century; New Testament, written in gold and silver letters on purple vellum of the ninth century; Albert Dürer's Prayer-Book, with very interesting sketches by him and Cranach, etc. The library contains about ten thousand books printed before 1500, including fifty block books, some of them printed at Harlem. One of the oldest specimens of printing, 1454, contains an appeal to arms against the Turks. There are also the first Latin Bibles printed at Mayence between 1450 and 1455, by Gutenberg and Faust, and the oldest works, having a date, which were printed at Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Munich.

"The number of printed works, without regard to the volumes, amounts to 400,000. We are happy to add, that the utmost courtesy is shown to strangers who visit this library, the second in the world in its size, and altogether the first in regard to its arrangement, and in the splendor and commodiousness of the edifice which contains it. Philip

von Lichtenthaler is the chief librarian, and J. A. Schmeller, assistant, with nineteen subordinate officers.

"The University of Munich is the principal school of learning in the Bavarian dominions, being frequented by about fourteen hundred students. It was originally founded at Ingolstadt, 1472; thence transferred to Landshut, 1800; and finally removed to Munich, 1826. Thiersch, a man of liberal views, is now rector. Among the eminent professors are Neumann, the Chinese scholar, Massmann, Schubert, the Oriental traveller, Görres, Höfler, Sternberg, Schmeller, etc. To the five faculties of the University there has lately been added a high school for the practical arts."

The German Pulpit.

"Discourses from the pulpit in Germany are, for the most part, addressed to the feelings rather than to the reason. The theologian does not often discuss on the Sabbath the profounder mysteries of his faith. Such discussions are reserved for the lecture-room or the printed page. Discourses like those with which Drs. Hopkins and Emmons, or even Dr. Dwight, edified their auditories, if not quite unknown in Germany, are exceedingly rare. The sermon is often a mere homily, or a mere exposition of a passage of Scripture which occurs in the lessons of the day, or it is a popular illustration of some truth, interspersed or concluded with appeals to the hearers. It is generally level to the capacity of the great mass. It is likewise, for the most part, short. Nothing would be more appalling to a Continental audience, or even to one in England, than those protracted discussions, once so common in New England and Scotland, and happily not now wholly discontinued. The length of the discourses to which I listened in

Germany, has varied from twenty minutes to thirty-five. One reason of this brevity is the time which is occupied in singing. In this delightful exercise the whole congregation, without exception, unite. Those who might have been wearied with the sermon, now awake and join in the hymn with the whole heart. I can never forget a spectacle of this kind which I saw in one of the old churches in Germany. The great edifice was crowded, one half of the auditors at least standing. The sermon had been delivered in a fervent manner, and had apparently much interested the feelings of the audience. Immediately a powerful and well-toned organ sent its peals through all the corners and recesses of the cathedral, and in a moment every adult and child in the vast throng broke forth in praise to the Redeemer, in one of those old hymns, mellowed by time, and which breathe not of earth, but of heaven. The effect, at least upon a stranger, was overpowering. Nothing like it ever can be produced by a small choir, however scientifically trained. The performance of the latter must be comparatively dead, because it is so artistic or scientific, or so modern, or it has been subjected to so many mutations, that few can join in it, if they were permitted so to do. The music for a popular audience must be simple, and then, especially if a great multitude unite, it will often be affecting and sublime. The singing in the German churches sometimes occupies an hour, or more than an hour. The number of the hymns and of the stanzas is affixed in large letters to the walls and pillars in various parts of the house, so that there is no confusion or delay in finding the page.

"I will only add one more remark. Can the Christian sermon ever produce its legitimate effect in Germany, while the Sabbath is desecrated as it is, or rather where the

Sabbath is both theoretically and practically regarded as scarcely more holy than the other days of the week? Is not the devotional observance of the entire Sabbath indispensable to any thing like the full effect of the ordinances of worship? Are not meditation and prayer prerequisites to the right appreciation of the instructions of God's house? In other words, is a Sabbath possible when its observance is placed wholly on the ground of expediency, or where the sacred time is limited to the hours of public worship? To go from the market or the counting-room to the church, and from the church to the tea-garden, seems at least to be incongruous. Those, indeed, who are educated under the German system, may, and doubtless do, derive more benefit from a sermon, than would be possible in like circumstances to an American or a Scotchman. Still, in view of the tendencies of human nature, of man's strange aversion to religious duties, and in view, also, of the actual state of morals and religion in those Continental nations where the Sabbath is disregarded, we can come to no other conclusion, than that a *day* of sacred rest is necessary for the preacher and his hearers, and we cannot but rejoice that in our country, and extensively in Great Britain, the *entire* Sabbath is regarded as holy time. Is not the comparatively pure state of morals and of religion in these countries to be attributed in no small degree to the fact, that the Sabbath is observed, not as a matter of expediency merely, but of moral obligation? In no other countries can those delightful hymns be sung, which represent the day of rest as the best of all the seven, and as a foretaste of the nobler rest above."

Residence in Italy.

"*Rome, January* 5, 1847. — We left Geneva, Monday,

November 2d, in the *diligence*, passed the Simplon, and on Saturday morning at eight o'clock came up to the Arco della Pace at Milan, and stopped at the Grand Bretagne. The skies during the whole journey were almost cloudless, and our journey was extremely exciting. Two or three weeks before, the heavy rains had greatly injured the road on the Italian side. These were followed by a great fall of snow. We set out from Brieg at four, A. M., in the *diligence*, rode about ten miles to the first inn, where we found some twenty persons, mostly English, some of whom had been detained a fortnight. We were then equipped, twenty-five persons in all, on nine sledges and *nondescripts* fastened on runners, and at night reached the village of Simplon, where we lodged. The snow in some places would have done no discredit to Vermont. Where the avalanches had fallen, a road was dug through, from four to eight feet deep. How white and glittering those old crags looked in the morning sun! How Oriental did our caravan look, winding round on those beetling heights, and now hid in one of those marvellous galleries cut out of the solid rock! The next morning we were placed on wheels, though the snow continued for several miles. At length we came upon the bare ground, and here we saw the wonders of the Simplon and the desolations of the storm. I could not but feel, that, sublime as those everlasting hills are, yet the glory of the Creator is still more impressively seen in the *mind* which *conceived*, and in the mind which *engineered*, that road. I measured one of the galleries, and found it to be five hundred and ninety-six feet. But I must hasten on. All our luggage was soon put on the shoulders of the peasants, and we walked eight miles, making a long *detour* where a side torrent had desolated the path. At sunset, we reached Domo d' Ossola in safety. The next day we skirt-

ed the beautiful Maggiore. We remained in Milan five days, visiting the Arco della Pace and other gates, Da Vinci's Last Supper, the Ambrosian Library, the Museum, and often repairing to the Cathedral. We then went to Venice, through Brescia, Verona, Padua, etc., where we also remained five days, and where we had an unclouded sky, putting up at the Albergo dell' Europa, close to St. Mark's, and at the mouth of the grand canal. Here we read the Merchant of Venice and Othello, 'heard what news on the *Rialto*,' walked over the council-chamber where the 'most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' were once met, and

> "Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
> Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

We sailed every day in the gondolas, and we have brought away one in our trunk. We sailed one day to the island St. Lazaro, the literary metropolis of the Armenians, and were greatly delighted with our visit. The island is about an hour's sail in a gondola from the city. It was given by the senate of Venice, in September, 1717, to the abbot and founder of the Armenian community, Dr. Mechitar. An air of uncommon neatness and order pervades the entire establishment. The church is a simple, yet handsome edifice, with fine altars. Services are held every day at five, A. M., at noon, and at three, P. M. There are an archbishop, twenty-five priests, thirty pupils, seven Armenian and thirty Italian servants, now resident on the island. Four printing-presses are constantly employed. The works published are sent to the Armenians in all parts of the world. The compositors are Italians, who have merely a mechanical acquaintance with the Armenian characters. A book has been published in twenty-four languages, containing twenty-four prayers of St. Nerses, answering to the hours of the day. The library is worthy of a king's palace,

most exact in its proportions, and tasteful in its ornaments. The beautiful book-cases, made of the pear-tree, contain fifteen thousand volumes, handsomely bound. Among them are Elzevir and Aldi editions. In another room are one thousand Armenian manuscripts, mostly inedited, and a copy of each of the works which have been printed at the establishment. Among these are translations of Young's Night Thoughts and of the Paradise Lost."

"We saw the house where Titian was born, went at our leisure over the immense arsenal, the Doge's palace, ascended to the top of St. Mark's and also the Campanile, went twice to the Academy of Fine Arts, where is Titian's wonderful Annunciation, and where, and at the Manfrini palace, are some of Georgione's pictures scarcely less interesting, and also to the principal churches. Though Venice is extremely rich in historical associations and in the arts, yet I should not like to live there. How gloomy to sail in a gondola, with its black awning, in those narrow canals at the very foundation of those high palaces, where the light of the sun never penetrates! We were four days, or rather nights, in coming from Venice to Florence, stopping one day in Padua, partly for Livy's sake, who was born near there, half a day in Ferrara, and one day in Bologna. — If you admire the logical connection of the preceding letter, recollect that I heard Trendelenberg lecture, the greatest logician in Berlin."

"*January* 25, 1847. — The picture-gallery at Bologna has made a very deep impression on us. The day in which we visited it, we were almost in a state of ecstasy. We were nearly alone, the light was finely adjusted, and in one hall there was hardly a poor picture to disturb the effect. On the right hand is Raphael's St. Cecilia, dropping her musical instruments as she listens to strains sung by

not to see, as it is vain to deplore, the great national weakness and vice of our countrymen, — recklessness, go-aheadness at all events, want of patience and calmness. When will our countrymen learn that true greatness of soul, or an honorable and lofty national character, is utterly inconsistent with that headlong impetuosity to which we are so prone? I had hoped that this spirit would have been checked when our emigration had reached the Pacific. But now there seems to be no hope at all. Spanish America is opening to our cupidity. May God in his infinite goodness preserve us! In him is our only hope. Our country is so superior in most respects to any nation in Europe, unless we except England, that really I cannot bear to think of that suicidal extension of territory. It seems like letting in the savages of grim Tartary upon the walks and groves of Eden.

"Well, we are now in the Eternal City, in pleasant chambers, No. 44 Via Gregoriana, on the Pincian Hill, very near the top of that long flight of steps which leads up to the church Trinita dei Monti. What a city this is! I had no conception of its exhaustless riches in art and antiquities. I thought that I had seen some fine objects in Dresden, in Munich, in Venice, in Florence. But here they are accumulated in amazing variety and richness. When I walked up to St. Peter's, and under its vast dome, I felt that I had never seen any thing before. Why did you not tell me of those colonnades in front? What a fitting introduction to the majesty of that temple! I had formed some idea of the church itself, but I was ignorant of the foreground and fore-court, worthy of the metropolis of the Christian world, as I hope it will one day become."

"*January* 28, 1847. — The sunny skies of Italy, I am inclined to think, exist only in poetry, or in the imagination of Englishmen who have been brought up in the fogs of

London or the smoke of Manchester. During our four weeks' stay in Florence, in December, the weather was constantly uncertain, and we had rains, snow, or cold winds, with the exception of four or five days. In Rome, where we have now been four or five weeks, the weather has been much warmer and pleasanter. We have had some very delightful days. Still, the Apennines in sight are covered with snow, and the lower parts of the city near the Tiber are very damp. Notwithstanding this drawback, we have enjoyed our residence and travels in Italy very much. Through the great goodness of God, my health is better than it has been for three or four years. I feel an elasticity to which I have been for some time a stranger. One day, because I had been to the Circus Maximus, or for some other reason, I jumped over a small cart and eight large piles of stones, I have no doubt to the surprise of the degenerate descendants of the Horatii and Fabii around me..... Rome concentrates the wonders of ancient and modern times in an astonishing degree. Yesterday, January 27th, being a bright day, we ascended to the top of the St. John Lateran, which would be a most remarkable edifice, were St. Peter's not here. The Lateran is on the southern side of the city, near the Coliseum, on an elevated ground, unobstructed by other buildings. On the north, in one continuous line, high above all other edifices, are the Coliseum, the Capitol, and St. Peter's, the latter always appearing the grander, the farther we are from it. A little to the east rises the dome of the Pantheon ; a little farther, in a straight line, Hadrian's tomb, large and circular, and now used as a fort. Immediately around us on the east and south are the walls and gates of old Rome, some of the foundations laid by Servius Tullius, and in their present form rebuilt by Aurelian and others. At the nearest gate,

Totila entered with his army of Goths. Over the next gate — the inscriptions on it stating that it was repaired by Vespasian and Titus — is borne, twenty-five feet high, the Claudian aqueduct, its arches stretching away over the Campagna for many miles. Still farther east and south-east are the Alban and Sabine hills, Tusculum, Tivoli, the 'gelidus Algidus' of Horace, and other well-known classical objects, perfectly distinct in the setting sun. Still farther beyond are the Apennines, covered with snow; while on the west are seen the vast ruins of the baths of Caracalla, one mile in circuit, the solitary pyramid of Cestius, and beyond, the Mediterranean, and the yellow Tiber winding its way to it. These are a few of the more prominent objects. A thousand others are perfectly visible, many of them associated with the reading and studies of thirty years. It is an unequalled panorama, and in the highest degree exciting. I preferred this view to any other in Rome. We went down from the roof, and were reminded that we were in Papal Rome by seeing six or eight persons toiling up the Scala Santa on their knees. In the evening we went and saw the Coliseum and Roman Forum by a bright moonlight. Last week, one evening, we formed a party of about twenty Americans (there are perhaps four hundred in Rome), and saw the principal statues in the Vatican by torch-light, which revealed the features in a most striking manner. One side of a gallery, three hundred and thirty-one yards in length, is wholly filled with early Christian inscriptions found in the Catacombs. We have been into these Catacombs, passing under houses and streets. Here the Christians worshipped in the times of the persecution. There were two chapels, which would each hold fifty persons. It was affecting to see engraven on the stones, the figure of the palm-branch, the sign of

martyrdom. One of the most interesting objects in Rome is an arch erected to Titus in honor of the destruction of Jerusalem. On it in bass-relief is a procession, bearing the spoils of the Temple, the golden table, the seven-branched candlestick, the silver trumpets, etc."

"*Rome, January* 11, 1847. — This day, an academical exercise was held in the college De Propaganda Fide in honor of the Magi or holy kings. Fifty-two young men and lads took part in it, in forty-eight languages and dialects. The exercises consisted of a series of declamations interspersed with several dialogues or colloquies and the singing of chants. The length of the declamations was from two to eight minutes. Some were committed to memory; others were read from manuscripts. They were in the following languages and dialects: Hebrew, Rabbinic, Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, Coptic, Ethiopic, Samaritan, Armenian, ancient and modern Georgian, Koordish, Persian, Amharic, Turkish, Maltese, Greek ancient and modern, three in Latin, two in Chinese, Hindostanee, Tamil, Singalese, Peguan, Angola (African), Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Polish, Lapponian, Swedish, Illyrian, Dutch, German, Swiss (a corrupt German, a dialect spoken in Canton St. Gall, Switzerland), two in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, English, Scotch, Irish, Celtic, and two languages spoken in Chili and Curaçoa, South America. Most of the speakers are natives of the various countries indicated by the languages which they used. Their ages varied from ten years to twenty-five. Some boys excited much interest by their clever management of their parts and by their pleasant chants. The difference in form, complexion, physiognomy, enunciation, was very striking. The interest would have been increased, if the uniform ecclesiastical dress — a black gown and cap — had been exchanged for

the costumes of the countries to which the pupils belonged. The tenor of the performances seemed to be in accordance with the object of the exercise, — the visit of the Magi at Bethlehem. The exercise in English was pronounced by Jeremiah Cummings of Washington, D. C., who closed with an address to England, lamenting her defection from the Catholic faith, and congratulating his auditors on the hopeful prospects in that country of a return to the Catholic unity. The number of pupils of the Propaganda present, was about seventy. Few spectacles would be more interesting than that of so many young missionary scholars literally assembled from the four quarters of the world, were they preparing to go forth as true missionaries of the cross of Christ. It is to be feared, however, that they will be the heralds of hurtful superstitions, rather than of salutary truth. The room in which the exercises were held, was crowded with about three hundred gentlemen, most of whom were strangers at Rome. On the previous day the same performances had been rehearsed to a different audience.

" The buildings of the Propaganda lie on a street of the same name, which proceeds from the Piazza di Spagna, at the western base of the Pincian hill. The society was founded by Gregory XV., in 1622, for the spread of the Catholic faith. His successor, Urban VIII., completed his plans, and erected the present edifice in 1627. In consequence it bears the name Collegium Urbanum. The chapel was built by Alexander VII. The pupils board and study in this building, or rather in these buildings, which reach the whole length of the street, till they are prepared to depart to their fields of labor. Cardinal Barberini, brother of Urban, contributed largely for the support of the pupils. Printing is now carried on in the building in fourteen languages. Previously to the French Revolution, fonts of

types were owned in twenty-seven languages. The types carried to Paris were restored in 1815. The congregation of the Propaganda consists of a cardinal perfect, now Simonetti; twenty-three associate cardinals, a secretary and prothonotary and several subordinates. The college for the education of the pupils is under the control of this congregation. The instruction for a number of years has been under the direction of the Jesuits, from whom the rector is also chosen. In the library are a collection of Chinese books, Coptic manuscripts, a codex of Mexican hieroglyphics, Greek, Roman, and Coptic coins, Egyptian cameos, etc."

"*Rome, January* 21, 1847. — Called, in company with a friend, on the celebrated linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti. He received us with the utmost kindness, seated us beside him, and entertained us with his conversation, till he was interrupted by another call. He said he enjoyed good health for a man of seventy years, but that he had been unable to pursue his studies to any great extent, since Divine Providence had called him to his present post. He is a man of about the middle height, with benevolent and expressive eyes, and of mild and attractive manners. He uses the English language almost with the propriety and fluency of a native, and is wonderfully exact even in matters of idiom and accent. He said he had no difficulty in learning to read English, but great in learning to pronounce it. On this latter point, he thought that the rule which Baretti, the friend of Dr. Johnson, gave in an elementary work, was the only useful one, viz.: 'Let a foreigner go to England with a pair of good ears.' He remarked that the language was well spoken by the people of the United States, and with far less of dialectic peculiarities than are found in England. His conversation showed an intimate acquaintance with English literature, the earlier as well as modern, with the dialects

spoken in England, Scotland, etc. With my companion, who is familiar with German, the Cardinal conversed in that language, with the same propriety and ease as in English, and offered to continue it in *Low* German, from which my friend shrank. He said that he had not derived much benefit from the scholars of the Propaganda, as, in general, they come to Rome when they are mere boys, with no grammatical knowledge of their respective languages, while they often used only a corrupt dialect. For instance, he learned to speak Chinese, with an educated native who resided in Bologna. But when the Cardinal came to Rome, he could hardly understand a China man whom he met in the Propaganda, while the Chinese could not comprehend him at all. The reason was, that in the latter case a dialect was used. Mezzofanti was the son of a humble tradesman of Bologna, and was, for many years, Professor of Greek and Oriental Literature in the University of that city. He was called to Rome by Gregory XVI., and appointed to a post in the Vatican under Maï. Both were raised to the dignity of cardinals at the same time. At the age of thirty-six Mezzofanti is said to have conversed fluently in eighteen languages. At the present time he speaks forty-two. This knowledge is not of an artificial or mechanical character. It is accompanied with profound grammatical acquisitions, and with an extensive acquaintance with the literature of the principal languages which he has acquired. Lord Byron's description of him is well known: 'He is a prodigy of language, a Briareus of the parts of speech, a walking library, who ought to have lived at the time of the tower of Babel, as universal interpreter; a real miracle and without pretension too."

"*Rome, January* 15, 1847. — The veneration for relics in Italy is amusing. A priest was showing to a visitor a

hair of the Virgin Mary. Having looked attentively, the visitor said, 'I cannot see the hair.' 'That,' replied the priest, 'is a part of the miracle; I have been showing it forty years, but I have not seen it myself.' Another priest was showing the head of a saint. 'I have seen this elsewhere,' replied the visitor. 'That,' rejoined the believer in the miracle, 'must have been his head when younger.' A third was showing Balaam's sword. 'The Bible says that he had no sword, but only wished for one,' was the reply. 'Well,' rejoined the priest, 'this is the one he wished for.'"

"*Paris*, *March* 31, 1847. — It seems to me to be a century since I left Andover, and I shall hardly contain my joy when I hear our good old mother English exclusively once more. I am weary of 'ja' and 'wohl,' and 'molto,' and 'cattivo,' and 'combien,' and 'comme,' and 'strada,' and 'oui,' and 'feu,' and 'pieu,' etc., which we have been compelled to use nearly a year. Even the English do not speak our language well, in my humble opinion. I am sorry I cannot say now what I wish in regard to Rome. I must wait till I see you. My impressions of it will always be fresh. No city in the world has the *diversified* interest that Rome has. No city concentrates such a vast variety of interesting objects. My greatest pleasure, on the whole, was in walking leisurely over the hills and under the ruins along the Appian Way, etc., and then going home and spending the evening in reading Livy, Virgil, and Horace. I read three whole books of Livy, and six of Cicero's Orations. How vivid and significant these old classics are when read in such circumstances. In fact, every commentator and editor of these books ought to visit Italy before he ventures on his task. When we passed out of the Porta San Giovanni, near the Lateran, on our way to Naples, I

could hardly bear the thought that I should never see those wonders again. The two most interesting spots in Rome to me, were the Coliseum and the south side of St. John Lateran. How exciting it is, yet how tranquillizing, to stand near the Arch of Titus, and see what can be seen, and feel what can be felt there! I spent two or three whole days in sauntering about in that quarter. It is not cursed with the population and filth of modern Rome. . . . . Providentially we had a fine time in going to Naples, by the Pontine Marshes on the old Appian Way, 'Appii Forum,' 'Three Taverns,' Capua, etc. We spent two weeks and a half in Naples, visiting the Museum, St. Ulmo, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Cape Misenum, the Elysian Fields, the Sibyl's Cave, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Pæstum, ascending Vesuvius, etc. Vesuvius, as the blacksmith would say, was in full blast. We ascended as near the cone as was safe, dipped our walking-sticks in the lava, boiled our eggs, etc. We went up the mountain on horseback. The sight of Vesuvius by night is fearfully sublime. The temple of Neptune at Pæstum, next to the Coliseum, is the most wonderful ruin which I have seen. How severe, how massive, how solitary, how perfect, those old Doric columns! How beautiful the architecture! Pompeii I must not touch; — the New Testament times all visible and complete. What a commentary there and at the Museum on the first chapter of Romans! We lodged at Naples at No. 36 Riviara Chiajah. We now dwell at Rev. T. Monod's, 84 Champs Elysées, coming from the true Elysian, to the artificial Parisian fields. We came by steamer from Naples to Marseilles, spending Saturday at Nismes and the Sabbath at Avignon. We had a most fatiguing journey from the latter place to Paris. The South of France is as arid as a desert. The roads are filled with clouds of dust. Commend me to the Alps rather. Han-

nibal's army were to be pitied if they had to ascend the Rhone. The dust must have been worse than the snow of the Little St. Bernard. We have a most excellent home. Mrs. Monod is an English lady."

During his European tour, Mr. Edwards was most at home in the universities and libraries which he visited. He published sketches of them in several volumes of the Bibliotheca Sacra. A few of these sketches, as they illustrate their author's literary character, and the uses which he made of his foreign travel, are arranged, for the sake of convenience, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES, LIBRARIES, ETC.

Oxford, England.

"Oxford is, in some respects, the most picturesque and peculiar city in Europe. Standing on a gentle eminence, it has a marked advantage over Cambridge, the site of the latter being perfectly flat. The public buildings, too, in Cambridge, are concentrated to a much greater extent than in Oxford on a single street. The eastern university has, however, one structure, with which the banks of the Isis have nothing to compare, — King's College chapel,

> 'that immense
> And glorious work of fine intelligence.'
> 'They dreamed not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build.'

"In Oxford, the public edifices are scattered in every

part of a city, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The college buildings are situated, with few exceptions, around open courts or quadrangles larger or smaller. One of the colleges has four of these quadrangles; two others, three each. The whole number is about forty. In most of these edifices, taken singly, there is little architectural beauty or magnificence. A great proportion of the buildings are but two stories in height, and built of brick and stuccoed. Yet viewed as a whole, with all their towers and spires, with churches and other edifices intermingled, the effect is very impressive. The fretted pinnacles and lofty spire of St. Mary's Church, the domes of the Radcliffe Library and the Theatre, the beautiful Martyrs' memorial cross, the massive tower of Merton College chapel, the unadorned but finely proportioned Magdalen tower, together with many other towers, steeples, turrets, and cupolas, some of them partly hidden by the trees, afford a prospect of unmatched interest. Who can estimate the effects, on the heart and mind of a susceptible youth, of those piles, venerable with the moss and stains of ten centuries, before whose mullioned windows and along whose foot-worn halls have walked Wiclif, Wolsey, Jewel, Usher, Butler, Hampden, Selden, Locke, Addison, Johnson, Chatham, Wesley, Whitefield, and others of the greatest names in history? Whose soul would not be kindled and exalted amid such scenes, where some of the noblest treasures of art and antiquity are collected, hallowed by the genius and learning and religion of a thousand years!

"One of the best points of observation is on the east, at the Magdalen Bridge, which spans the Cherwell on the London road. Immediately in front are

'The stream-like windings of that glorious street,'

with all its quaint, varied, and most suggestive architecture. On the right, resting upon or near High Street, are Magdalen College with its fine gateway, St. Edmund's Hall, Queen's and All Soul's Colleges, the lofty spire of St. Mary's Church, the lesser one of All Saints' Church, the prospect terminating with St. Martin's Church. On the left is the Botanic Garden, and beyond are University College and St. Mary's Hall, while farther back of this wide and winding street, on either hand, are many other objects in this most striking panorama.

"But to obtain a good view of Oxford, it is not necessary to enter the city. The spectator may take his stand in Christ Church meadow on the south. He may step upon the 'Broad Walk,' first made by Wolsey, and pass a quarter of a mile under a bower of lofty elms, whose branches interlace, till he comes to the margin of the Cherwell. 'Turning to the right and southward, he may follow it, in its windings and dallying eddies, beneath the grassy banks and about the little wooded isle, in which it affects coy reluctance to marriage with the Isis, till at last, bending to meet the renowned river in its fresh youth, the Cherwell adds fulness and perfection to the rejoicing stream.' 'The meadow, containing fifty good acres, always beautiful, is in early spring preëminently so; in the glory of the summer months, the leafy screen shuts out gables, pinnacles, spires, towers; in spring, the half-opened leaves permit to be seen, between stems and branches, the architectural features of the south face of Oxford; and goodly indeed are they to look upon through that transparent veil.'* . . . . .

"Baliol College, situated on Broad Street, has some interesting reminiscences. In the city ditch, now the site of the

* Oxford Protestant Magazine, May, 1847.

houses on the opposite side of the street, Ridley and Latimer suffered martyrdom by fire, October 16, 1555, and Cranmer, March 21 of the following year. They were confined some time in Bocardo prison, which was over the north gate and crossed Corn-market Street, adjoining the tower of St. Michael's Church. Cranmer is said to have ascended the top of the tower in which he was confined, to witness the execution of his companions, where he kneeled down and prayed to God to strengthen their faith. Near Baliol College on the west is the church of St. Mary Magdalene, originally built, it is supposed, before the Norman conquest. In 1840, there was attached to the north side of this church an aisle, called the 'Martyrs' aisle.' In the wall the identical door of the Bocardo prison is inserted. In the sunk panels of the buttresses, the armorial bearings of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, with those of their respective sees, are introduced, together with the initials of their names and various emblematic devices; e. g. the hand of Cranmer in the flames, an open Bible, the palm of triumph crossed by the fire-brand of torture, etc.* At the north end of the church-yard, another honorary monument has been erected, in the form of the memorial crosses erected by Edward I. to his queen Eleanor, and also like the one at Godesberg near Bonn, and also the elegant Gothic spire, the 'beautiful fountain,' Schöner Brunnen, at Nuremberg. The height is seventy-three feet, the form is a hexagon. It has rich decorations of niches, canopies, pediments, buttresses, and pinnacles. The stone is a finely crystallized magnesian limestone, selected by Professor

* It is a singular circumstance, that two clergymen, recently officiating in this Martyrs' church, have become Roman Catholics, Rev. Robert A. Coffin, perpetual curate, 1844, and Rev. Charles H. Collyns, assistant curate.

Buckland. The figures of the martyred prelates were carved by Henry Weeks. On the three intermediate sides of the hexagon are the following symbols on shields; viz. the crown of thorns and the crown of glory, — the sacramental cup and an open Bible, — two crossed palm-branches and two crossed firebrands. The whole structure is very appropriate, and of exceeding beauty. The following is the inscription on the north face of the basement: 'To the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of his servants, Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who, near this spot, yielded their bodies to be burned; bearing witness to the sacred truths which they had affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome; and rejoicing that to them it was given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his sake. This monument was erected by public subscription in the year of our Lord God 1841.'

"Wiclif was master of Baliol College in 1361. He was a member of Merton College. He dwelt near the spot where now stands the east gate of Christ Church, called Canterbury Gate. Dr. Pusey resides in the southwest corner of the great quadrangle of Christ Church. Bishop Butler was educated at Oriel, which has become distinguished as the leading Oxford college in the Tractarian controversy.* Dr. Samuel Johnson was member of Pembroke in 1738. His study was the top room over the gateway. In 1732, George Whitefield, when eighteen years of age, was entered as servitor at this college. He took the degree of B. A., in 1736. John Wesley was a student of

* Eight of its members, seven of them clergymen, have followed Mr. Newman in his adhesion to the Romish church. Mr. Newman's lodgings were a narrow suite of rooms at the top of the stairs, on the south side of the quadrangle.

Christ Church, and subsequently a fellow of Lincoln. His father, Samuel Wesley, was a member of Exeter College. Among the members of Magdalen College were Cardinal Wolsey, Fox the martyrologist, and John Hampden. The latter, by a strange coincidence, was associated with Laud, then president of St. John's College, to write congratulatory poems on the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth." *

Remarks on the Course of Study at Oxford.

" 1. Within the narrow, circumscribed limits which are set up in this University, there must be much close and thorough study. Those who are willing to submit to the examinations are compelled to master the subjects in hand; the details must be lodged in the memory at least. Especially is this the case when the honors of the University are sought. The strongest earthly motives are brought to bear. There are the rival feelings which are transferred to the University from the various preparatory schools. The competition of different colleges is not small. The disgrace of degradation by a failure is a powerful stimulant. Then the honor of being published throughout the kingdom as successful on a fiercely contested arena, is ever before the eyes. The prize, though often found to be ashes in the grasp, is splendid and alluring till gained. This conclusion, to which we should come *à priori*, is verified in the experience of Henry Kirke White, Henry Martyn, and many others, at the English universities.

* Prince Rupert, the son of this marriage, led the king's forces in that skirmish, June 18, 1643, in which Hampden was mortally wounded. Two hundred years from that day, a monument was erected in Chalgrove Field, Oxfordshire, a few paces from the fatal spot, in reverence to the memory of Hampden, with an inscription by Lord *Nugent*.

"2. The two great subjects of study at Oxford, the scholastic logic in the works of Aristotle, and the poetry of the Greeks, especially the laws of accent, versification, etc., are not to be lightly depreciated. It has been too common in Scotland and in this country to adopt views somewhat one-sided and ill-considered, in relation to the great Stagirite. His logic is one of the best means in the whole circle of sciences for disciplining the mental faculties. The mind is trained by a close study of the scholastic system to a nicety of discrimination, to a perspicacity of insight, to a steadiness of aim, which no other pursuit, perhaps, can confer.

"In the multifarious and distracting studies and recreations, with which the student of the present day is tempted to waste his talents, it would be eminently serviceable if a little time were devoted to the hard discipline imparted by such treatises as the Nicomachean Ethics. The ability to make clear distinctions, to separate truth from error, even with miscroscopic accuracy, none but the superficial will despise. The power, too, of writing Greek and Latin verses, in the true spirit of the classics, is not a mere idle accomplishment. Some of the compositions in the Oxford Anthologia are not soulless imitations of the model, or a verbal copying of the phrases of Ovid or Pindar. They are fresh and beautiful poems, where the spirit of the classics is seized and admirably preserved. This power, also, implies a nice training of the ear, a mastery of the subtile laws of harmony, a perception of the beauty of thought as well as of diction. Well would it be for our American schools, if more time were devoted to those methods and laws of speech in which the Greeks so much excelled, and which we, in our ignorance, so generally contemn. The discipline would not be without its use in the management and mastery of our mother tongue.

"3. The most marked peculiarity in the Oxford studies is the want of a comprehensive view of the fields of knowledge, and a scientific adjustment of their relative claims. There is little order or systematic arrangement about them. No master has fitted them to the various wants of the youthful mind, or to the changing states of society. They seem to have come down as a fixed inheritance, a kind of heir-loom from the long centuries past. Every thing else has changed, but Oxford is fast moored. New and wonderful sciences have been created, but Oxford teaches as she did when Wolsey or Laud ruled the king's counsels. Dynasties have crumbled in pieces, but the iron rule of the Peripatetic remains. Of a wise conservatism, no one can rightfully complain. A reverential regard for antiquity is eminently in keeping at Oxford. Against all rash innovations, the very stones of her venerable piles would cry out. But is it not obvious, that by resisting every improvement, by rigidly adhering to a course of discipline which might have been the best in the fourteenth century, she is putting at hazard all which she now holds dear, and running the risk of a radical and sudden change in her whole system? The true policy of a collegiate institution in any country, is to retain what the wisdom of ages has proved to be beneficial, and also to adapt her discipline and instructions to the changing states of society.

"4. The surprising neglect of mathematical studies. 'To follow scientific study,' says Professor Powell, 'is purely optional, and the average of those who evince any degree of acquaintance with it is about one in eleven or twelve.' A voluntary mathematical examination takes place in Oxford twice in every year after the degree-examination. The average of the mathematical classmen, for the six years ending in 1845, was twenty-six per annum.

The number for 1846 and 1847 fell below that average. Formerly the public preparatory schools were said to be in fault. But Rugby, under the late Dr. Arnold, and Eton, so far as the influence of the head-master, Dr. Hawtrey, can assist, have adopted an improved system. An acquaintance with mathematics is not now positively required for graduation. Euclid is generally exchanged for logic. This neglect of mathematical study is the more reprehensible, from the fact that a considerable number of the undergraduates of Oxford are the sons of wealthy landed proprietors and merchants, who may subsequently find themselves at the head of extensive estates, mines, railways, canals, etc., where an acquaintance with some branches of mathematics would seem to be more useful than Aristotle's Logic!

"5. The entire circle of natural sciences is excluded from the required course of discipline at Oxford.* Astronomy even is classed with chemistry and geology, and is jealously excluded. The University possesses, indeed, an observatory, but its records, so far as we know, exhibit no discoveries. One of its colleges, Merton, numbers among its graduates Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Queen's College has the name of Dr. Edmund Halley. A few other persons who have adorned the ranks of science, may have passed through the halls of the University; they cannot be said to have been *nurtured* there. Dr. Buckland, so eminent and enthusiastic in the natural sciences, lectures regularly at Oxford, but he has not been able to make his doctrines take root. No science

* This circumstance gave rather a ludicrous aspect to the repeated meetings of the British Association at Oxford, unless that body acts on the principle of holding its convocations where there is the greatest need of light.

or branch of literature can, indeed, find votaries, which is not required for the attainment of honors. A reform must first be effected in the system of examination. This cannot come, however, from a board, the large majority of whose members are strongly opposed to any innovation.

" 6. The position of Biblical and theological studies at Oxford is very anomalous. Those who are supposed to have mastered Thucydides and Aristotle, are examined in the Greek of the Four Gospels, and must commit to memory the Thirty-Nine Articles, in the manner of a Sunday-school scholar! Those who are to fill the office of a country justice, and those who are entering into holy orders, and who may become bishops, must possess the same amount of theological knowledge. Hence, we are not surprised to find it stated, that nearly one third of the candidates for the degree of B. A. are unsuccessful, especially on account of their ignorance of the subject of divinity. The statutes require too much or too little. For those who are about to enter the scenes of active life, the requisition is disproportionately large ; for the candidate for the church, it is very meagre. Small as it is, however, it is all, we believe, which is required of him who is about to assume the work of the ministry. In a former age, when nearly all the learning which existed was in the possession of clergymen, the arrangement might be well enough. But now, nothing could be more inefficient and inappropriate. The examination for degrees ought to take place at an earlier day, — all the students being required to exhibit an acquaintance with the principles of Christianity. Those intended for the church might then be induced to spend two or three years in the proper professional studies. As it is, theology is not studied as a science ; the Hebrew language does not make a part of the required course. The knowl-

edge which is not demanded for obtaining a degree is picked up at hap-hazard. Some by personal energy and a sense of duty supply the deficiency. Many, it is to be feared, enter very ill-furnished upon their sacred work.

"A portion of the hostility to salutary reform which is felt at Oxford, is doubtless to be ascribed to the Tractarian or Papal tendencies which exist there. A Romanizing spirit is not friendly to the cultivation of a generous and comprehensive literature. It clings tenaciously to the past. It would build its altars as far as possible from the stir of modern society. It seeks not so much to do good to men, as to enjoy quiet meditation, and dream away its days in some of those old cloisters, which would need but little transformation to be again the abode of abbots and friars. It has much more sympathy with canon law, scholastic science, and even with portions of Greek literature, than with a manly theology, or with those sciences which it is fond of calling profane."

Cambridge, England.

"In All Saints' Church, opposite St. John's College, Henry Kirke White was buried. His remains are deposited on the north side of the chancel. On the opposite end of the church, a white marble tablet has been inserted in the wall, at the expense of the late Mr. Kirk Boott of Lowell, Massachusetts. Within a medallion, in bass-relief, is the portrait of White, beneath which are some commemorative lines from the pen of Professor Smyth of Cambridge. Mr. White's rooms were in St. John's College, near the eastern gate of the easternmost quadrangle. Trinity Church, a handsome Gothic building at the south end of Sidney Street, contains monumental tablets in honor of Henry Martyn, Rev. T. T. Thomason, and of the patron and endeared

friend of both, the late Rev. Charles Simeon. On Mr. Simeon's tablet are the usual dates, and the words, 'For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' So great was the hostility to Mr. Simeon, in the early years of his ministry, that it was necessary for his friends to guard him in going to and returning from church. For many years before his death, he was universally esteemed and greatly beloved. His audience sometimes amounted to two thousand persons. His successor, the Rev. William Carus, who is also a fellow of Trinity College, is a clergyman like-minded, and exerts a very happy religious influence upon many of the youthful members of the University. He occupies Mr. Simeon's rooms, near the chapel of Trinity College. Mr. Simeon's remains were interred in the Fellows' Vault of that chapel, near the monuments of Sir Isaac Newton, of Porson, and others. On a full-length statue of Sir Isaac Newton by Roubiliac, are the words, 'Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit.' He is represented with a prism in his hand, in an attitude of profound meditation. On the tablet to R. Cotes is inscribed, 'Post majorem illum Newtonum, societatis hujus spes altera.' Professor P. P. Dobree, an eminent classical scholar, who died in 1825, at the age of forty-three, is said to have followed 'closely in the steps of Porson,' viz. 'in corruptis locis detegendis sagacitas,' etc. A tablet is also erected in honor of Rev. John Wordsworth, 'magni poetæ nepos.' Bacon's monument, who was a member of this college, bears the inscription, 'Scientiarum lumen, facundiæ lex, sic sedebat. Qui postquam omnia naturalis sapientiæ et civilis arcana evolvisset, naturæ decretum explevit.' The chapel, begun by Queen Mary and finished by Elizabeth, is an elegant Gothic structure, 204 feet in length. Trinity College contains about one third of all the students of the

University. The library of the college is in a handsome hall, originally projected by Dr. Isaac Barrow. It is nearly 200 feet in length, 40 in breadth, and 28 in height, paved with black and white marble. The books are divided into thirty classes, and placed in cases of oak. On the top of each case is the bust of some distinguished literary character.

"King's College chapel is, however, the great attraction at Cambridge, and is excelled by few objects of art in England, or even in Europe. Like Westminster Abbey and York Minster, one is never weary in gazing at it. 'It is a work,' said Horace Walpole, 'that will alone be sufficient to ennoble any age.' Begun in the times of the sixth Henry, what effects must this sublime structure have had on the susceptible hearts of the thousands who have meditated beneath its shade! It is a most wonderful combination of gracefulness with stability, of extreme lightness with massive proportions and architectural symmetry. The length of the chapel from east to west is 316 feet, the height to the top of the corner towers is 146½ feet. There is a second inner roof of stone, in the form of a Gothic arch, so contrived that it has no dependence whatever upon the walls, the whole weight being supported by the buttresses and towers. Along the middle of this roof, stones are fixed perpendicularly, adorned, alternately, with roses and portcullises, each stone weighing a ton or more, and projecting beyond the other parts of the carved work. Between the buttresses are eighteen vestries, nine on each side of the chapel, originally intended for saying mass for the souls of the deceased. Of the twenty-six large windows with which this chapel is supplied, twenty-five are composed of ancient stained glass, the colors of which were very rich and beautiful. Some of them are now in the process of repairing, at

an expense, it is said, of £ 1,000 for each window. Twenty-two of them represent about one hundred of the most interesting Scriptural events. Oliver Cromwell was a member of Sidney Sussex College. In the Fellows' garden is a pear-tree said to have been planted by him. Emmanuel College, in the southeast corner of the town, is celebrated as the college where John Cotton, Nathaniel Rogers, Thomas Shepard, Thomas Hooker, Francis Higginson, and others of the first emigrant ministers of New England were educated. John Eliot, John Robinson, Peter Hobart, Leonard Hoar, John Norton, William Brewster, Hugh Peters, etc. were also educated at Cambridge. John Wilson was a fellow of King's College. Charles Chauncey was a student of Trinity, and afterwards Professor of Hebrew and Greek. John Milton was a student of Christ's College in 1626. S. T. Coleridge joined Jesus College. John Rogers the Martyr, Edmund Spenser, and William Pitt, were members of Pembroke Hall.

"The University library contains, it is said, two hundred thousand volumes. Among the manuscripts is the celebrated one of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, on vellum, given to the University by Theodore Beza, who obtained it from the monastery of St. Irenæus at Leyden. Of the Catholic Epistles, which it formerly embraced, nothing remains but a fragment of a Latin version of 3 John 11 – 15. The manuscript belongs to the seventh century. There are also about fifty volumes of Hebrew and Syriac manuscripts, which Dr. Claudius Buchanan brought from India. Among these is a Syriac Bible in two volumes, folio, written on vellum, in the Estrangelo Syriac character. The library has copies of the first editions of many of the Greek and Latin classics; also the greater part of the works printed by William Caxton, the first printer in England. The

library was originally much indebted to three successive archbishops, whom Thomas Fuller denominates 'powerful Parker, pious Grindall, and polite Bancroft.' An elegant building is now erecting for the Fitzwilliam Museum, etc. in the Grecian style, with a portico of eight Corinthian columns, supporting a cornice and pediments. Various classical figures are sculptured in bold relief."

British Museum.

"This great establishment, most honorable to the British nation and government, is not far from the centre of London, in Bloomsbury, a little north of Oxford Street, one of the great arteries of the city. It has Great Russell Street on the south, Charlotte Street and Bedford Square on the west, Montague Place on the north, and Montague Street on the east. It is admirably situated for safety, and for convenience of resort from all parts of London. It includes a library of manuscripts, a library of printed books, a museum of ancient sculpture, museums of natural history in all its departments, collections of prints, of medals, and of maps and charts, and the nucleus of an ethnographical museum. The buildings cover so large an area, and a part of them, when seen by the writer, were in so incomplete a condition, that it is difficult to state what will be the architectural effect of the whole. The same great fault will probably exist as is seen in most of the palaces and public buildings of London, — want of proportionate height. Many of these edifices look tame and contemptible by being extended over a large area without any corresponding elevation. Most of the buildings which surround Waterloo Place are a failure, partly from this cause.

"The whole sum devoted to the British Museum by Parliament, including the current year, 1847–48, amounts to

£ 2,061,895, or $ 10,309,475. The real estate (Montague House, etc.) and the new buildings have cost about one half of this sum. Sir Hans Sloane's collections, a collection of manuscripts by the first two Earls of Oxford, the Cottonian collection of manuscripts, with a small library by Arthur Edwards, when brought together, became the British Museum. Sir H. Sloane was the real founder. The number of printed books, when first opened to the public in 1757, did not probably exceed 40,000. In 1759, George II. gave a library of 9,000 volumes, which was begun by Henry VII. Dr. Thomas Birch, Arthur Onslow, and Sir Joseph Banks were, successively, contributors. In 1799, Rev. C. M. Cracherode bequeathed 4,500 volumes, including many *incunabula* and rare editions. In 1813, Parliament purchased the fine law library of Francis Hargrave, and in 1818, Dr. Burney's library, rich in Greek classics. In 1823, George IV. presented to the Museum the splendid library collected by his father, comprising more than 65,000 well selected volumes, which had cost upwards of £ 300,000. With their rich bindings, and placed in a truly magnificent hall, they form one of the chief attractions of the Museum. This collection is very valuable in classics, in English history, in Italian, French, and Spanish literature. The last great addition was made in 1847, — the library of Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville, amounting to more than 20,000 volumes, and said to contain a greater number of select, rare, and costly works, than any private library in Great Britain, except Lord Spencer's. It has a copy of the Mazarin Bible, Faust and Schaeffer's Bible of 1462, Mentelin's Bible of 1470, the Complutensian Polyglot, the first English Bible, the first English Psalter, the first edition of Cranmer's great Bible, Tyndale's Pentateuch of 1530. The Grenville copy of the *editio princeps* of the Latin Vulgate, printed about 1450 at

Mayence, is one of five copies known to exist on vellum. Only four copies of the first edition of Cranmer's Bible are known to exist. The Latin Psalter of 1457 is a masterpiece of typography. The Museum had offered previously £ 600 for a copy belonging to the Wurtemberg library, the curators of which demanded £ 2,000.

"The Museum has a noble collection of pamphlets, 130,000 in number, including the collections of George Thomason, who lived in the time of the Commonwealth; a French collection of 40,000, published during the first revolution, mostly in Paris; 19,000, which belonged to the library of George III., etc.

"Among the recent additions are a selection of Bibles from the fine collection of the Duke of Sussex; 12,000 Chinese volumes belonging to the late Mr. J. R. Morrison; 2,500 additional volumes of Chinese works; a few valuable Oriental works from the library of De Sacy; a curious collection on South America; a large part of the stock of the eminent antiquarian bookseller, Kuppitsch of Vienna, very rich in early German literature, with 360 works under the head 'Luther,' etc. The Museum has ordered the purchase of all American works which have been printed in the United States. The number added to the library during 1846 was nearly 45,000, of which 20,000 were by the Grenville bequest, and 3,000 by the copyright act. The whole number of *volumes* in the British Museum may now be stated at 350,000, and of works as exceeding 550,000."

The Sorbonne at Paris.

"The Parliament of Louis XIV., in the age of Pascal, Corneille, and Molière, assembled one day, all the chambers together, at the request of the Sorbonne, and condemned to banishment three chemists, Bitaut, De Claves, and Villon,

who had maintained theses contrary to Aristotle; the Sorbonne gravely pronounced the punishment of death against any one who should afterwards dare to attack the Greek philosopher. At the same Sorbonne, from a passage in Aristotle, ὁ νοῦς ἔστιν αὐλός, *the soul is immortal*, it was maintained in an academical exercise, by five arguments, more or less, that the soul is a *flute*, that being one of the meanings of αὐλός! In our days, at this same Sorbonne, Royer-Collard, Cousin, and Jouffroy have lectured in philosophy; Andrieux and Villemain in literature and eloquence; Guizot, Lacretelle, Michelet, and Quinet in history. The celebrated school of the Sorbonne, where now stands the College de la Sorbonne, was founded in A. D. 1253, by Robert de Sorbonne, chaplain of St. Louis. The Rue de la Sorbonne, near the centre of that part of Paris which lies on the left bank of the Seine, begins at the Rue des Mathurins and abuts on the Place de la Sorbonne. Many monuments and buildings give a singularly original aspect to this quarter of Paris. At the bottom of the street is the Hôtel de Cluny, begun in 1480, in part on the ruins of the Roman Emperor Julian's palace of the baths. It was finished in 1505. The turrets and richly ornamented garret-windows are very striking. It now contains a precious collection of antiquities. In it the section of Marat held its sittings in 1793. Those lofty, narrow, gabled, small-windowed houses, which elbowed each other and clomb up in each others' faces, without order, were the College de Bayeux, College de Narbonne, and the Collegium Sagiense. At present, the inscriptions over the gateways are the only remnants of those institutions. On the 4th of June, 1629, the foundation of the present buildings of the Sorbonne was laid by Cardinal Richelieu. Two Doric portals lead to a wide quadrangular court, surrounded by substantial buildings of simple design

varying from three to five stories. In the southern transept of the church — not now used as a parish church — is the celebrated tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Girardon, and one of the finest pieces of sculpture of the seventeenth century. It was before this tomb that Mademoiselle de Thou — sister of the great historian, whom the Cardinal had ordered to be beheaded — exclaimed, 'Lord, if *thou* hadst been here, my brother had not died!' Here, also, Peter the Great on his knees exclaimed, 'I would give half of my estate to find out from thee how to govern the other half.' The college forms a large court, sombre but grand, yet almost entirely destitute of architectural ornament. The professors have apartments here. The lecture-rooms are inconveniently small."

The National Library, or Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris.

"The long, inelegant building, No. 58, Rue Vivienne, in front of the Place Richelieu, Paris, contains the largest library in the world. The meanness of the building and the disposition of the books form a very marked contrast with the fine edifice and the scientific arrangements of the library at Munich. The length of the building is 540 feet, the breadth 130. Up to the time of St. Louis, the few books in France, mostly copies of the Bible, fathers, canons and missals, belonged to the numerous convents. St. Louis caused copies of all these manuscripts to be made, and arranged in a room belonging to the Sainte Chapelle. This was bequeathed to several monasteries. King John's library did not exceed eight or ten volumes. Charles V. formed a library of 910 volumes, which was deposited in a tower of the Louvre. These books were illuminated missals, legends of the saints, works on astrology, etc. Some parts of this collection were dispersed under Charles VI., and other parts were carried

to England, having been purchased for 1200 livres by the Duke of Bedford. Most of these books were subsequently brought back by the princes John and Charles d'Angoulême. In 1496, Louis XII. transported the library of the Louvre, with several other collections, to Blois. Francis I. carried the whole, consisting of 1890 volumes, to Fontainebleau. It was removed to Paris by Henry IV. in 1594. It was greatly enriched by Louis XIII. and numbered 16,746 volumes. Under Louis XIV. the treasures of the library were immensely augmented. At his death in 1715, it exceeded 70,000 volumes. In 1721, it was removed to the building, where it has ever since remained, which had been previously the Hôtel de Nevers, and a part of the immense palace of Cardinal Mazarin. The other part of this palace was annexed to it in 1829, when the treasury was removed to the Rue de Rivoli. At the death of Louis XV. the library exceeded 100,000 volumes. On the suppression of the monasteries at the Revolution, all the manuscripts and printed volumes belonging to them were added to the library. Buonaparte enriched it with spoils from the greater part of Europe, most of which were restored in 1815. An annual grant has been made for many years by the government, for the purchase of books, manuscripts, engravings, etc. In 1846, the sum granted to this library and to three others was 555,823 francs.

"The library is divided into five distinct sections: 1. The printed works. 2. Manuscripts, genealogies, etc. 3. Medals, antique gems, etc. 4. Engravings. 5. The zodiac and antique marbles. The second room on the first floor contains a series of specimens of ancient ornamental bookbinding. In the third room are specimens of printing from the time of Gutenberg to the present. In the transverse gallery are two models in porcelain of the celebrated por-

celain towers of China, given to Louis XIV. Next is the public reading-gallery, which is generally crowded. The average daily number of readers is stated to be nearly 400. The works are kept in wired bookcases. On the ground floor are modern folio editions, on vellum, etc., or copies remarkable for the richness of their binding. One of the greatest curiosities in the library 'is the most ancient printed book *with a date*'; it is a Psalter, printed in Mayence, in 1457, by Faust and Schaeffer. The Mazarin Bible, also in this library, was printed in 1456, with cut metal types.

"The number of medals and coins is computed at 100,000. Many are exceedingly rare, and some are unique. The series of Roman coins is quite remarkable. Twenty Etruscan vases, found at Cære in Etruria, eight suits of complete armor, with many antique curiosities, will attract the visitor.

"The manuscripts are arranged in galleries on the first and second floors. They consist of about 80,000 volumes, in French, Latin, Greek, Oriental, and other languages, including 30,000 which relate to the history of France. The catalogues fill twenty-four volumes, besides ample supplements to each. In a gallery, which existed in the time of Mazarin, 140 feet in length and 22 in breadth, many precious and rare manuscripts are preserved. Among them is a very interesting historic record of A. D. 781, in Chinese and Syriac, found in Canton in 1628, giving an account of the arrival of the Syrian missionaries in China, and of the propagation of Christianity in that country, in the seventh and eighth centuries. There are also the manuscript of Telemachus in Fénelon's own hand; the manuscripts of Galileo; missals of the fifth and sixth centuries; Coptic, Persian, Arabic, and Ethiopian manuscripts, etc.

"The number of plates of engravings amounts to 1,400,000, contained in upwards of 9,000 volumes or portfolios. The portraits, to the number of 60,000, are divided in each country, according to the rank or profession of the individual, and are classed in chronological or alphabetical order. The series of costumes of various ages and countries is very interesting. The history of France will form 150 volumes. The topographical collection contains about 300,000 maps, charts, etc. A room on the ground floor contains the Egyptian Zodiac of Denderah, supposed to have formed the centre of the ceiling of a temple. There are also Bactrian inscriptions, discovered near the Indus. In the court-yard are some bass-reliefs from Karnac, nearly 4,000 years old.

"Paris possesses five public libraries, to which admission is absolutely free, not including those of the Institute, the University, and those which belonged to the two late Chambers. These five libraries contain, according to a statement in the British Review, August, 1847, at least 1,300,000 volumes of printed books, viz.:

1. National	Library,	800,000	volumes.
2. Arsenal	"	180,000	"
3. St. Genevieve	"	165,000	"
4. Mazarin	"	100,000	"
5. Town	"	55,000	"
	Total,	1,300,000	

The above, it should be remarked, is a low estimate; the Paris authorities make the number in the National Library much larger."

University of Bonn, Germany.

"The University of Bonn is most delightfully situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at the point where, in

ascending, the banks lose their tame and level aspect, while the river winds most gracefully and, romantically among hills and mountains. The mountains often approach and overhang the stream; they are covered with vineyards sometimes to their very tops, and many of them are crowned with castles mostly in ruins, recalling some stirring tradition or history of past ages. A university, established in the midst of such scenery and associations, has a most appropriate and enviable *locale*. The influence on the heart and imagination of the youth may be imperceptible and gradual, but in the end and on the whole, it constitutes one of the most important elements in education. The students at the colleges in Burlington and Amherst, and in the academy at West Point, are in this respect highly favored; still, these towns are in a new country, and do not possess the historical associations which so thickly cluster on the banks of the Rhine. That river, also, has some natural features peculiar to itself. Indeed, it cannot well be compared with the Hudson, the Connecticut, or any other stream in the Old World or New. Two or three miles above Bonn, on the same bank, are the hill and ruined castle of Godesberg. Here are said to be the remains of a Roman castle, built in the time of Julian. It was rebuilt in the sixteenth century by an Archbishop of Cologne, and became the asylum of the elector and archbishop, Gebhard, on his conversion to Lutheranism and marriage with the beautiful Agnes, Countess of Mansfeldt. The view from the summit of the old tower is of almost unequalled beauty. The long and very narrow strips of grain of various colors, some yellow for the harvest, reminding one of the view from Mount Holyoke; the vine-terraced hills, green to the very top; the high and kindred hills on the opposite bank, called the Siebengeberge, one of them 'the

castled crag of Drachenfels,' frowning 'o'er the wide and winding Rhine'; behind these seven, four other mountains, nearly two thousand feet high, and all crowned with ruined castles; the high cross, a monument of the fourteenth century, on the road to Bonn; the city itself, with its university buildings, its Münster church surrounded by its great octagonal tower; and, still farther down the stream, the numerous spires of Cologne, its magnificent cathedral tower and the suspended *crane*, — all, perfectly distinct, form a panorama at the same time crowded with historical associations, with romance, and exhibiting a perfect image of quiet beauty; these constitute no unimportant item in the *material* of university education. Bonn — the Bonna and Bonnensia Castra of Florus and Tacitus — is one of the most ancient towns on the Rhine. Two or three apartments in the basement of the University, are filled with Roman antiquities dug up in the town and vicinity. These relics of Roman cookery, of the military art, and of polytheism, are now not unfrequently found when an excavation is made, or even when the ploughman turns up the soil. The University was founded by Maximilian, the last elector. It was suppressed by the French, and restored by the present government in 1818. It is now one of the most eminent in Germany in the character of its professors, in its improved discipline, in the commodiousness of its buildings, and in the extent and happy arrangement of its scientific and literary treasures. Among its lately deceased teachers who enjoyed a European reputation, or rather one coextensive with the civilized world, were Augustus Schlegel and Niebuhr. In the churchyard, outside of the gate called Sternenthor, is a monument in memory of Niebuhr and his wife, designed by Rauch of Berlin, of exquisite workmanship and of a most thoughtful and expressive character. The marble busts of

the historian and his wife — her right hand in his — are extremely beautiful and touching. The inscriptions, taken from the Apocrypha, Horace, and the New Testament, are quite appropriate to Niebuhr, but they disturb the effect which the simple words of the New Testament alone are fitted to produce. Beethoven, though never connected with the University, is one of the boasts of this city. Ernest Hänel of Dresden has erected a fine bronze monument to him in one of the squares. The old house in which he was born, and the instrument on which he learned to play so cunningly, are shown to the traveller. Among the most eminent living *savans* of the University is Christian Lassen, Professor of Sanscrit. He is now suffering severely from weakness of eyesight, caused by his efforts to decipher the Persepolitan inscriptions which have been recently copied by a learned Dane. . . . . Professor Welcker, of Bonn, enjoys a high classical reputation, and is one of the conductors of the Rhenish Museum for Philology. He is also superintendent of the University Museum of Art, of which he has published a description in two pamphlets containing about two hundred pages. The collection of casts in gypsum is large, and some of the specimens exceedingly beautiful. It is, however, much surpassed by the museum at Berlin, which some time ago had 206 groups and statues, 502 busts, heads, and masks, and 1,200 reliefs. The number of Greek and Roman coins in the museum at Bonn is 6,073. Six are of gold, and 3,209 of silver. About half a mile from the university building is Poppelsdorf, connected with Bonn by a beautiful avenue of chestnuts. The building — formerly the pleasure-castle built by Joseph Clemens — now contains halls for the delivery of lectures, apartments for the professors, collections in natural history, etc. The ground surrounding it is laid out as a botanic garden. The collection

in zoölogy comprises between 16,000 and 18,000 specimens; that of petrifactions, more than 10,000, and that of minerals, more than 22,000. The geology of the district is beautifully and very distinctly illustrated, particularly that of the volcanic rocks of the Seven Mountains. In the University is a large room devoted to the fresco paintings, executed by the celebrated Cornelius and his pupils. They were begun in 1824, and completed in 1832. The figures are as large as life. There are four distinct paintings, representing the schools of philosophy, law, medicine, and theology. They are quite instructive, as showing who, in the opinion of Germans, have been the great lights of science and literature. Leibnitz, F. A. Wolff, Goethe, Schiller, and Schleiermacher would stand forth without disguise, though at the expense of such inferior men as Bacon and Milton! But we were hardly prepared to see Klopstock in close proximity with Luther, Calvin, and Zuingle, while John Knox is not thought worthy to appear at all! Peter is of course on the Catholic side of theology, but by what rule John and Luke are placed there, we do not know. The first Protestant writers in theology, according to the picture, were Paul, Matthew, and Mark. The next in the series is Eusebius, the Church historian. Chrysostom and Basil follow the direction of Peter, while Jerome, Origen, Tertullian, and Augustine are under the guidance of Paul. The University library contains more than 100,000 volumes, besides several hundred volumes of manuscripts. There are also a great number of cases, or pasteboard bags, in which are placed the programmes, monograms, etc. in which the German *Gelehrten* are so prolific."

University of Bâle, Switzerland.

"There are but few towns on the Rhine more interesting

than Bâle. The greater part of the city lies on the left bank, a few miles below the point where the river becomes navigable. Its waters, especially when at their height, rushing rapidly through the city, constitute a principal attraction. On one side are seen the hills of the Black Forest, on the other the Jura Mountains. The Münster, or cathedral church, very near the river, was begun A. D. 1010, and is a very venerable, though not handsome, structure. The material of which it is built, is a deep-red sandstone. The church is used for the Protestant service. It contains the red marble tombstone of Erasmus, who was buried beneath the middle aisle in 1536. In an adjoining cloister are the monuments of Œcolampadius, Grynæus, and Meyer. There is also an apartment, called Concilium Saal, where the meetings of the committee of the Council of Bâle were held between 1436 and 1444. It is a low, unimposing room, with four Gothic windows, quite unaltered since the days of the Council. The public or university library, containing between fifty and sixty thousand volumes, is crowded into dull and low apartments, but is itself an object of great interest. Here are autographs of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, Zuingle, and other eminent Reformers. There is also a great number of portraits, — some of them the originals, — of the Reformers just named, of the three Bernouillis and of Euler, all eminent mathematicians and natives of Bâle, an excellent one of the printer Frobenius, etc. Here also are the paintings and drawings of the younger Holbein, including the Passion of Christ, in eight compartments, portraits of the artist, his wife and children, and an original sketch for the famous picture of the family of Sir Thomas More. Here likewise are some fresco fragments of the original Dance of Death, which were in existence at least in 1439. In the library are bronzes, coins,

fragments of pottery, etc. found in Augst, the site of the Roman *Augusta Rauracorum*, seven miles from Bâle. A large and commodious building is now in process of preparation, intended to contain these and other antiquities. The University was founded in 1460. Its annals have been illustrated by the great names of Erasmus, Euler, the Bernouillis, etc. From various causes it has lost much of its former reputation and importance. One of these causes is undoubtedly the celebrity to which the Universities of Berlin, Bonn, etc. have attained. In 1832 the Swiss Diet separated the Canton into two parts, called Bâle Ville and Bâle Campagne. By this division, the University has been most unjustly deprived of a large portion of its funds. The corps of instructors consists of five professors of theology, — viz. De Wette, Hagenbach, Stähelin, Müller, and Hoffmann; three of law; eleven of medicine; and in the philosophical faculty, twelve ordinary professors and seven professors extraordinary; — in all thirty-eight. There are two professors of the honored name of Bernouilli, and three of that of Burckhardt. William Wackernagel, author of the valuable collection of Latin and German hymns, is professor of poetry and rhetoric. Dr. Hoffmann is the excellent superintendent of the Mission Institute and the successor of Dr. Blumhardt. Dr. Hagenbach is a very able theologian, and author of the well-known *Dogmengeschichte*. He is evangelical in his opinions, and his influence is said to be very happy in the University and abroad. He is editor of the 'Church Journal for Reformed Switzerland,' published at Zurich. . . . .

"Bâle, as is well known, is the seat of the mission seminary established by Dr. Blumhardt in 1816. 'It was founded as a monument to the glory of God for the deliverance of Germany from foreign domination.' Its great object is to fit young men, by a course of study and discipline, for

foreign missionaries. The original number of pupils was seven, who came with Blumhardt, who had been a pastor in Würtemberg. Auxiliary societies for the support of the Institute were soon founded in Würtemberg, in French and German Switzerland, and in the Middle and North of Germany. The course of study, in the preparatory school and in the Institute proper, embraces Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic or Sanscrit, Natural History, Geography, etc., and the common studies embraced in a theological course. Each student enters into an obligation to labor as a missionary in whatever field the Committee may point out, unless there are special reasons to the contrary. An aptitude for the acquisition of languages is considered as an essential prerequisite. The Institute has a large and commodious building, near the city wall in the west part of the town, with some land adjoining. It is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the friends of missions and the personal labors of the pupils. Great freedom is allowed in relation to the religious opinions of the students. 'They are not required to subscribe to the faith of Luther, or Calvin, or Zuingle, but to that of Jesus Christ.' The Scriptures are made the uniform standard of appeal. The young men have gone out under the patronage of various societies; e. g. of the British Church Missionary Society; of the Bâle Missionary Society; of the Evangelical Russian Church, etc. The Institution has published, for many years, a valuable monthly Missionary Magazine, containing many matters of interest to the philologist and the geographer. Before the departure of the young missionary, his instructions are given to him at Bâle, Strasburg, Tübingen, Dresden, or some other important place, much according to the custom in the United States. The portrait of each student is also engraved, and suspended in the room where the Committee meet. At the

present time, there are just two hundred and forty of these portraits. Many of them are strikingly indicative of the talent and moral worth, which have here been devoted to the cause of missions. The thirty-first anniversary of the Institute was held in June, 1846. The present number of students in both departments is forty."

Vatican Library.

"This library was founded by Pope Nicholas V., in 1447, who transferred to his new Vatican palace the manuscripts which had been collected in the Lateran, as early as the fifth century. The present building was erected by Sixtus V., in 1588. The library has been augmented from time to time by various purchases, bequests, and donations. In this work Leo X. was particularly active, sending agents into distant countries to collect manuscripts. The great body of the treasures, especially of manuscripts, is contained in an immense hall, (which is divided by pilasters into two portions,) and in two wings or galleries which extend from the end of the hall to an immense length. Painted cabinets or presses, entirely closed, contain the books and manuscripts, so that a stranger would have no suspicion of the nature or value of the contents. All that meet the eye are walls bright with tasteless modern frescos, Etruscan vases, tables of granite, statues, a column of Oriental alabaster, etc. The halls are sadly wanting in the literary air of a library. The *genius loci* is concealed by inappropriate decoration. Overloaded ornament is indeed the characteristic of modern Italian taste, particularly in architecture. Among the manuscript treasures, which the writer looked at, were the Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, with fifty miniatures, including a portrait of the author; a Terence of the ninth century, with miniatures; Cicero de Republica, the palimpsest discovered

by Cardinal Maï, under a version of Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms, a quarto of 598 pages, parts of it much defaced; a Pliny with very fine figures of animals drawn on the lower margin; a Greek calendar of the tenth century, gorgeously illuminated with basilicas, martyrdoms, etc.; the four Gospels of A. D. 1128, a very interesting Byzantine manuscript, in quarto; an immense Hebrew Bible, folio, splendidly illuminated, almost beyond the power of a common arm to raise from the shelf, and for which the Jews of Venice are said to have offered its weight in gold; an *officium mortis* with most expressive and beautiful miniatures; the Codex Mexicanus, a very long calendar; the autograph copy of the De Sacramentis of Henry VIII., with the inscription on the last page, 'Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit hoc opus et fidei teste et amicitiæ"; and the letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, seventeen in number, very characteristic of the amorous and capricious monarch. It is a curious fact, that since his day, and in consequence of his proceedings, the government of Great Britain has had no official intercourse with that of Rome. The printed books are mostly contained in eight or ten common rooms, within glass cases. Many of the volumes, being bound in the white vellum for which Rome is so famous, make quite an imposing show. Of course the library is deficient in many works which are found in Protestant libraries. One room is wholly occupied with 400 volumes of engravings, mostly in large folio. The Papal government is extensively engaged in executing engravings; of some kinds it enjoys a monopoly. The *custode* stated the number of printed books in the Vatican library to be 100,000, and of manuscripts 35,000, — probably much exaggerated, especially in respect to the printed books. The manuscript treasures are precious beyond all price, and it is

supposed, that valuable discoveries would be the result of a free and thorough examination. Complaints are made of the illiberal policy pursued by the present librarian, Cardinal Maï. This celebrated scholar, now somewhat advanced in life, has been satisfied for some years with his former reputation."

CHAPTER XVI.

PURITAN LIBRARY IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE early education, the studious habits, the deep religious feeling of Mr. Edwards, made him a thorough Puritan. He was deeply interested in the honor of the Puritan name. For several years before he visited England, he had been engaged with a friend in forming a plan and devising measures for a Puritan Library, to be established at Andover or Boston. It was one of his designs in visiting London to examine the Red Cross Library, as a model for the institution which he hoped that he might establish in New England. Highly characteristic of him were his first reflections on visiting the scene of the Red Cross Library. He writes:

"Near the centre of the city of London, north of the old London wall, west of Bishopsgate Street, etc., are several localities which are particularly interesting to Protestants and to the descendants of the Puritans. On the west is Smithfield, soon to be reclaimed, as we would hope, from the degrading use to which it is now applied, that of a cat-

tle-market. The spot in which the martyrs were burned is said to be in the centre of the pens, where the gas-lamp now stands.

"On the north is Bunhill-Fields' burying-ground, converted by Dr. Tindal, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, into a cemetery for the use of the Dissenters. It is walled and well kept; the tablets and various monuments are in their proper position; many young trees are growing, and the whole ground has a tidy appearance, though it has slight pretensions to beauty. It is known that one hundred thousand persons have been buried there; and this number constitutes but a part. It is understood that a Baptist clergyman has been collecting the inscriptions for publication. To a non-conformist, it is indeed sacred ground. We will select a few names from the distinguished or pious dead, whose memorials are there: John Bunyan, whose sufficient epitaph is, 'Author of Pilgrim's Progress'; Isaac Watts, D. D., the sweet singer of Israel; Mrs. Susannah Wesley, who died July 23, 1742, aged seventy-three, mother of nineteen children (among whom were John and Charles Wesley), and whose inscription is:

'In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown';

Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe; George Burder, author of the Village Sermons; Samuel Stennett, D. D., the hymnologist; Daniel Williams, D. D., founder of the Red Cross Library; Rev. Charles Buck, writer of the Theological Dictionary; Rev. Thomas N. Toller, the friend of Robert Hall; Henry Hunter, D. D., author of the Scripture Biography; Robert Winter, D. D.; David Nesmith, founder of city missions; Rev. George Clay-

ton; Thomas Pringle, a philanthropist and poet; George Jerment, D. D.; Alexander Waugh, D. D., whose praise is in all the churches; Robert Simpson, D. D., tutor in Hoxton Academy; John Hardy, a strenuous defender of civil and religious liberty in the time of Wilkes; Rev. Daniel Neal, the Puritan historian; Dr. Lardner, author of the Credibility of the Gospel History; Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the Encyclopædia; Rev. John Townsend, the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; John Guise, D. D.; Dr. Gill, the commentator; Richard Price, D. D., etc.

"Allhallows Church, in Bread Street, contains the remains of John Howe; in that same street, John Milton was born, and in that church he was baptized. He died of consumption at his house, Artillery Walk, close to Bunhill-Fields' burying-ground. His remains were interred near those of his father, under the chancel * of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, two or three minutes' walk from his house. On a pillar which supports the north gallery in this old church, is a tablet on which are the following inscriptions: 'Mr. John Milton, author of the Paradise Lost, born Dec. 9, 1608, died Nov. 8, 1674, was buried in this church. Milton's father, John Milton, died 1647, was also buried here.' Fox, the martyrologist, was also buried in this church. Here Cromwell was married. A little east of Bunhill-Fields, in Tabernacle Walk, is the Tabernacle meeting-house, erected by George Whitefield; John Wesley's chapel is also near; the first house on the right, in the court in front, was the residence of Wesley, and here he died in 1791. In Christ Church, Newgate Street, Richard Baxter was buried.

* By subsequent alterations in the church, the chancel is now in part the main aisle.

"But the most interesting object in this vicinity, in some respects, is the Red Cross Library, in Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, founded, as before stated, by Dr. Williams. The building, substantial and commodious, is on the east side of the street. It could not be placed on a more appropriate site. It is in the centre of that arena, where the great battles of civil and religious liberty were fought. It is near the spot embalmed by the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Here Baxter, Bates, and Howe proclaimed the Gospel with an unction, a power, and a comprehensiveness that have not since been surpassed. Hither, also, Whitefield's burning eloquence attracted crowds. And here Wesley was gathered to his fathers, full of years and honors. On this spot the blind poet meditated his 'high argument.' On this ground, multitudes have slept in Jesus, and together are waiting, in 'sure and certain hope.' Others may visit St. Paul's, or Westminster, or Windsor, where the mighty dead of England rest in state; but to the Puritan, to the believer in Jesus, to him who honors the champions of freedom, or who delights to recall the names of those who preached the Gospel almost with the tongues of seraphs, no locality in England, and perhaps but one on earth, is so full of impressive reminiscences."

After making an accurate survey of the various objects in the Red Cross Library, Mr. Edwards resolved to propose a similar institution to the Congregationalists of New England. He published the following plan and the reasons for adopting it.

"A Puritan Library and Museum, should include," he said,—

"I. Books, pamphlets, and periodicals published by the Puritans in England and in this country. It should em-

brace, as far as possible, all the writings of the leading Dissenters and Puritans, especially, from the reign of Elizabeth, and even from the first germs of dissent in the days of Wiclif, down to the present period. It should comprehend the works of those noble men in the times of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., who had a leaning towards a disestablished church and who were in favor of a thorough reformation. Its shelves should be adorned, if practicable (as in many cases it would be), with the early editions of the four folios, fifty-eight quartos, forty-six octavos, and twenty-nine duodecimos of Richard Baxter; with the eloquent productions of Dr. Bates, the Dissenting Melancthon; with the two folios of John Howe, of whom it has been said, 'Nihil nisi magnum unquam nec sensit nec dixit, nec fecit'; with Dr. Owen's learned labors, which induced many eminent foreigners to make a voyage to England in order to converse with him; with the productions of the immortal Pilgrim, who printed as many treatises as he had lived years in the world; of Philip Henry and his greater son, who had that peculiar faculty that has been called a holy *naïveté;* of the honored historians of Dissent, Calamy, Neal, Brook, and Bogue; of the sweet singers of Israel, Watts, Doddridge, Stennett, and Charles Wesley; of those high-minded men, greater than philanthropists, who laid, amid tears and prayers, the foundations of the London Missionary Society. Neither would we exclude the works of many generous laymen, who contended for their civil and religious rights, at the risk of being immured in the Fleet, or executed at Tyburn. We would reverently gather up all those free-spoken words, which so excited the anger of the high commission courts and star-chambers of arbitrary monarchs and bigoted prelates. There were not a few pamphlets and small newspapers published clandestinely

during the reign of the Stuarts, written with pens of fire, and which reveal the character of those times far more vividly than any formal history or biography can do.

"But the prominent place should be given to our own early Puritan literature. We would have it by eminence a New England library. We would hasten to gather up with pious zeal every thing which was put into print by the courtly and learned Winthrops, by Norton, who had an 'eminent acumen in polemical divinity,' by the holy and tearful Shepard, by the humble and benevolent Wilson, by the sweet-tempered Mitchel, by the apostolic Eliot, by Hubbard the historian, by Prince the annalist, by the prolific author of the Magnalia, and by all who, through their works, illustrated the fortunes of the early colonists.

"This library should, likewise, include the general histories of England and the United States, civil and ecclesiastical, the works of Clarendon, Burnet, Hume, Lingard, Hallam, Palgrave, Hutchinson, Grahame, etc.; also, as complete a collection as could be formed of the polemic literature relating to this subject, the controversial writings in which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were so prolific, both in Old and New England, not only those called forth by the great struggle between the conformist and the non-conformist, but the 'Apologies,' 'Defences,' 'Rejoinders,' 'Appeals,' 'Statements,' etc., in which the various sects of Dissenters advocated or defended their peculiar tenets. The leading books and pamphlets, at least, in relation to these discussions should be procured. Some of them do not belong to the class of ephemeral literature. They embalm some of the noblest specimens which are to be found of sterling and honest thought, expressed in vigorous English. Many of them are necessary to the adequate understanding of the works of the great Puritan divines and civilians which are *not professedly* controversial.

"II. Manuscripts. Some of these which might now be procured would be of inestimable value. Many others would be objects of great curiosity. Samuel Stone of Hartford left a 'body of divinity' which was often transcribed but never printed. Willard, Vice-President of Harvard College, left important works in manuscript. We may also mention the manuscripts of Stoddard of Northampton, Hooker of Hartford, Eliot the Indian apostle, the historians Gookin, Hubbard, Prince, the voluminous papers of Cotton Mather, the interesting journals of Judge Sewall, the Literary Diary of President Stiles, etc. It is well known, also, that it is still a matter of deliberation where the numerous manuscripts of President Edwards shall be finally deposited. The owners of them would undoubtedly feel inclined to place them in a general library, such as the one proposed. Many precious papers, not now publicly known to exist, utterly neglected, mouldering in chests or in garrets, constantly exposed to destruction, would be rescued, and would reach the same safe destination.

"In England, also, some Puritan manuscripts might be procured, even at this late day. An agent, stationed in London and commissioned to visit the places once honored by the eminent non-conformists, would be able to gather up some precious spoil. During the present year, a large collection of the manuscripts of Dr. Doddridge, containing letters to him from many distinguished individuals, was sold by auction at a very moderate price.

"III. Portraits, prints, etc. Some of the original portraits of the non-conformist fathers in England might yet, possibly, be procured. In other cases, prints, busts, or engravings might supply their place. Some of the portraits of the old Puritans are of little worth. Those by Hollar, Marshall Faithorne, Vertue, and Robert White were prob-

ably faithful.* Of the portraits of the New England fathers, a much larger number might now be secured. Of many of the more distinguished individuals, several portraits on canvas are known to exist. The families of these venerated men not unfrequently become extinct in the direct line. In such cases it would not be difficult to purchase the portraits, perhaps manuscripts and other valuable relics. Where they could not be procured by purchase or donation, they might be borrowed on an indefinite lease, and placed in the Museum for safe keeping, as has been the case with some of the treasures of our Historical Societies. At all events, it is practicable to collect a sufficient number to adorn some of the halls of the building devoted to this purpose. No spectacle could be more delightful to the genuine descendants of the Pilgrims, than a series of such portraits, time-worn and decayed though they might be. They would not reveal the inspirations of genius; they might not attract the votaries of the fine arts. But they would answer a nobler purpose. Their fading colors would teach a more impressive lesson. How interesting to see a chronological series, beginning with Elder Brewster, Governor Winthrop, John Robinson, John Harvard, John Davenport, Thomas Hooker, the Mathers, the Bulkleys, the Mayhews, the successive Puritan Governors who were elected by the people, the authors of the two Platforms, the 'venerable company of pastors' who gave their books as the foundation of Yale, the great men who labored in the revivals of religion in the middle and in the latter part of the eighteenth century, down to the patriarchs who have just finished their labors, the teachers of theology, — the sage of Franklin, Wood, Shepard, Hyde, Dwight, and many others who were pillars

* Williams's Letters on Puritanism, 2d series, p. 109.

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in our churches. Even if but few of these pictured memorials of moral and intellectual worth could be assembled, how inestimable the treasure!

"IV. Miscellaneous memorials, cherished articles employed in the studies and labors of distinguished men, characteristic remembrances, even should they be small, and in themselves of little value. At Eisleben are shown the cap, cloak, portrait, and various relics of Luther; at Erfurt are his inkstand, table, Bible, portrait, and other interesting reminiscences; in Halle is a pulpit in which he preached; in Wittenberg is his house or lodging in the old Augustinian convent, also his chair and table at which he wrote, the jug from which he drank, his stove made according to his own directions with peculiar devices, his professor's chair, two portraits of him by Cranach, and a cast of his face after death. In many other cities, also, various memorials of him may be found. Now if these relics, or the more interesting of them, could be collected at Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation, and at the same time there could be deposited in that city those objects which are associated with the names of his distinguished co-laborers, what a spot it would be for the refreshment of the spirit! Other places would still retain permanent memorials of Luther. The Wartburg and the cell at Erfurt would still attract the traveller. Yet *one* place would be the central point of interest. *This* he would see, if he were compelled to pass by all the others.

"So at some central point in New England, touching mementos of the great men who have adorned her religious history, might be collected. Nothing at Abbotsford is so impressive as the hat, staff, and coat of the border minstrel, precisely in the state in which he last used them. We are creatures of association. We should feel a deeper in-

terest in the doctrines preached by the fathers of New England, if we had visible and tangible memorials of their existence and labors.

"The following reasons may be stated for the establishment of such a Library and Museum as we have indicated:

"I. It would form a centre of patriotic and religious reminiscence for New England, and for all the descendants of the Pilgrims, — the shrine to which those who revere the memory of the great and the good and the learned of past ages might repair. In the university library of Bâle, we seem to be in the very presence of Erasmus, Euler, Œcolampadius, the Bernouillis and Holbeins. In Zürich, the portraits, manuscripts, and relics of Zuingle and other Reformers are the cherished treasures. The public library at Geneva preserves the portrait, the published works, the manuscript letters, and other remains of Calvin, though the place of his sepulchre is unknown. In these three libraries, the true Protestants of the three Cantons have objects of deep and common interest. Their feelings of affection and veneration are garnered up in the old halls, which still seem to be vocal with the stern and solemn voices of the sixteenth century. Similar would be the emotions which would be felt, as we should gather around the place where the literary and theological remains of the founders of the New England churches and their descendants might be deposited. We may learn the effect of such an exhibition from the reverence which is now felt for the comparatively few and imperfect memorials which exist at Plymouth, Hartford, and other towns. It would unite in no common bonds all the children of the Pilgrims in their widest dispersions.

"II. Such a Library would constitute an interesting memorial of the theological and literary labors of the Puri-

tans. It would be a standing proof of the groundlessness of the charges which have been sometimes made against them, as if they would dissociate piety from human learning. It would be a monument of the debt which the friends of knowledge and of civil liberty owe to them. Who could undervalue the English Dissenters, when he should see on the shelves of a library, as the product of their pens, The Paradise Lost, The Pilgrim's Progress, The Saints' Everlasting Rest, The Blessedness of the Righteous, The Credibility of the Gospel History, the Cyclopædia of Rees, The Hymns and Divine Songs of Watts, The Exposition and The Rise and Progress of Doddridge, and many others in all departments of sacred literature? Some of these will last as long as the language itself. Robinson Crusoe, another imperishable work, was written by a Dissenter. So, likewise, many of the writings of the New England Puritans, if not equally renowned, will not soon perish. The journals of the first Governor Winthrop, full of touching interest, are a model of their kind. The metaphysical writings of Edwards are commended by the highest authorities in Europe. Some of the works of Dr. Franklin, a native of Boston, have a European currency. The state papers of the elder Adams and some of his New England contemporaries, elicited the praises of Burke. The theological writings of Dr. Dwight have enjoyed a large sale in this country, and a still greater one in England. The theological opinions of Andrew Fuller, one of the greatest of modern English divines, were formed by a close study of New England theology.

"III. An establishment of the nature described, would be one means of perpetuating the religious principles and usages of the Puritans. It would not, of itself, indeed, be an effectual barrier against the encroachments of innovation

and error. Like written standards, paper constitutions, and other devices of man, its voice might be silent or unheeded. It might stand as an affecting memorial of the latitudinarianism or moral degeneracy of the descendants of those whose worth it commemorates. Such, however, would be a perversion of its legitimate influence. Its natural teachings would be in accordance with truth. It would be a great historical landmark, embodying in tangible form the spirit and the labors of what might be called the heroic or martyr age in our history. Amid the necessary changes of society, in the introduction of new elements into our social and religious life, it would point to our past history, and enforce the lessons of veneration and love which it is so fitted to teach. And in the event of our apostatizing from the religious views of our fathers, such a monument might be one of the means of restoration, might utter one of those voices which would recall us into the path of safety and truth. In Germany there has been a sad and very general abandonment of the doctrines of the Reformation. Luther's name is on every tongue, while his doctrine is trampled under foot. Still, the veneration, the almost passionate admiration and love, which are everywhere felt towards him, are among the brightest signs of the times, and afford one of the strongest grounds of hope, that Germany will yet be rescued from its unnatural alliance with error. His name will have a potent spell to scatter the darkness. The glaring contradiction exhibited by those who almost adore his memory, while they reject that belief which was to him dearer than life, will yet awaken earnest attention, and lead to a more consistent practice. This veneration for Luther is, in part, owing to the touching and numerous memorials of him to be found in almost every part of Protestant Germany. The Wartburg, Erfurt, Ei-

senach, Tübingen, Wittenberg, Augsburg, keep alive the precious remembrances of Martin and his dear Philip, and aid that influence which Luther's hymns and catechisms, and the German language, — the undying memorial of the Reformation, — so powerfully exert. Such, to some extent, would be the effect of the venerable memorials of our fathers, could they be drawn out from their hiding-places, and be duly arranged and combined. A book would become a teacher ; a manuscript would utter its admonitory voice ; a pen, handled two hundred years ago by the holy Shepard, would not be a dull monitor. The picture of the apostolic Eliot would seem to follow us with its reproving eye, till we had copied his sublime example. The old pine pulpit of a Bellamy or a Hopkins would enable them yet to speak the words of truth and soberness. The very autograph might become a sermon. The stone taken from the threshold of one of their sanctuaries would cry out, and the beam from the timber would answer it.

" IV. Such an historical Library and Museum would be of inestimable service to our future civil and ecclesiastical historians. It may be safely said, that however valuable the history of the Puritans would be, prepared by our contemporaries, the writers of a future age will enjoy in some respects far greater facilities for the task. They will bring to the subject more impartiality, a wider survey of the field, and an ampler experience. Certain vital questions, now in the process of unfolding, will, in one or two centuries, admit of a satisfactory explanation. We live, for instance, too near the great revival of religion in Whitefield's time, to be able to describe it adequately. All the results of the American Revolution are not known. How inestimable, at a distance of two hundred years from this time, would be a great collection of books and manuscripts, carefully ar-

ranged and supplied with all necessary literary apparatus! How grateful would be the historians of those coming times for a repository which a little care and expense might now establish! Should it be found impracticable to rescue from decay and oblivion any considerable portion of the records of the past, yet enough could be secured to form a nucleus for the time to come. Should it be difficult to dig up the mouldering remains of the seventeenth century, many treasures illustrating the eighteenth century are still procurable. To these might be added the more important books and manuscripts, which are from time to time becoming accessible by the death of their owners. Gradually a collection might be formed, which would be exceedingly valuable to all who should at any future time engage in historical studies, and a monument to the zeal and comprehensive views of its founders.

"V. Such a Library, open and common to all, would tend to promote brotherly feelings among the descendants of the Puritans. It would be a bond of unity, a rallying-place for the affections, or at least a neutral spot where envious feelings would be hushed, and acrimonious controversies be suspended. In the presence of the venerable founders of New England, it would be almost like desecrating the grave of a parent to indulge in any other than fraternal feelings.

"VI. The establishment of a repository, like the one described, would exert a favorable influence on the character of the sermons and other works which may hereafter be published by our clergymen. The expectation that one copy at least of a discourse would be sure of preservation, and would be a representative of the character and talents of its author, ages after he had deceased, could not be without some effect on the quality of the thoughts which he

should commit to the press. He would wish to have them worthy of his ancestry and of the honorable company which they would enjoy. Had the painters, who took the portraits of the non-conformist fathers that now adorn the hall in Dr. Williams's library, anticipated the honor to which those portraits have attained, they would have been more exact likenesses, and been finished with the utmost possible care.

"VII. We may add, in conclusion, that the accomplishment of the plan proposed would insure the preservation of valuable documents and curiosities which will otherwise be lost. Many inestimable treasures have already disappeared irrecoverably. Every year the loss is becoming greater. Death, fire, the wear of time when not guarded against, and various accidents, are fast diminishing the honored memorials of original Puritanism. At the present moment it is possible to procure in England some of the pamphlets and newspapers which were published in England in the times of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth. Early editions of the printed books published by Milton, Goodwin, Cartwright, Baxter, Howe, and other actors and preachers in that period, are still to be found. Yet these, as well as the pamphlets and manuscripts, are becoming, like the Sibylline books, the more precious as they diminish in number. The controllers of the great libraries in many parts of Christendom, are more and more solicitous to obtain possession of these treasures. Several affluent private individuals in the United States are securing, at great expense, all the productions relating to Puritanism of any value which come into the English market. To our own country the same remarks are in a measure applicable. Much which was accessible in 1700 is lost for ever. Much which might now be gathered up will

wholly disappear in the lapse of half a century. Those treasures that might now be bought, or procured as a free gift, will soon pass into some public library out of New England or out of the country, or become the property of unknown individuals."

The proposal of Mr. Edwards attracted the notice of some opulent laymen. Hon. Samuel T. Armstrong exerted himself in its favor, and in his last conversation with Mr. Edwards expressed his hope and belief that the Old South Church of Boston would aid the enterprise liberally. After Governor Armstrong's death, Mr. Edwards, in connection with a friend, proposed the formation of the Congregational Library Association, with the hope that such a society might execute his favorite plan. The society still exists; and may it more than fulfil the wishes of its enterprising founder!

CHAPTER XVII.

THEOLOGICAL CHARACTER AND POSITION.

Shall the gentle and urbane man, whose virtues we would fain embalm in our hearts, be described as a theologian? I have hesitated long, before consenting to associate his name with a word which has come to be regarded as a symbol for wrangling and logomachy; for dry, fruitless theories, marring the simplicity of the Gospel, confusing, and therefore exasperating, the very men who strive for them.

His soul turned away from ecclesiastical pugilism. He never descended into the ambitious and envious quarrel about the *shibboleths* of a party. He never soiled his white raiment in those contests for personal or sectional preëminence, which have been so often waged over the interminable jargon of scholastic metaphysics, misnamed divinity. Men have not been wont to speak of him as a theologian. They have called him a student of the Bible. They have talked about him as a pure-minded inquirer for the truth. They have termed him an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. They have spoken of him as *that disciple whom Jesus loved.* But as a technical theologian he has been named so seldom, that perhaps I shall disturb the sacred associations that cluster around his memory, if I allude to him in this sphere of his labor.

But he *was* a theologian in the best sense of that abused word. He was versed in the science of the great God, and this science is theology, and it is the noblest of all sciences. He was a *divine.* As a logician, he may have had no signal preëminence, although he was familiar with the books and the rules of dialectics, nor did he undervalue them. When he left his home for the last time, he took with him the Port-Royal Logic, for his entertainment amid the scenes where he was to close his studies on earth. But he was a Biblical, if not peculiarly a logical divine. The female who is represented in the great painting by Cornelius and his disciples at Bonn, as holding a Bible and a cross in

her hands, and the two angels below her, one the symbol of Faith, reverently looking up, and the other the symbol of Inquiry, earnestly gazing upon the Bible, attracted the notice of Mr. Edwards as a happy illustration of the theological spirit. We form our readiest conceptions of him, as of a person looking up to the Divine Word. He explained the Scriptures according to the canons of a sound, strong, plain common-sense. He was remarkable for his cautious, discreet, circumspect analysis of the text, his patient waiting before he made up a judgment, his humble inquiry, — and the good Spirit promises to show the truth to a lowly seeker, — his readiness to discern and to shun the absurdities, which a spurious logic derives from the letter, rather than from the meaning, of the inspired words. He had the rare merit of taking his faith from the general import of the Bible, rather than from a few of its detached, "picked phrases." He had a large comprehension of its main scope, and he watched its decided drift, and was candid, — for he prized candor as among the chief, and perhaps the very hardest, of a scholar's virtues, — and was conscientious — it was indeed his daily prayer that he might have a pure, sensitive conscience — in treating the Bible as a consistent whole, instead of seizing at a few of its terms, and wresting them from their adjuncts, and despoiling them of their simple, wholesome sense. It was the distinction of his creed, as he affirmed it to be the glory of Protestantism, that "it has no favorite chapters and verses; it stands or falls on the spirit of the

entire volume, on the widest induction of particulars, on the consentaneous support of all the sacred writers, and of all which they declare. It pretends to no darling Apostle, to no artfully culled symbols; it shrinks from no argument, is afraid of no catechizing, never arrays faith against reason, and relies on a broad, common-sense interpretation of the Bible." *

As our friend was a Biblical, so was he a practical divine. It was common to speak of him as an intellectual man. He was such, but a man of feeling likewise. He was led into the truth by his experience of its power. He did reason concerning it, but with the helps of his instincts and his Christian sympathies. He did not learn the native character of man by abstruse inference, or by observation of his neighbors; but while he confesses his unfitness "for standing at the door, and introducing others to the momentous work of preaching the Gospel," he adds: "Of whatever else I am ignorant, I do most fully believe the utter and enormous depravity of the human heart, and the absolute necessity of almighty grace to subdue it; and whatever else I neglect to preach, if ever I am permitted to preach, I shall endeavor not to neglect Jesus Christ and him crucified." The divinity of the Saviour, also, he did not learn from a merely grammatical comment on the letter of the Bible; but his own deep grief gave emphasis to that letter, and he interrupts his

* Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. V. p. 621.

expressions of despair in himself, by exclaiming: "If there is one ray of hope, which ever visits the darkness of my soul, it is when I think of the Saviour as almighty, and ever present to hear and to help."

Having learned the truth in this impressive way, it was natural that he should be a kind-hearted, generous divine. Bigotry and intolerance come of a spirit that knows not its own frailty. Those great facts of the evangelical scheme, which are made so prominent and so lovely in the Divine Word as to draw all wise men unto them, he prized as the substance of the Gospel. And if men believed those great facts with the heart and from the heart, he bore their philosophical errors with a serene indulgence. In his nature he was prone to eclecticism; he loved to combine into one system all that is true in all systems, and to reject all that is false, and to thank the most erroneous partisans for any contributions which they may have made to the comprehensive faith. Was he too catholic? That were an ungracious criticism, — but he was more liberal and kindly in his estimate of others, more lenient toward their mistakes, and more hopeful of their improvement, than any man whom I have ever known in our uneasy and uncomfortable race.* He felt that he had enough to do in mourning over his own foibles, without wasting his probation in exposing the faults

* A singular instance of his charitable temper is seen in a misquotation which he has several times made from Shakspeare, and which may be found in the Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. V. p. 601. It was pleas-

of his fellow-men. How sadly shall we need his mild counsels, when we gird on our armor and go out to meet a challenge of the Philistines! How sorrowful shall we be, when we come back from the dust and clamor of the warfare, that we shall no more be greeted by his words of peace and sweet charity! Were there ten such men as he among our divines, then would the churches have rest.

Let it not be inferred, that, because he was tolerant of unessential error, he therefore had no fixed belief in unessential truth. He had his predilections for one sect, unworthy as this assertion may sound of his expansive sympathies. He delighted to reflect on himself as belonging to the same Church with Clement and Jerome and Augustine and Chrysostom and Bernard, and Pascal and Fenelon, and Luther and Zinzendorf, and Leighton and Heber, and John Foster and Robert Hall, and Whitefield and the Wesleys; and he loved his own denomination, because it fitted him to fraternize with all good men and to call them all his own. He was among the very straitest and most unyielding of his sect, — if I may use that sharp and narrow word, — because its

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ing to see him sacrifice his wonted accuracy to his generous construction of human motives. More than once he repeated before his pupils these words:

> "The good that men do lives after them,
> The evil is oft interred with their bones."

The real, but less charitable words of Shakspeare happen to be:

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."
>
> Julius Cæsar, Act III. Scene II.

genius is, to leave the inquirer free and untrammelled; and still, among his most cherished authors were such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge, — the very men who had the strongest repugnance to some of his own ecclesiastical partialities. Men think of him, and should think of him, as a large-hearted Christian, and may dislike to have him styled a Calvinist, rather than a Lutheran. I should not render him entire justice, if I should insinuate that he loved to make the severer features of Calvinism prominent in his intercourse with men. Still, in a peculiar degree, his life developed the *true* spirit of a Calvinistic divine; a spirit which has not been commonly ascribed to the admirers of the Genevan creed; a spirit which has not been always harbored by them; the spirit, however, which is fostered by the reasonable and Biblical expositions of that sublime faith. He looked up to Jehovah as a Sovereign, and trembled before him. He would not boast, nor be egotistical; for all his powers and attainments he traced up to the everlasting decree, to the love which planned them before the foundation of the world. He stood with awe at the foot of the throne, which, resting on its own strength, is firm, changeless, immovable. He repeated with marked reverence the name of the great "I Am." He walked softly before the Monarch who elects one and abandons another. In the near prospect of seeing the Arbiter of his destinies face to face, he paused, and was thoughtful, and bowed his head, and his words were few. "Be still and know that I am God," was

the phrase that ever subdued him. He was not dogmatical, — how could he be, if he valued his creed? — for he knew the littleness of his powers, and counted himself to have no more than an insect's eye, and to be shut up to the vision of a mere small surface; and can such a man utter assuming and presumptuous and overbearing words? He did not calumniate his brethren, — could he do so, if he fostered a hearty trust in the doctrines which he professed? — for he had learned his own vileness, as well as that of his fellow-men, and he felt that both he and they deserved alike to be driven from before the Lord, as grains of chaff; — that instead of upbraiding his companions in evil, he should beg, from his place in the dust, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He knew and he felt, that his heart was searched by the Ruler who killeth and who maketh alive, and that he was under the dominion of a Monarch who giveth no account of his matters to his servants, "nor borrows leave to be"; and with these thoughts of his Judge, he was humble, and subdued, and still; he went to his grave, meditative and penitent, nor did he strive nor cry, nor was his voice heard in the streets; — and this is the true spirit of a Calvinistic divine.

Mr. Edwards has disclosed his own theological character in the following incidental remarks on the importance of uniting a warm attachment to Christian doctrines with an enlarged philanthropy:

"Men are ever separating what God has joined together. One class of religionists maintain a high, orthodox belief,

while in an efficient practical Christianity they are sadly wanting. They are orthodox to no purpose. They forget to do good and to communicate. On the other hand, multitudes are benevolent they know not why. They are borne along on the strong current of a general philanthropy they know not whither. Benevolence in them is not an ever-living principle. They do not go forth to their labor sustained and cheered by the vital doctrines of Christianity. There is, doubtless, very much beneficence which is built on a sandy foundation. It will not stand the test of the last day. It could not stand the test of an enlightened conscience. Were the conversion of the world mainly depending on this casual, uncertain charity, the great work would never be accomplished. We need that which will stand the floods of temptation and the fires of persecution, which will hold on to its object unshrinkingly, in the most unexpected and terrible reverses of Providence.

"Of all men in the world, the conductors of our benevolent institutions should look well to this point, that they be rooted and grounded in the faith. They ought to cling to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. They are employed on the outposts of their religion. It is their great business to excite men to action. But let them be careful to do this on the principles of the Gospel. Let them beware of separating feeling from principle. While our philanthropic plans are pushed forward with greater and greater zeal, let the depravity of man, the electing love and holy sovereignty of God, justification by faith alone, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, simple dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit, with their kindred truths, be preached with greater and greater boldness and power. Let them be shown to be the foundation of all holy action. In the din of preparation for the battle of the great day of

God Almighty, let these truths be upward and prominent. They are the heavy ordinance, — the sure and unfailing dependence."

In his theological investigations, Mr. Edwards endured, sometimes, acute mental pain. The following paragraphs which he wrote on "the trials arising from the limited faculties of the mind," were suggested by his own inward conflicts.

"The powers of the mind, though in one sense indefinite and illimitable, are in another view exceedingly circumscribed and weak.

"On the one hand we are free agents. We are conscious of thinking and of acting without constraint. There are no bands of destiny around us. There are no chains on the spirit, fixing it in one position, determining it to a prescribed and unchangeable course. Every man knows that he is at perfect liberty to take this path or that, to remain in impenitence and hazard the consequences, or to believe on Christ. He is free to become a living and practical Christian, or to remain in bondage to a worldly mind and a corrupt heart. No one can have any real doubt on this subject. He may invent a speculative scepticism, but as an honest man he knows nothing of it. Now this perfect freedom would seem to imply, that man may venture into whatsoever region he pleases without let or hindrance; that he is to obey no laws but such as he himself may ordain.

"Again, man has the principle of curiosity, a desire for knowledge, an impatience in a state of ignorance. His Creator has endued him with an unappeasable propensity for higher and higher attainment. No possible acquisition satisfies him. No specific goal stays his progress. If you

try to stop him, he will burst your green withes asunder. If you lay an obstacle in his path, that only stimulates him to surmount it. Every exhortation to desist and remain satisfied, is turned by him into a fresh call for effort. The truth is, God has made him with these irrepressible tendencies. He has in the elements of his nature a yearning for something higher. The longing for the good, the true, the beautiful, does not belong to the Platonic philosophy alone, it belongs to every philosophy in which there is truth. It is recognized by Christianity. It is put into the nature of man by God himself. Without it, there would be no advance in civilization or virtue. He that would suppress it, in a sense fights against God.

"Once more, we are placed in a world fitted to awaken the deepest interest. The works of God *are* marvellous. They are *sought out* by all them who have pleasure therein. And who can *avoid* having this pleasure? Who can be an uninterested spectator amid the changes which are going on around him? Instead of wondering that some men are willing to toil a life long in the study of the works of God, the wonder is that *all* men are not captivated with the pursuit. These studies are called the *natural* sciences; they are rather *divine* sciences. They are capable of stirring the heart of man to its lowest depths. *Whosoever* hath an ear may hear. The dull rock has a voice; the dry leaf has a sound; the shell on the ocean's shore is not dumb. It is made according to certain laws. It fulfils its destiny with unerring precision. We may be lost in general admiration, while contemplating it; or we may scientifically analyze it as a piece of consummate art. Now the earth is *full* of such objects. The common Christian may become acquainted with them, and through them *adore* his Creator. The Christian scholar may find in them

inexhaustible treasures for most delightful contemplation. God invites him to it, and a thousand voices from his works reiterate the invitation. Now the inference would seem to be, that the human mind can *grasp* all these objects, and *revel* in all these beauties. The doors of universal nature are open before him. Has he not a key in his own mind to unlock them all? No assignable limit can be set to the visible universe. Can any assignable limit be placed on the powers of the contemplating mind?

"Again, we have an immense accession to the objects of our knowledge in the Bible. That which is absolutely indispensable to salvation, is simple and easily acquired. But the revelation does not stop here. It awakens the curiosity of man to the highest degree, by what it does not reveal. It touches on themes which it does not exhibit in full. It necessarily glances at topics which are beyond mortal comprehension. In describing what is known and what may be known, it alludes to topics which are neither. In selecting the knowledge which is necessary for man, it does not absolutely *conceal* that which is not necessary. There are in Christianity fragments of truth, gleams of light, half-revealed thoughts, most precisely fitted to awaken our interest, because of the very mystery in which they are involved. Our attention is awakened because our curiosity is not gratified. Our imagination is thoroughly aroused, because of the very indistinctness of our conceptions.

"There is, however, another aspect to this subject. There are many things which show the extreme weakness and fallibility of man. His boasted powers, when brought to a severe test, frequently only betray their weakness.

"What can be more humiliating than the fact, that he cannot hope, in the longest life of the most vigorous health, perfectly to master more than one or two of the almost in-

numerable sciences or branches of literature? He may have a general acquaintance with many, but his particular efforts must be very much circumscribed, if he would not waste his time, and incapacitate himself for usefulness. Art is long, life is short. What his hand findeth to do, he must do in a comparatively small space, as well as in a brief time. Besides, in the studies which he attempts to master, he can go to a certain limit only. He soon reaches a boundary, beyond which clouds and darkness rest. He is proud, perhaps, of his perfect freedom as a moral agent. He soon finds, however, that he is hedged in by laws, circumscribed by rules, fettered by the customs of society, and by a thousand conventional usages, to which he never gave his assent, and which, he thinks, are at war with his convenience and freedom. He is also under absolute control. The ordering of every event of his life, the color and complexion of every thought and feeling, depend on another's will, as if he himself had no separate and independent existence.

"If he undertakes to examine the *mode* of operation in any of the works of God, he will be baffled at every step. His curiosity prompts him to do this, but his powers are incompetent. He has a strong desire to know the *manner* in which God works in the world of *mind*, — how he controls free agents, while yet they are conscious of perfect freedom, — why God elects some, in his mere sovereign pleasure, unto everlasting life, — why he did not long since communicate the blessings of salvation to the whole family of man. Indeed, the questions are without number, which might be asked, to which no satisfactory answer can be given. There are ten thousand problems of which the human mind cannot find a solution. We are begirt with mysteries. If we look to God, we cannot search him out.

If we think of eternity, we are soon wearied. When we try to explore the union of the two natures in Christ, and what influence they had reciprocally on each other, we are on a shoreless sea. We try to form a conception of a glorified body, but here both the qualities of matter and mind entirely fail us.

"Thus there would appear to be two rival powers in the soul, antagonist principles. We are urged onward by our free nature, and by a stimulating curiosity. The boundless fields of knowledge, which God has spread out before us, invite us. His revelation, also, is filled with urgent and most attractive themes of study. On the other hand, there are limits beyond which we cannot go. The mind, in any course which it may take, soon falls back on itself, wearied, if not disheartened. Impassable barriers to its progress rise up on every hand.

"Thus between two contending influences, the mind has its trial. It is immortal, yet finite, irrepressible in its tendencies, with all the weakness of the most perfect dependence; strong in its aspirations, small in its attainments. Here, therefore, is its place for salutary discipline. Here are a part of the difficulties of a state of probation. Here is an opportunity for a mental and moral triumph over the weakness and imperfections of our present state. We are not to remain contented in a condition of idleness and irresolution. We are not called upon to acquiesce in any existing spiritual or intellectual attainments. On the other hand, we are not to rush presumptuously upon those subjects which the Father has put into his own power. We are to cultivate energy and humility. We may indulge in ardent aspirations, if they are tempered with reverence. We may advance, with all confidence, along with the other worshippers of the God of nature and revelation, if we do *not thrust* our hands into the ark.

"Some persons may indeed say that these are *imaginary* difficulties. *We* never experience trials of this kind. We find it *easy* to acquiesce in the will of God in respect to the limited nature of our minds. It costs *us* no severe struggle. We are content to follow the plain path of revealed duty. The discipline of which you speak must be *fictitious*. Let such persons listen to Henry Martyn. 'My soul,' he writes, 'was filled with greater misery and horror than I ever before experienced. I know not how to describe my feelings, or how I got into them; but it was after metaphysical inquiries into the nature and end of my being, and in what consists the happiness of my soul. I tremble to enter on these inquiries, lest my beclouded reason should lead me to the brink of hell.'

"Similar difficulties were experienced on this very point by one of a kindred spirit with Martyn, and whose ashes now rest near those of Polycarp of Smyrna. All persons of reflecting minds, sooner or later, in a greater or less degree, are harassed in the same manner. How often is it one of the principal obstacles to the conversion of a sinner. He will adhere, with the utmost tenacity, to an imaginary or to a real philosophical difficulty in the Divine government, or in the nature of the Spirit's influence. His eternal salvation is thus put in imminent *hazard;* and he is not to be dislodged from his position, except by a spiritual adviser who has himself experienced similar difficulties. It may indeed be said that it is intellectual pride, or perverted reason; but this will not obviate the difficulty. It is only to be met by a thorough understanding of the nature of mind."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL SCHOLARSHIP.

The honor which we pay to the subject of this Memoir is a peculiar one; for his excellence was more conspicuous in his private than in his public life. As a general *Scholar*, he gained the profoundest respect from those who saw him in his every-day walks. By the fact that he wrote or edited, alone or with coadjutors, forty-three volumes, and several pamphlets,* the world have known that he was industrious. But the exposed fabric is often less interesting, than the secret machinery with which it was wrought. When we inspect the private habits of this student by nature, we see him absorbed in thought as he moves along the road-side, and he does not notice his most intimate companions who may chance to meet him; or we see him on a journey in his chaise, and he is reading Wordsworth's Excursion aloud to the friend at his side; or we see him at his family repasts, holding a conversation or a recitation in German or French or Latin; and all this is not a labor, but a pleasure, and it is all smoothed with his quiet humor. His delight was in books. When he needed relaxation, he would change the topics or the order of study, but study was, like his breath itself, a vital function. After the

* Mr. Edwards left no catalogue of his publications. Some of them, perhaps as many as half of his printed essays, cannot be identified now. Among his most interesting pamphlets are an Address on the death of President Harrison, and a Sermon on the character of Dr. Chalmers.

labors of the day were closed, he appeared as ready as in the morning to begin a new toil. In the time of his firm health, he seemed untiring. In childhood, as well as in mature years, in the stage-coach, in the rail-car, on the sidewalk, in the parlor, in the library, almost everywhere, and almost at all times, he appeared to be, what he was, a Christian scholar. During one of his journeys to Hanover, he read in a stage-coach the whole of a volume containing four hundred and twenty duodecimo pages. He was as careful and as regular in securing books for the daily perusal of every member of his family who could read, and in thus furnishing themes for literary conversation among them, as he was in providing for their physical necessities. His home-bred associations were with good letters and with divine themes. He purchased a half-acre of land adjoining his house, partly for the sake of getting possession of an aged oak-tree that grew on the land; for he had long desired to own such a tree; for the oaken wreath is rich with the memories of the old Greek and the Roman; and angels of the Lord came and sat under the oak, in the days of that Covenant People whom our brother loved; and many an elegiac sermon did he hope to write, under the shade of that venerable wood.

As he was a man of multifarious reading, some might infer, that he did not keep himself familiar with the few select, standard authors, and that he lost in definiteness as much as he gained in comprehension. But some extracts from his correspond-

ence will illustrate his desire to concentrate his powers upon a single worthy object.

1827. — "Professor Worcester and myself are compelled to bestow about one third of our time upon the newspaper [New England Inquirer]. We have about forty exchange papers in a week, which we are obliged to look through. No employment which can be conceived of, is more dissipating to religious feeling than this."

1829. — "How richly favored are we by Providence with miscellaneous books! How inestimable are such volumes as The Saints' Rest, and Martyn's Life, for standard books, and every now and then an entertaining Biography [like Legh Richmond's] to diversify our pleasures. I am greatly tempted to commit sin by indulging in the reading of newspapers, of which we take [in the Education Rooms] about twenty-five. It is most destructive to good habits."

1834. — "I have been reading Pascal's Thoughts recently. Hardly any thing which I ever read so convinced me of the immensity of the loss sustained by those who fail of salvation, and of the immeasurable value of Christianity. His mind was one of the highest order, one of the suns in the upper firmament with Milton and Newton; but he counted all things loss for Christ's sake, laying his vast acquisitions at the feet of his Lord. The *sight* of the book, or the *thought* of it, hardly fails to produce within me a momentary serious impression. It is full of sterling golden thoughts. Pascal's mind was too large for his religion and his age. It broke through every restraint, and ranged on heavenly ground."

"I think it is the best way to make two or three books our chosen companions, our daily monitors. The Works of John Foster and the Life of Henry Martyn are very dear to me."

"We may estimate the value of any book according to the relish which it gives us for the Bible."

1848. — "We ought to read the best treatises on the subjects which we study. Life is too short to read more than the best.* Follow the advice of Richter: 'Never write till you have read yourself full; never read till you have thought yourself full.'

"On great questions, read one book at least on the different sides. We cannot wholly trust the best of men, especially on disputed questions. Facts, instead of being the most stubborn things, are the most flexible. You will not, for example, obtain a correct view of the French Revolution either from Alison, Scott, Napoleon, Thiers, or Mignet. Read, to some extent, the rare books, which are not familiar to the mass of readers, and which will therefore furnish you with fresh illustrations."

It is very true that this voluminous editor was compelled to read a large amount of miscellany. Often, however, he derived rich instruction from it. While on a journey in 1837, he wrote:

"I have obtained a new Life of Mrs. Hemans by her sister, which I have been reading for a day or two. It is a book of worth inestimable. There are passages in it to which my heart is riveted. There is a mystery in them which I seem to have felt, but cannot describe. There is a power and depth in the human soul which fill one with awe and terror," etc.

With all his miscellaneous literature, Mr. Edwards

* In 1849, Mr. Edwards published a catalogue of the books most desirable for a young clergyman's library.

never allowed a year to pass, without disciplining his mind on the works of Pascal, Bishop Butler, John Foster, and Robert Hall. Thus he had the virtues of a man of one book. His constitutional reverence for great men made him peculiarly deferential to the greatest. His veneration for his parents extended itself to the fathers of learning. The poems of Homer he often carried with him in his pocket for his refreshment as he stopped by the wayside. When the near approach of death had taken away his power to read the volumes which he had carried from Andover to his distant sick-room, and he had slowly consented to send back the volumes to their old shelves, he requested that his Homer might be spared him; for he still hoped to enliven some of his lingering hours with the winged words of his chosen bard. Because he was a man of books, it might be surmised that he took only a stinted interest in the scenes of daily life. But he always seemed to have the latest news from the German Diet and the British Parliament, from our National Congress and State Legislature and the metropolis of his native Commonwealth. The question has been often put by one class of his admirers, When does he find any time for the studies which we know that he pursues? and by another class, When does he find any time for the general intelligence which we see that he amasses? He was a man of quick and strong memory; and the adage is, that such a man fails in judgment; but perhaps our friend enjoyed a better name for his accurate judgment, than for his

capacious memory even. He had a passion for statistics, and a plain critic, who had wearied himself over some of the tables in the Quarterly Register, pronounced its editor to be "without a particle of imagination." But to those who knew his love for the Greek poets, his reverence for their genius, his sympathy with their tenderest expressions, it seemed amazing that he could ever have found a pleasure in accumulating the driest details of local history. He was a Grecian, not only in his love of the beautiful, but also in his self-control; yet by no means did he always attune his life to the Dorian mood. He wept over the pages of the tragedy; he lost his sleep over those historical realities which are often more harrowing than fiction. He was catholic toward the literary parties which differed from him; yet he felt a personal union with his favorite authors, and a tear would often suffuse his eye when he listened to ungenerous criticisms upon Plato or Socrates. He felt such criticisms, as if made upon himself.

A living enthusiasm for good letters was the soul of his literary enterprise. He had this criterion of a scholar, that his toil was his delight. With what buoyancy of feeling did he often utter words like the following:

"We are by no means sufficiently grateful for our literary privileges. How seldom we offer thanksgiving for a *good book!* And yet that book may have been to us of inestimable value; the means of conferring gifts richer than the gums of Arabia. It may have strengthened the feeble flame of piety. It may have armed us to the conflict with

sin and hell. Its pages are glowing with the spirit of seraphs. The mere *sight* of the book calls up the images of disinterested benevolence, of sublime purpose, of inflexible zeal, of charity which was never provoked, and never tired. It is a volume rich in *pastoral* experience. It is a journal of a missionary pilgrim to the Holy Land, bringing back the clusters of Eschol, in its accomplished taste, genuine nature, heroic self-devotion, expansive benevolence. It is a volume full of matured wisdom, of profound and original inquiry, of a child-like temper, and of the keenest spiritual sagacity. We open its pages, and feel that its author, who is studying with angels now, had some portion of an angel's intelligence on earth. We are encompassed by a great cloud of these witnesses. English literature is richer than the fabled garden of the Hesperides. Every branch conceals some luscious fruit, pleasant to the sight, and *really* fitted to make one wise. We rejoice and give thanks that its leaves are not only *for*, but are *now*, the healing of the nations. English literature will be coextensive with the English conquests, we had almost said with the habitable world."

The high aims of Mr. Edwards were of themselves enough to save him from indolence and sensuality. Our nature is so frail, that an exalted purpose may be the inlet of ambition. But it may also, as it should, induce a contempt for the mere applause of men. Our noblest aspirings are intermingled with temptation. And he who would obey the advice of David to Solomon: "Be thou strong and show thyself a man!" is exposed to the class of sins from which the idler is free. This is our discipline here below, and a wise man uses, rather than

shuns, the discipline. The disparity among scholars arises not so much from their unequal talent, as from their unequal enterprise. As a man purposeth, so is he. Strange as it may seem, the minds of some clergymen lie dormant through lack of stirring motive. Whatever our work may be, it must be done with a free, full heart, or it is done ill. Those who heard the lowly accents of Mr. Edwards, were not always aware of the fervid spirit which his tones concealed. In some of his youthful letters, there is developed a spring and exhilaration of mind which we seldom see united with his unfeigned diffidence. Before he was thirty years of age, he wrote on board of a steamboat as he approached New York:

"Our standard should be very high, and then, if we fail, it will be honorable to fail."

"I have felt much stimulated by the death of Mr. Evarts, and Dr. Beecher's sermon at his funeral, to live in such a manner as to be the means of conferring great and endless blessings on mankind."

"I have some magnificent projects in view," he wrote soon afterwards, "some of which, if God prospers me, will be realized. I feel sometimes an unaccountable desire to accomplish some things which man has not attained; yet I consider it to be right to strive after a perfection in literary pursuits, which is probably beyond my reach. I have in view, at some future day, the publication of a work to be called, perhaps, 'The Annals of the World.' I mean to study one or two new languages for this purpose. Still, I am aware of disappointment as the lot of man; and that the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ is of paramount and unutterable importance."

Every one acquainted with Mr. Edwards knew him to be habitually a calm, sedate, agreeable man. He had a discretion that subdued, sooner or later, the effervescence of feeling. He had a jealousy over himself, which prompted him to resist the predominance of a selfish ambition. His meekness overcame his love of worldly honors. In 1844 he received a Doctorate of Divinity from a highly respected college. He was too modest to decline it publicly. His friends could never know what became of it. It was very seldom applied to his name. The Triennial Catalogue of the Theological Seminary omits it. Not more than two or three of his nearest friends ever heard him speak of it. But although he cared not for honorable titles, he had a heartiness of enthusiasm in the pursuit of learning, a passion for it, which may seem incompatible with the common serenity of his life. His entire frame would sometimes tremble with emotion, as he detected the idea which had lain hidden under a vexed paragraph of the classics. Sometimes he could not speak in other than tremulous tones as he walked along the avenue to his lecture-room, and disclosed some of his plans for exalting the standard and quickening the interest of his pupils. His unfaltering zeal for all science made him a man of progress. It gave him a fixed purpose, in reliance on Heaven, to go on improving to his grave. "Is it not an erroneous idea," he remarks, "that a man has reached the meridian of his usefulness, and the maturity of his powers, at the age of thirty-five or forty years? What necessity

exists for prescribing a limit to the onward progress of the mind? Why set up a bound at a particular time of life, more than at another time? Is there not a large number of men in this country whose history would prove the contrary doctrine, — who have actually exhibited more vigor of intellect at fifty years of age than at forty? There are instances among the venerable dead, where the imagination even has gathered fresh power to the close of a long life. That a majority of facts prove maturity of intellect to have been attained at the age of thirty-five years, is unquestionably owing, in some degree at least, to the influence of the opinion itself. It has operated as a discouragement to effort." When Mr. Edwards formed his opinions, it was with an intention of rectifying them, if he ever detected reasons for a change. In his private papers, we often read such sentences as the following: "It seems to me *now* (1849) probable that Matthew wrote [his Gospel] both in Syro-Chaldaic and in Greek." He anticipated the possibility, although he foresaw no probability, that after 1849 he might discover arguments for a different opinion. Thus he meant and strove to perpetuate in his mind the fresh sympathies, hopes, progressive spirit of youth. It was his aim never to contract "the rust of old age." He would not publish his more extended works, until he was certain that he had filled out the plan which had long hung as a picture before his eye.* This plan

* Mr. Edwards was often requested to republish his miscellaneous essays, but he always replied, that he would rewrite and improve them.

gave him an exalted view of the worth of time, the importance of subjecting the physical to the spiritual nature, the dignity of the soul. Men speak of his industry, his frugal diet, his simple life, but these were not mechanical virtues; they all had a vitality, and thus came from a heart enveloped in noble projects. Success or failure, as the world speak of failure; a fruition of results or a disappointment in them, as men count disappointment; whatever may be the particular termination of an endeavor to reach a high ideal of learning and piety, the general result is a triumph. It is a victory over the degrading tendencies of our nature, a welcome to the kingdom where every noble aspiration is sure of its fitting object, a deliverance from those faults into which the sluggish and the selfish sink by their own weight.

As Mr. Edwards endeavored to keep his own motives pure in his literary course, so he was ever unwilling to suspect the motives of other literary men. He was too sensitive, perhaps, to the charges

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before their republication. By a revision, he would have given an increased value to the miscellanies composing the present edition of his writings. His readers will easily see the advancement which he made in his rhetorical culture from the year 1835, when he wrote his essays on Grecian and Roman Slavery, and on the Early English Versions of the Bible, to the year 1848, when he wrote his essay on the Roman Catholic Religion in Italy. His writings on Slavery and on the Early English Versions of the Bible were published before the appearance of several valuable treatises on those themes. Although the essays are concise and condensed summaries of important facts, and have had a marked celebrity, yet their author would have loved to improve them by a use of materials presented in more recent and extended treatises.

made against them. He thus defends them against a very frequent accusation:

"One of the most common motives which the Christian scholar is accused of entertaining is ambition. He is charged with being governed in his pursuits by a predominant spirit of emulation, or of selfishness.

"The principal injustice of this accusation lies in its indefiniteness. It is made so indiscriminately, with so little reflection upon its true import, that it causes in the bosom of the accused person, not unfrequently, poignant sorrow.

"The appropriate definition of the word is, an inordinate regard for power or fame, an excessive desire for one's own promotion in some form or other, leading to the adoption of those measures which will most fully gratify the desire. In the development of the emotion, envy, jealousy, and ill-will are excited; possibly detraction, malice, determined hostility, and insatiable revenge are encouraged.

"No Christian can of course justify any of these things. They are at variance with the spirit of Christianity altogether. Their effect is unmingled wretchedness. In its milder and incipient forms, it is not to be approved or cultivated. Where none of the malicious passions are cherished, where there are no active exertions to injure or degrade another, it may be inconsistent with the humility of the Gospel, and with seeking supremely that honor which cometh from God only.

"On the other hand, undue prominence ought not to be given to this form of depravity. There are other evils which infest the heart and life of the professed scholar. One vice should not be singled out, in order to be visited with all the pains and penalties of the statute-book, while others are dismissed with a slight reprehension. Indolence, aversion to labor, the shunning of responsibility, is, perhaps,

a sin of as dark a die. The slothful servant will meet the same doom with him who loves the praise of men. No one is more tempted than the idle man to exercise an uncharitable, censorious spirit, which knows nothing of that noble disinterestedness, which sometimes accompanies what is called ambition. It should also be recollected, that many things are associated with ambition which have no necessary connection, which may be easily mistaken for it, and which are not blameworthy. There is the love of knowledge for its own sake. The mind was made to delight in truth, to love investigation. An individual may be wholly absorbed in a specific pursuit, because of the ardor of his natural temperament, or the enthusiasm of his feelings. It would wrong him exceedingly to allege that he is governed by a predominant desire for applause, or self-aggrandizement. It may be that his bosom is a stranger to envy and to every other corroding passion, and that he rejoices if others can outstrip him. It is possible that he finds happiness in the *employment* of his *faculties*, that he would be wretched if he were not earnestly engaged.

" Besides, he may be actuated by motives which are not apparent to his friends even. They may be altogether mistaken in their judgment. He may have reasons for a particular course of conduct, which he does not divulge. His earnestness, which seems like ostentation or ambition, may be prompted by love to his Saviour; it may be the performance of some solemn resolution which he has made. The precepts of the Gospel require us to wait, before we pass judgment, lest the woe pronounced on him by whom *offences* come, should settle on our head. We are to remember, that it is a solemn thing to pronounce judgment on that which must, in the nature of the case, be unknown to us, or at the best be doubtful. We are assuming a prerog-

ative which does not belong to us, that of an omniscient arbiter. We are inflicting unnecessary pain on a fellow-creature. We may be doing him a serious injury. Allow that he is ambitious, that he is thirsting for human applause. He may be perfectly aware of it, and may be endeavoring earnestly to correct it. Our interference may discourage him. Our calling in question his motives may cause the very temptation which he cannot resist. It may perplex and irritate him, and thus be the means of overturning every good resolution which he has formed. The more delicate his perceptions, the finer his sensibilities, the more acute will be his sufferings."

Wherever Mr. Edwards went, among the European as well as among the American Universities, he made the impression upon all who conversed with him, that he was an humble, earnest Christian scholar. His friend, Mr. C. C. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, gives the following interesting reminiscences of him:

"Mr. Edwards was a member of the Examining Committee in Greek, appointed by the Overseers of Harvard University, about ten years. During that time, he attended punctually to the duties of the office, and his presence was always welcome. His literary qualifications were of the first order. His general acquirements in philology were extensive and exact; and although his professional studies were more especially connected with the Hebrew, yet his knowledge of Greek was profound and critical. But it was not merely philological and critical; his exquisite taste and refined nature delighted in every form of classic beauty. It seemed to me that his delicate sensibility, and the nicely adjusted elements of his intellectual character, gave him a

fine feeling of the peculiarities of Greek literature rarely attained, and a very uncommon affinity with its varied graces. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Plato, were his delight; and the conversation which these authors led him to engage in, on the occasion of the examinations, showed how deeply the beauty of their style and the nobleness of their sentiments had sunk into his mind. The quiet enthusiasm of his character, and the modest gentleness of his manner, were winning and delightful.

"During the examination, he always gave the strictest attention to the exercises; and the judgment he formed of the literary merit of the young men was surprisingly correct. The influence of his presence here was highly prized by me, and his withdrawal from the committee not only gave me pain on account of his declining health, but I regarded it as a serious loss to the cause of Greek studies. His death was a heavy blow to good learning among us. His devotion to the noblest aims of scholarship, his genial temper, the richness and elegance of his unobtrusive conversation, the perfect purity of his thoughts, fitly represented by a style of Attic simplicity and grace, made him a model of the Christian student, of the sweetest and most attractive charm to the ingenuous young men, who were brought, however indirectly, within the sphere of his intellectual and moral influence."

As a scholar, and especially a Biblical scholar, Mr. Edwards was more intimate with Professor Horatio B. Hackett of Newton Theological Seminary, than with almost any other man. The following is Dr. Hackett's testimony in regard to his friend:

"A[illegible] that w[illegible]able interpreter of the Scriptures must possess, to [illegible], or at [illegible] of the moral requisites, two distinct classes of

[illegible]ay nothi[illegible]

qualifications; they may be distinguished as the acquired and the natural. Among the former are to be ranked the philological attainments which lie at the foundation of all Biblical scholarship. Mr. Edwards attained here an unquestionable eminence. He may not have possessed what is called an original passion for the study of languages; but he applied himself to them with singular earnestness of purpose; and being aided in the pursuit by a vigorous mind and a memory of more than ordinary tenacity, he accomplished results which were honorable to himself and to the literary fame of the country. His merit as a classical scholar is well known. He laid the foundation of his excellence here in early youth, and continued to build upon it as long as he lived. His undertaking the translation of Kühner's Grammar, in the midst of so many other cares, shows how anxious he was to extend and perfect his knowledge in this direction. I know it to have been a part of his routine of private study, to read a portion of Greek every day. How much he contributed, by his example and his advocacy of the claims of classical learning, to maintain and extend an interest in such learning, is known to every one who has observed the course of public opinion on this subject for the last ten or fifteen years. The friends of the Latin and Greek classics owe to him a debt of gratitude for this service, which will not soon be forgotten.

"His main study at first, on assuming his labors at Andover, (being associated with Professor Stuart, who relieved him from the work of interpretation,) was the Hebrew, or rather the perfecting of himself in Hebrew and the cognate dialects. His knowledge of the language of the Old Testament was remarkably exact: he was at home in all its details. I doubt whether any teacher in this country has ever surpassed him as a grammarian. Gentlemen of competent

judgment who attended his public examinations spoke of them in terms of admiration. It must have been a dull student who, at the end of the first year, or the first term even, could not have readily distinguished a Quamets from a Quamets Hhatuph, — which used to be Professor Stuart's test for judging of a man's proficiency in Hebrew. In the devotions of his family when I was present, he was accustomed to read out of the Hebrew Bible; and I presume he could read it, during many of the last years of his life, without difficulty, *ad aperturam libri.* The perusal of the Psalms and of Job in the original, as his friends are aware, constituted one of his means of refreshment for mind and spirit during the hours of sickness and languor which preceded his death. He was of the opinion that the subject of Hebrew grammar may be very much simplified beyond what has been done in any existing treatise, and he was designing, at some future day, to prepare a work which should supply this deficiency. He was abundantly qualified for the task, and would have performed it in such a manner as to deserve the thanks of all Hebrew scholars.

"Almost simultaneously with this vigorous prosecution of the Hebrew, he took up the study of Arabic under the guidance of a missionary returned from the East; and unlike many who commence it, he persevered in it, until, at the end of a few years, he wrote to a friend of mine that he had read through the Koran in that language from beginning to end. He thought at one time of publishing the outline of an Arabic Grammar; he had made such preparations for this purpose, that he could have performed the remaining labor in a few weeks. He relinquished the idea from an apprehension that such a work was not yet needed among us. Yet in his published notes on Isaiah and Nahum, and in his various articles relating to Biblical subjects, the

reader meets with hardly a single word or an allusion from which he would infer that the author had given any attention to this branch of Oriental learning, and still less, that he had devoted to it so many years of exhausting toil. What German scholar, or what other man, I may almost ask, could have had such resources at his command, and yet have so refrained from the use of them? Those who knew Mr. Edwards know well the cause of this singular self-denial; it was not that he saw no opportunity of employing his knowledge with effect, but that he shunned it, — that he shrunk (too sensitively) from any thing that might look like an ostentatious display of his learning. His study of the book of Daniel (into which he went very fully) made him familiar with the Chaldee of the Bible; he taught it repeatedly to his classes. He made the Syriac, also, a subject of some attention; but I am not able to say to what extent he pursued it.

"His devotion to ancient learning did not lead him to neglect the modern languages and their literature. He made up his mind, at an early day, that no one can be a respectable scholar in philology, unless he has mastered the German; and with this conviction he resolved to study it, until, as he once expressed himself to me, he could read any ordinary German book with as much ease as he could read a book in English. This facility he attained; and for several years was accustomed to read quite as much in German as in his own language. When we remember that he accomplished this in the solitude of his study, that he drew his knowledge from the grammar and lexicon, without having enjoyed to any great extent an opportunity to speak the German or to hear it spoken, it cannot but increase so much the more our admiration of his talents and perseverance. He found time to add the French, also, to the list of

his acquisitions, and during his visit to Rome, in 1843, applied himself to the study of the Italian.

"It thus appears that our friend was more or less acquainted (if we include the mother tongue in which he so much excelled) with some ten or more different languages. It is not meant that he was expert in all of them; for no one who has any just idea of this sort of scholarship will expect of a man impossibilities. It is not in general creditable to a person to be known as having occupied himself with a great variety of languages; for in the majority of such cases it may be inferred with much certainty, that the individual has dissipated his powers, and learned very little to any good purpose. What I mean to say is, that Professor Edwards had drawn the several languages referred to within the circle of his studies, that he possessed superior skill in some of them, and was sufficiently acquainted with all of them to make them subservient to his usefulness in his profession. He would have taken a high rank as a philologist in any country. How few among us have a better claim to that title! Whose knowledge has extended over a wider field, and been at the same time equally accurate? Who have treasured up such ample stores of learning, while they have performed so much other labor, sufficient of itself to engross the time and strength of ordinary men?

"But a Biblical critic needs certain other qualifications, which no mere skill in philology can bestow; which must be born in some sense with the individual, and inhere in his mental organization, though culture may modify and improve them. Language, considered simply as a matter of grammar, presents to the interpreter many unavoidable ambiguities; and to solve these, to ascertain the one definite meaning which the writer intended to express, the in-

terpreter must be able to penetrate through the language to the mind of the writer, must gain his point of view, see and feel the subject, as far as this may be possible, as the writer himself saw and felt it. It is only by this faculty of perceiving the congruities of a subject, of reproducing another's train of thought in his own mind, that the student of a foreign language can settle many questions in interpretation, — that he can decide which of various possible ideas must be the true idea. The cast of mind necessary for performing this process I should ascribe to Professor Edwards in a high degree. He possessed a good judgment, comprehensiveness of mind, tact for seizing upon the main thought, facility in transferring himself to the position of the writer whose mind he would interpret. He had imagination and taste, could sympathize with the sacred writers as religious poets, and was not the man to confound a figure of speech with a dogma or a logical proposition. I venture to affirm, that, had he lived to write a commentary on the Psalms, or a treatise on the genius of Hebrew poetry, such as he was capable of producing, he would have given to the world a performance of standard value; he would have brought to the task as large a share of the qualifications of a Lowth or a Herder as any man (that I know of) connected with sacred criticism, who has appeared in our country. Yet, with all this subjective power, he was free from extravagance, loved the simple in interpretation, neglected subtilties and conceits, and insisted that the word of God should be explained with a proper regard to the analogy of Scripture and the dictates of a sound common-sense."

CHAPTER XIX.

INTEREST IN ORIENTAL SOCIETIES.

THE character of Mr. Edwards as a scholar is illustrated by his interest in several scientific associations, and particularly in our Historical, Statistical, Geographical, Ethnographical, and Oriental Societies. The pages of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* abound with proofs of his enthusiasm in all inquiries pertaining to the Eastern hemisphere, the earliest scenes of the world's history. His letters written in 1842 – 45 disclose his zeal and efficient labors for the American Oriental Society. During his European tour he derived some of his richest enjoyment from his intercourse with the German Orientalists, particularly at Jena, where they were convened from September 28th to October 3d, 1846. Four days after that interview, he wrote the following sketch of it:

"*Halle, October* 7, 1846. — I attended last week the third meeting of the German Oriental Society at Jena. About three hundred members were present. The meetings were held in a large hall, which was entirely filled. At the upper end, on the left of the president, were some invited guests, and thirty or forty ladies, who were the wives and sisters of the members. Godfrey Hermann was present, and in very cordial intercourse with his old enemy, Boeckh, of Berlin. I was presumptuous enough to write a paper on our Oriental and Classical matters in the United States. Herr Fabian, our amiable friend, translated

it into the German, and Professor Rödiger read it to the assembled *literati*. In my paper I alluded to the value of the Missionary Herald. Professor Neumann, of Munich, afterwards moved that the Society purchase a complete set. Another member objected, on account of the Society's want of funds. I told them that I would procure a copy for the Society gratuitously. Professor Neumann then remarked that he would purchase a set for his own use. I sat at the *table d'hôte* with the Society. The whole scene was so new and sometimes so ludicrous to me, that I nearly lost my dinner. I did not attend the ball in the evening, at which I heard that Professor Hermann, the patriarch of German scholars, now about eighty years old, led off the dance."

The German translation of Mr. Edwards's paper was published in several periodicals of the Old World. The original English copy is here inserted.

"*Oriental Studies in the United States.*

"There are several circumstances in the condition of the people of the United States, which would naturally impede or prevent an earnest and general pursuit of Oriental studies. The country is new, the oldest portion having been settled but a little more than two hundred years. A great part of it is now covered with primeval forests. The middle section, lying between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, called the Mississippi Valley, as it is watered by the River Mississippi and its branches, is itself larger than one half of Europe. It now has but six millions of inhabitants, whereas it is capable of containing more than one hundred millions. Of course, in a country so large, so rapidly filling up with emigrants, many new institutions

are demanded. Colleges and schools must be established. Teachers in great numbers are needed, and a practical turn is given to every department of education and of life. If a scholar has a predilection for abstract studies, e. g. the investigation of language, he has little opportunity to indulge his inclinations, for he is called away to teach the classics in a high school, or to preside over a newly founded college in the wilderness of the West. Again, we have no large libraries. The two largest, one belonging to the city of Philadelphia, and the other to Harvard College near Boston, each containing about fifty thousand volumes, possess very few Oriental books, and hardly one manuscript. Our scholars, if they have a taste for Oriental studies, must repair personally to Paris or Berlin, or else buy a private library at an expense which few can meet.

"On the other hand, there are two circumstances which are quite favorable to the prosecution of Oriental studies in the United States. One of these is the commerce which is carried on by the merchants of the United States with every part of the world. They have more than seven hundred ships engaged in the whale fishery in the Pacific Ocean. They also maintain an active intercourse with the eastern coast of Africa, with Arabia, India, the principal islands in the Eastern Archipelago, and with China and its islands. Some of the masters of ships are educated men, and many of them are persons of intelligence and good sense. They are in the habit of bringing home valuable curiosities with which they may meet, such as coins, books, manuscripts, and specimens in the various departments of Natural Science. In the town of Salem, near Boston, there is a very valuable East India Museum, collected and owned by a company of ship-masters. Every person belonging to the association must himself have doubled the Cape of *Good Hope*.

"The other circumstance to which I alluded is the missionary spirit, which has for many years prevailed in the United States. More than one hundred foreign missionaries have been educated at the Theological Seminary at Andover, near Boston, with which the writer of these lines is connected. Among these are three of the corresponding members of the German Oriental Society: Rev. Eli Smith of Beyroot, Rev. William G. Schauffler of Constantinople, and Rev. J. Perkins, D. D., of Oroomiah in Persia. These missionaries are found in almost every part of the East, — in Western and Southern Africa, in Ceylon, Madras, Bombay, and in the northern part of India, near the Himmaleh Mountains, in Birmah and Siam, in Borneo and China, among the Nestorians in the northwestern part of China, in Trebizond, Erzeroom, in various parts of Asia Minor, in Syria, and Jerusalem. Nearly all these missionaries, before proceeding to their work, have acquired as good an education as the schools and colleges of the United States will allow. They have, almost without exception, spent four years at college, and three in the Theological Seminary; in the latter attending to the study of Greek, Hebrew, and the different branches of Theology. In the various fields of labor where they are stationed, they have necessarily given more or less attention to geographical and topographical investigation, and to philology. In the Missionary Herald, published at Boston monthly for nearly forty years, there is a great amount of valuable information in relation to the geography, philology, literature, and general statistics of the unenlightened portions of the world. This information is communicated by eyewitnesses, often after long residence on the spot, and with the ability to use the native languages. In several cases, they have reduced languages previously unwritten to a regular form,

and introduced into them valuable treasures of foreign literature, e. g. the language of the Sandwich Islands.

"Among the matters of some interest, which may be here communicated, are the following.

"There are between twenty and thirty Theological Seminaries in the United States. At most of these the Hebrew language forms an important and required portion of the studies of all the students. Select classes often pursue the study of Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic. At a few of the one hundred colleges which have been established, some attention is also paid to Oriental pursuits. At Yale College, in New Haven, which is the most frequented of any of our colleges, and which might be called a University, as it has Law, Medical, and Theological Faculties, a professorship of Sanscrit and Arabic has been founded. The professor is Mr. Edward E. Salisbury, who studied several years with De Sacy in Paris, and with Professor Lassen of Bonn.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to mention here the *Researches in the Holy Land*, by Professor Robinson and Rev. Eli Smith, a work well known and of high character throughout Christendom. It is understood that a supplement to this work is about to be printed. Mr. Smith is also about to print, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, an American theological and classical journal, the fruits of some investigations which he has lately made in Mount Lebanon and Syria.

"About two years since, an association was formed in the city of New York, called the American Ethnographical Society. At its head is the venerable Albert Gallatin, now about eighty years of age, formerly Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The Society has published a large volume of transactions. Among these is a very elaborate essay by Mr. Gallatin on the Indian or Aboriginal Lan-

guages of North America. Another valuable paper relates to the Himyaritic inscriptions found in Southern Arabia.

"It is almost four years since the American Oriental Society was formed in Boston. Its first President was the Hon. John Pickering, who deceased last winter, greatly and universally lamented. He was a gentleman of singular worth of character and of profound and varied learning. At the time of his death, he was president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, succeeding in that office, Nathaniel Bowditch, the translator of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste.* Mr. Pickering was known in Europe by his publications in the Indian languages of America. He also published some articles on the Chinese. At the time of his death, he was engaged in preparing for the press a second edition of a Greek Lexicon.

"The Oriental Society have published their transactions in two pamphlets, the first by Mr. Pickering, containing an address with many notes, giving a remarkably comprehensive survey of the fields to be cultivated; the second, a dissertation on Boodhism, by Professor Salisbury. The Society has also laid the foundation of a valuable library. Among the volumes collected are more than one hundred relating to China.

"In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that students engaged in Oriental studies in the United States, are under the deepest obligations to their German friends. Thousands of copies of the Hebrew Grammar and Lexicon of the late Dr. Gesenius, have been sold in the United States. Two separate English versions of the last edition of his Grammar, published under the care of Professor Rödiger, have been made. The same remark is applicable to various German editions of the Hebrew Bible, and to grammars and dictionaries of the cognate dialects, to various

editions of the Latin and Greek classics, and to German periodical publications devoted to Oriental subjects. The debt of thankfulness which the American student owes in this respect to the distinguished scholars of Germany, is great and inestimable.

" *Sept.* 28, 1846."

The cessation of Mr. Edwards's labors on earth was deeply lamented by his brethren in the American Oriental Society. At their meeting in Boston, May 19th, 1852, four weeks after his decease, they resolved unanimously:

" That this Society mourns the great loss it has experienced in the death of Professor Bela B. Edwards, one of its earliest, most constant, and most zealous friends, whose strong literary taste, enlarged views, laborious industry, accurate scholarship, and generous recognition of the labors of others, have won for him a high appreciation in the learned world; and of whom it may be safely said, that the actual fruits of his studies are but an earnest of what he would have accomplished, had his valuable life been prolonged."

CHAPTER XX.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

As a Christian Mr. Edwards was less known, but was more to be admired, than as a scholar. His pious feeling was mirrored forth in his literary essays. His life was a rich lesson, as it illustrated the

power of Christian principle over the constitutional sensibilities. He was by nature so gentle, that he would sometimes be taken for a timid man; but when a religious interest was assailed, he became bolder than his compeers. He was, at times, severe. By no means had he that effeminate softness of character, which some might have imagined from his gentle manners. It is true that his amiable temper predisposed him to yield his own opinions and preferences to those of his associates; but if he suspected that the claims of learning or virtue would suffer, by one iota of change in any one of his plans, no man was more inflexible than he. Nothing could move him. He would sacrifice his comfort, or his health, or friends, — any thing, every thing, — to the scheme which was demanded by his conscience. He would have been sure that he was right; he would have petitioned to Heaven for a sound opinion; yet for a worthy end he would have died a martyr. His life has illustrated the tendency of a strict conscientiousness to stimulate the mental faculties. He was so scrupulous in his aim to be accurate, that he sharpened his powers of observation, and quickened his memory, and thus avoided many mistakes. He spoke slowly that he might speak correctly. He hesitated for the right word, lest he should make a false impression by the wrong one. Here, as elsewhere, his temper controlled his manners. Whenever he lost his patience with other men, it was for their intolerant or dishonest or unfaithful spirit. A habit of strict and unhesitating veracity secures but

little honor from the world, but it is one of the hardest — shall we also say *rarest?* — virtues found among political — and is there not danger that we must ere long add *theological?* — partisans. So earnest was Mr. Edwards in his desire to represent all things, as well as all men, with scrupulous fairness and fidelity, that he seemed to be pained, even in the last months of his life, by a simply accidental misquotation from any of his favorite authors. This extreme love of accuracy, was in part a result of his desire to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

In these days his life has been a timely lesson, as it has exemplified the union between a literary enthusiasm and a depth of piety. He had theoretical arguments, but in himself he was a living argument, against the policy of dwarfing the intellect for the sake of nourishing the affections. His interest in the pliant language, the beautiful images, the nice distinctions, the wise maxims of the Greeks, prepared him to admire the higher sublimity and the broader wisdom of the inspired Jews. The progressive delicacy of his taste quickened his zeal for Christian truth, of which all the beauties of earth are but types and shadows. His religious progress is well delineated in those three words inscribed on Herder's tombstone: "Light, Love, Life." For as he gained the more light, he caught the more glowing love; and as his love flamed out in a new ardor, he enjoyed the truer life. His effort to combine a profoundly religious spirit with high attainments in

learning, was one of his most distinctive characteristics. He has thus expressed himself:

Henry "Martyn's finished education gave him a character wherever he went. His name was a very humble one. His family was scarcely known out of Cornwall. He had no powerful, titled friends, to commend him to public confidence. But it was known that he was a most indefatigable scholar. This fact allayed prejudice, conciliated esteem, and opened before him spheres of usefulness, which a man of imperfect education would have in vain tried to enter.

"His thorough mental discipline was also of high importance, as an auxiliary to his studies. It enabled him to seize the important bearings of a subject, to reject decisively unimportant circumstances, to bring the whole force of his mind upon that which was essential and enduring. When he applied himself to the study of a foreign language, he knew where to begin. He did not waste his power in pursuing philological trifles. The study of the Principia enabled him to grapple in argument with the wily Mohammedan, and to unravel the sophistry of the captious Moollah.

"His education also gave him confidence in his own ability. He had been tried in the severe ordeal of college competition. It had worn away the excrescences of character which are a hindrance and mortification to an undisciplined mind. His education supplied him with the power of accomplishing his purpose, when unexpected difficulties were gathering around him. His mental powers were bred to obey. Whether he was reasoning with a Catholic friar, or debating with a Brahmin, or measuring his logical weapons with the imaginative Soofie, he was collected, firm, ready. In patience he possessed his mind as well as his heart.

"A still more important benefit resulting from his mental discipline was his increased power to control his heart, to practise self-denial, and to attain to the full measure of his calling. Before he commenced the practice of devout meditation on some selected Scriptural topic, daily, he had chastened his imagination, and disciplined his reason. When he entered on the Christian warfare, he entered on it with signal advantages. He could bring a cultivated intellect to the contemplation of spiritual and abstract truth. In resisting the temptations of Eastern manners, and the softness of Eastern climates, his Cambridge studies were of inestimable service.

"Martyn's scholarship has been of eminent utility, in increasing the influence of his example. When he speaks of his joyful determination to count all things loss for Christ's sake, we know that he speaks in the sincerity of his soul. He has measured the value of the sacrifice which he makes. Like Justin Martyr, he has visited the schools of science, and been crowned with its laurels, but he has returned dissatisfied. All the spoils which he has gathered in Grecian and Roman fields, he gladly lays down at the cross of his Redeemer.

His Memoir has "been read, and, it is believed, in not a few cases with profit, by multitudes to whom its spiritual excellences presented no attractions, who were won to its perusal by the proofs of scholarship, and the charms of taste and genius, which are everywhere apparent. It is occasion, we think, of fervent gratitude to God, that it is so. Here is a noble instance of the union of knowledge and religion, of the compatibility of eminent attainments in both. Here is the modesty of true science, and the humility of true Christianity. Here are "lips wet with Castalian dews," breathing the most entire consecration of soul *and body* to the service of the Redeemer.

"The due cultivation of the moral and intellectual powers, or the union of high spiritual and mental attainments, is a practical subject of unspeakable importance. The two things are frequently and mournfully disconnected. We see ardent zeal, and undoubted sincerity in a religious profession, associated with palpable ignorance, and sometimes with an apparently conscientious opposition to the pursuits of taste and genius. On the other hand, distinguished attainments in knowledge are not seldom witnessed with a feeble faith, and languishing religious hopes.

"That a man can be at the same time an eminent scholar and an eminent Christian, is difficult, but not impossible. Boerhaave, Buchanan, Martyn, are competent witnesses. Knowledge is power, and holiness is power. United they are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, and of every thing which exalteth itself against the truth. The way to attain both is very simple. Only one rule need be observed: *Make it your supreme object to live for the glory of God, in the salvation of men.* This will lead you to make your own calling and election sure; to secure for yourself, first of all, a good hope through grace. It will lead you to estimate very highly the exalted endowments of reason which God has given to you. It will make you most conscientious in the improvement of time. It will give you those habits of self-denial, which are alike important in mental and moral discipline. You will so feel your obligations to the Saviour, as to wish to serve him in the highest exercise of your understanding. The perfection of human character consists in the harmonious cultivation of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers. Neither can be neglected without guilt. All are necessary to the highest usefulness."

Another characteristic of Mr. Edwards as a religious man was, his readiness to associate the most solemn thoughts with the minute incidents of life. To his intimate companions it was obvious that his mind dwelt in heaven. How many illustrations of this fact throng upon the memory! When he first landed in Great Britain, some kind friends introduced him at once to the beautiful scenery of the island. Those friends he spoke of as representatives of the glorified spirits who would welcome him at death to the paradise above. When he reached the American shore after his foreign travel, he exclaimed, "*Laus sempiterna Deo!*" as he compared the scene to his ultimate arrival at the haven of endless rest. His tendency to associate religion with nature, multiplied the charms of the Bible to him. It prompted him to write many such comments as the following:

"All accounts, both sacred and profane, agree in representing the soil of Palestine as extremely fertile. 'For Jehovah thy God,' says the lawgiver, 'bringeth thee into a *fruitful* land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and lakes, that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.' Josephus remarks that the whole of Galilee was rich, abounding in pastures, planted with various kinds of trees, while Samaria and Judea were abundant in their agricultural productions. In these eulogistic expressions, the discriminating Tacitus coincides. 'It is obvious,' says the traveller, Maundrell, 'that the rocks and hills must have been anciently covered

with earth, and cultivated and made to contribute to the maintenance of the inhabitants, no less than if the country had been all plain.' The sides of the most barren mountains were rendered fertile, by being divided into terraces, like steps, rising one above another, whereon soil had been accumulated with great labor.

"Still, the fruitfulness of the country was greatly depending on causes which *varied* from year to year. If the first rain, which fell in October and November, was withheld, some of the productions were sure to perish. If the latter rain, or that of April, was also restrained, the horrors of famine were the certain result. Sometimes vast swarms of migrating locusts stripped the land of every green leaf. But in years when all things were favorable, when through the four summer months there were copious dews, when the autumnal and the vernal rains came seasonably and abundantly, then the earth brought forth by handfuls; the ploughman overtook the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed; the mountains dropped sweet wine, and the hills melted with the confluent streams of milk and honey.

"*These* were the years that Jehovah emphatically *crowned* with his goodness and signalized by extraordinary fertility; honored them, as if he had set a golden diadem upon their heads.

"At the close of one of these years, possibly after refreshing showers had put new life into the hard and sunburnt soil, the sacred poet seems to have been unable to prevent his feelings from gushing forth into audible thanksgiving:

'For there is silent expectation, and praise, O God, in Zion,
And unto thee shall be performed the vow!
Hearer of prayer,
To thee shall all flesh come!

Sins have prevailed against me;
Our transgressions, thou shalt overlook them!
Happy he that thou choosest, and causest to approach,
That he may inhabit thy courts!
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
Thine holy temple!
By terrible things (towards our enemies), in righteousness,
Hast thou answered us, God of our salvation,
The Hope of all the ends of the earth and the sea, even the most distant,
Confirming the mountains by thy power,
Girded with might!
Who quietest the uproar of the seas,
The uproar of their breakers,
And the tumult of the nations.
Those who dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens;
The outgoings of the morning and of the evening thou makest to exult!
Thou visitest the earth and enrichest it;
Thou dost *abundantly* enrich it;
The river of God is full of water.
Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared it (the earth).
Her furrows thou dost water,
Thou dost level her ridges;
With large drops of rain, thou dost cause the earth to flow,
Her springing thou dost bless.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop fatness on the pastures of the wilderness,
And with rejoicing the hills gird themselves.
Clothed are the pastures with flocks,
And the valleys are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, yea, they sing.'

"At the overflowing goodness of God, nothing was mute. The dumb flocks broke forth in grateful melody, and even the green herbage on which they revelled itself had a tongue in praise of Him whose pencil gave it its color, and whose breath imparted to it its perfume. It was not enough for God to furnish the fruits necessary for the sup-

port of man. He adorned the earth with flowers of every form and fragrance. It is full of his *gratuitous* love, of *superadded* grace. The lines of beauty and of utility constantly intermingle and run into each other."

The religious character of Mr. Edwards was marked by a desire to combine seemingly conflicting virtues. In all things, his tendency was to unite and build up, rather than to disintegrate and tear down. From his numerous papers on the combination of the virtues, the following are illustrative of his character:

Union of the Contemplative with the Active Habit.

"It is of great importance that all Christians should strive to unite habits of *contemplation* and of *action*. Our feelings ought to flow from the truth. We ought to think, and then to act; to meditate, and then, under the feelings which that meditation produces, to do our duty. We are to carry out into life what we have treasured up in our contemplations. Our bodies are not made for constant activity, nor our minds, while in connection with the body, for unremitted exertion. We must take time for prayer, for serious and habitual examination, for reflection on the word and works of God, and to form resolutions of doing good. And we must also find time to act, to be rich in good works, to labor, to let the thoughts and feelings, which we have gathered up in the morning, flow out and gladden our path during the day. The human mind is ever running into extremes. In one age it is prone to silent, cold, abstract, unintermitted contemplation, gazing on truth till men become more like statues than living beings. In another age, the tendency is to the other extreme; it is bustle, restless activity,

constant excitement, an inability or unwillingness to think. Men do good, they know not how nor why. They are variable, capricious, going from object to object, not to be depended upon, especially in times of difficulty, and when some great object is to be accomplished. Mere reflection, contemplation unaccompanied by action, is like a deep fountain, which is always closed, always sealed up from public use and enjoyment. Action alone, without reflection, is a summer brook, which runs for a time with great rapidity and violence, but, not being fed by any living springs, fails in the hour of need, is dry when we are most in want of it."

Union of a Dependent with an Enterprising Spirit.

"It is the duty of Christians to unite a deep sense of *dependence on God* with vigorous *effort on their own part.* Entire dependence and powerful exertion are perfectly consistent. Working out our own salvation is in complete harmony with feeling that it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do. The two things run parallel with each other. 'Trust in the Lord and do good.' 'Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you.' 'Awake from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' 'As your days are, so shall your strength be.' It is *coöperation.* It is union of effort. Neither is to be disregarded. Both are essential. God does not help that man who will not help himself. On the other hand, God will not prosper him who leans to his own understanding, and does not look to 'the hills.' In this state of mind, dependence on God, the full force of the Christian motives is apprehended. Who can value the love of Christ like him who feels his own wants? The affecting truth, that Christ died for him, makes no impression on the proud and self-sufficient man. The Saviour manifests himself only to the meek and lowly, because no other feel their

need of him, or would welcome him to their hearts if he came. Those who wait on him shall renew their strength. When they are weak, then they are strong. When they glory in infirmity, then the power of Christ shall rest upon them. We shall never know the real worth of divine assistance, till we have felt our need of it. We shall know how to value aid, only when we meet with difficulties. It was when Peter was sinking in the waves, it was when Jeremiah was in the depths of the dungeon, it was when Jehoshaphat was on the field of battle, that they felt their need of help from above. It is the pressure of affliction, or the pressure of duty, which will lead men to pray and feel their dependence.

"There is really, therefore, no mystery in this union of personal exertion and dependence on God. There is no difficulty in fact. We may hesitate, and doubt, and be sceptical, when we look at either of them separately, or if we try to find out the mode in which God operates on our minds; but the difficulty is entirely removed, the mystery all vanishes, in practice.

"It is very important at the present time, that Christians should keep these two truths together, and not separate what cannot be separated without infinite mischief. It would have done better in past ages to rely with a sort of Mohammedan fatalism on the sovereignty of God, resolving even the indolence and inactivity of Christians into the arbitrary appointment of the Deity. But now is the time when the assistance of God is indispensable, and the efforts of man equally so. He who takes away from the importance of either, does a great and irreparable injury. It is the constant and close connection of the two, which is going to renovate this world, — prayer and effort; judicious and vigorous use of all the proper means, accompanied and aided

by the influence of the Spirit. It is the importunate prayer which never fainteth, and the honest prayer which is followed by most patient and self-denying exertion."

The religious life of Mr. Edwards was characterized by a reverence for the kingdom of Christ. He wrote more on the Redeemer's reign than on almost any other theme. A few specimens of his style of writing on this subject follow:

Peculiar Emotions of Christians toward their King.

"All the subjects of Christ's kingdom feel towards its exalted Head, at one and the same time, emotions of the utmost veneration, of affection, those feelings which prompt to obedience and thankfulness. All these four classes of feeling are commingled, and equally cherished. Perhaps these emotions were never felt towards the head of any earthly state, even in a limited degree. We may entertain the spirit of obedience to the laws of a ruler, not because we feel much respect towards him personally, but for the general good, and because he is the representative of the sovereign power. He may be a good and admirable man, and therefore we may entertain towards him feelings of personal love. But he does not command our highest respect. Sentiments of admiration and reverence we cannot feel. Or he may be a good man, and endowed with a character which commands our highest respect. But he is cold and reserved; we cannot love him. If, however, goodness and greatness should be in a measure combined, and we should promptly acquiesce in the administration of his government, yet he has never done any thing particularly fitted to awaken our *thankfulness*. He does not stand before us in the attitude of a benefactor. We may love and reverence him, and cheerfully accede to his requi-

sitions, but gratitude towards him does not gush from our hearts. But our Saviour awakens all these emotions simultaneously, and in the highest degree. They all concentrate in him. His laws are obeyed because they are intrinsically good, are seen to rest on the soundest reasons, embody the very spirit of equity, are fitted with unerring precision to all the wants of man's moral nature. We can conceive of no higher reason, no more transcendent good, than to obey them in spirit and in truth.

"Affectionate feelings *must* be cherished towards him by the mind that is capable of appreciating the purest and most diversified moral excellence. Our Saviour's love was tender, yet manly and reasonable; delicate in the highest degree towards his earthly relatives, and unquenched in the midst of bitter personal sufferings; yet disinterested, overlooking no object; comprehensive as were the miseries of the race; — a character made perfect by suffering, having all those deeper and finer traits which can be acquired in no other school; full of gentleness and benignity, sympathizing with little children, pleased with the flower of the field, patient as a lamb in his own sorrows, never weary in doing good to others. The more we study it, the more shall we be struck with that wonderful assemblage of qualities, fitted to excite love in return.

"Yet this was not all. Look for a moment into the concluding chapters of his life. The interest of ages is crowded into six or eight hours. We are alternately in time and in the eternal world. There is nothing analogous to it in the history of the world. We see a human melancholy blended with a godlike compassion; we behold a being predestined to suffer; borne on to his irresistible doom by presage, and type, and prediction, and the determinate counsel of God; yet acting with a moral freedom unlike that of

any other descendant of Adam; comforting the heart-broken daughters of Jerusalem; conversing with the Eternal Father as an equal with an equal; praying with nervous sensibility that the cup might pass from him, when he knew that sympathizing angels filled all the upper air.

"Ardent love is, therefore, not the only emotion awakened. Profound and awful veneration is also excited. All irreverent familiarity is excluded. The Head of the spiritual kingdom receives adoring homage, as well as fervent affection. Love is chastened and ennobled by the dignity of the object."

Eternity of Christ's Kingdom.

"The mind renewed and enlightened by the Spirit of God, shows a remarkable aptitude for all religious truth. Commonly, in its ordinary states, it finds its satisfaction with practical topics, with interesting details, with those truths in which it can feel a kind of home and personal interest, with Christ as its individual Saviour, with those familiar themes which awaken at once its deepest sensibilities. But at other times the most abstract truth is the most influential. There are states of the soul when it discards all its ordinary topics of comfort and meditation, and feasts with intense delight on subjects the most distant from the senses, and the most comprehensive in their nature. All truth becomes practical. It would seem that the soul has faculties which connect it with the outermost region of knowledge. There are times when the immensity of God, for example, is of the deepest practical interest. The unimaginable greatness of the Divine Being becomes an object of profound and cherished meditation. In seasons of affliction, when friend after friend, most beloved, whom we feel that we cannot lose, depart from our

sight, when our fondest earthly hopes perish in a moment, how interesting seems the *eternity* of God. There *is* one object which we can grasp and feel safe. One rock lifts its everlasting head above all the accidents of time, above the roar of the ocean. *There*, in the midst of a crumbling universe, we are secure. 'The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting arms,' were the last words which the ancient lawgiver uttered, when he went up on the mountain to die; and he could have said nothing more consoling. A New Testament writer compresses all which he had previously said, in the brief sentence, 'Wherefore receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved'; that is, we are citizens of a commonwealth that has in it no seeds of dissolution, members of a society that shall have no discordant element, united in a polity whose only law is love, entering on a destiny where all possibility of disaster, all the contingencies of evil, are excluded for ever. Where, in all the realm of religious truth, could a topic be found more ennobling to the soul, more fitted to confirm it in the path of virtue, or to awaken the profoundest gratitude? There is something inexpressibly touching, as well as sublime, in the idea of the eternal duration of such a kingdom; in the thought of that dear communion which may be held for ever with spirits kindred with your own, — not selfish, not isolated, but bound each to each by the common bonds of high intelligence, and the warmest spiritual sympathy, and all allied in undying affection to one common and glorious Head, who feels towards all the most complacent delight, sheds upon all his selectest influence. This mutual communion, this idea of a celestial commonwealth, is founded in the nature of man, on which grace places the seal, and effects its realization. Prophet and Evangelist, rapt in vision, could imagine heaven itself in no other way so worthily.

Especially during the last years of his life, Mr. Edwards was remarkable for his sober and earnest reflection on the blessedness of the righteous. He expressed himself often in words like the following:

Is Heaven a Locality?

"Heaven is to be regarded eminently as a state of the heart, or as a condition of the soul, more than as a locality, or a defined and specific world. Heaven commences when a man truly repents. Then is the dawn of an everlasting day. Then is the beginning of that which shall be perfected after death. The soul that loves its Redeemer, enjoys the same happiness which swells the bosoms of the just made perfect. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. It consists in love to God, and love to man. It is right feeling flowing out into right conduct. The kingdom of heaven belongs to the poor in spirit, or rather poverty of spirit is the kingdom of heaven. 'Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend? or, Who shall descend? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Thou hast heaven already begun within thee.

"Some Christians seem to imagine that *death* will effect some great and mysterious change within them, some singular revolution in the faculties of their minds, or in the affections of their hearts; that however thoughtlessly they may have lived up to the last moment of life, all will be well then. In this way they make *death* to be the great renovator of their souls. They think that death will perform that office for them, which they neglected while in *life to seek* from the Holy Spirit.

"But such an impression receives no countenance either from reason or Scripture. As sickness finds a man, death leaves him. Death is simply the dissolving of the connection between the soul and the body. It is ceasing to be in a state of probation. The mind remains unchanged. There is little reason to think that any new faculty or new sense is added to the mind by death. It is, indeed, freed from the encumbrance of a frail and dying body. Its operations, which were before partly concealed, are brought out into daylight; — but the essence, the constitution of the soul, is not changed. It remains the same free, active, thinking, feeling, responsible mind, capable of reflection, capable of joy and of suffering. There is probably a locality, a distinct and defined place for blessed spirits after death. This perhaps may be implied in certain passages of Scripture. It is difficult on any other ground to conceive how *social* happiness could be enjoyed. Finite beings, especially, like the human race in the possession of glorified bodies, must have a relation of some sort to space as well as to time, or to a succession of events. But this is to be regarded as subordinate, as an appendage to the bliss of heaven. The grand essential thing is a *right* heart, pure affections, benevolent feelings."

Activity of Heaven.

"It appears to be an opinion entertained by some persons, that heaven is a state of quiescence, of mere rest; that the enjoyment is all of a passive kind; that the inhabitants are constantly receiving bliss rather than communicating it, — uninterruptedly singing hymns of praise to God, or indolently reclining on Abraham's bosom, lost in contemplation, or in an ecstasy of enjoyment; that they, as it were, lose their personal identity, — in one great ocean

of being lost and swallowed up. But this opinion is both erroneous and of pernicious tendency. The human mind, sanctified or unsanctified, is active. Its very nature is activity. It is difficult, if not impossible, to form the conception of a human soul without it. The body requires rest, but the mind is awake by night and by day. Its movements may not all be apparent. Its relations to the body and to the external world may be interrupted; but there is no reason to suppose that the energies of the mind are ever dormant or asleep. If such be the fact in the present state, is there any reason to suppose that, when delivered from the encumbrance of flesh and blood, when the darkness which sin had spread over its faculties is all removed, and it springs into a new sphere of enjoyment, it will lose any of its activity?

"There is nothing mean or degrading in the idea of labor. Man, as he came in perfect beauty from under his Creator's hands, was appointed to dress the garden and to keep it. He could not, as it seems, be perfectly happy without toil or labor.

"There are, moreover, many reasons to conclude that the angels, who never sinned, are constantly employed. The very name *angel* signifies a messenger; one who is appointed to execute a commission. They do the commandments of God. An angel appeared to Zacharias and to Mary. Angels announced the birth of the Saviour, — and they attended him in his temptation and in his final agony. They conducted the Apostles out of prison. An angel advised Cornelius to send for Peter. An angel informed Paul that he and his companions should not perish on their voyage to Rome. Lazarus was borne by angels to Abraham's bosom. The separation of the righteous from the wicked at the day of judgment is ascribed to the angels. In short,

they are described as *ministering* spirits sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation. All these passages go to prove that their great work is not silent adoration, abstract contemplation, but activity, boundless activity. Now, as the angels are the servants of God, will not man be like them in this respect? They are to be regarded simply as the elder brethren of the redeemed family, only possessed of more intelligence, experience, and love. At any rate, it is perfectly clear that heaven is a state of vigorous employment. The worlds which God has made are the theatre where labor is to be performed, where the designs of Jehovah are to be accomplished by human and by angelic agency. Those new heavens and that new earth will be filled with means and instruments for diffusing happiness, for doing good. They shall *follow* the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. They shall *serve* God day and night in his temple. They shall *rest* only from sin and from its effects, from calamity, pain, sickness, pollution, and death."

Personal Improvement in Heaven.

"The inhabitants of heaven will be placed in the most favorable circumstances for moral improvement. The most powerful motives will ever be present to induce them to make the requisite efforts: love to God, — a fervent zeal for the honor of the Redeemer, — the sight of the happiness of others, — and a wish to advance that happiness. They will be greatly encouraged by the full success with which all their efforts will be crowned. There will be no failure, no disappointed hopes, no despondency, no despair; all will be freedom, alacrity, energy. There will be no sin to weaken the mental faculties, or to distress the heart, — no fear to dampen the courage or weaken the resolution. All

the external circumstances will be favorable: delightful companions, congenial society, pure and elevating truth, the service of One whom they love and adore. How can they live in the society of such men as Abraham, David, Isaiah, and Paul, without improvement? How can they converse on the way in which God has led them, on the new truths which come before their minds, on the striking proofs of the wisdom and goodness of their Creator and the loving-kindness and grace of their Redeemer, on the remembrances of the past and the certain assurances of the future, without feeling an expansion of intellect, a development of the affections, and a constant and rapid growth of the whole soul?"

First Entrance into Heaven.

"What must be the emotions of a redeemed sinner, when he first enters heaven, and casts his eye on *his* great Deliverer? — to whom he owes all his blessedness; who has been to him the way, the truth, and the life; who loved him with an everlasting love; who rescued him from the pit of woe; who led him by the right way into the gates of the celestial city. 'There,' may he exclaim, 'is that Redeemer whom I loved on earth, whose glory I tried to promote, in whose precious blood I hoped for salvation. But, O, how cold was that love! how feeble was that faith! how frozen was that heart! how few and how faint were those efforts which I put forth in his service! He once suffered unto death for me. He caused all things to work together for my good. When I passed through the furnace of affliction, he sustained me; when I entered the river of death, the waters did not overflow me. Now he has brought me up to sit with him on his throne."

Aspirations after the Heavenly State.

"O for the coming of that day when the dream of worldly-mindedness shall be broken! O for the rising up of other Brainerds and other Baxters, who while on earth shall dwell in heaven, and who shall teach wretched men to long for the everlasting rest! O for the descent of that Omnipotent Spirit, who alone can rouse the sleep of the dead, and form those new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness!

"We may write glowing descriptions of heaven. But the *reality* — the *reality* — no human tongue can describe, no pen of mortal or of angel can paint. It is emphatically the glory *to be* revealed; — a crown of righteousness *laid up*. It is indeed, in this world, seeing through a glass darkly. The Scriptures employ all the power and affluence of human language in describing the glories of heaven, and yet that language, copious and energetic as it is, fails to convey the immense idea."

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARACTER AS A MAN.

THE piety of some men is disfigured by their vulgarity. They have a natural coarseness of spirit, which is not entirely smoothed down by their religion. We prize them, as metal in the ore unsmelted. It is not said of them, "One thing thou lackest"; but rather, "One thing thou possessest." When the fear of God, however, is superinduced upon a spirit that shrinks from offending man, when a holy ven-

eration for the claims of Heaven is built upon a natural deference to the great men of the earth, when the most benignant virtues are indicated by courteous and urbane manners, then we feel that piety sits enshrined, enthroned. The image of the Deity, sketched on the inmost heart, is encompassed with fitting beauties. The pearl has a costly setting.

The nature of Mr. Edwards, like that of every other man, and, in his opinion, more than that of other men, was in itself adverse to real godliness. Although it had a fibre more delicate than that of many others, yet it needed a radical change before the commencement of his religious life. He resisted many and strong inward foes. Bitter as were his complaints of his evil tendencies, he did not exaggerate them. His life was a warfare. He needed to have a broken spirit. He had one. Still, in one sense, his new nature was ingrafted upon his old. Some of his constitutional sensibilities were made auxiliary to some of his Christian graces. His religious character received a tincture from his native qualities, as water takes the flavor of the vessel into which it is poured. We shall do injustice to him as a scholar, unless we regard him as a Christian; and we shall fail to honor him aright, either as a scholar or as a Christian, unless we consider him as a *Man*. He was a *Man*. The qualities of a meek disciple underlay the excellence of the student; and the qualities of the man underlay the excellence of the student and Christian both. He acted and reacted upon himself in those varying capacities; his

excellences in each relation were made, by the great Husbandman, to blossom out of his excellences in the other. His life affords an interesting illustration of the *alliance among the virtues.*

Doubtless men having but little refinement of character have yet attained eminent usefulness. With taste enough to detect the prominent beauties of an object, they have astonished the multitude by their bold descriptions of it. Men have pressed through crowds in virtue of a self-reliance, which, though not necessarily inconsistent with modesty, is no special preparative for it. Still, they would have augmented their power over the world, had they superadded the more graceful to the more imposing virtues. In some respects Mr. Edwards would have accomplished a greater good, if he had been endued with a bolder spirit. But his delicacy was needed for the times in which he lived. It was not true religion, but an antecedent and aid to it. He shrank from the turbulent and boisterous manners, the boastful and ostentatious style, of too many good men. His refinement of spirit was one source of his modesty, and this modesty was an appropriate framework for the costlier virtues of the Christian. It was in beautiful keeping with that humble mind which trembles at the word of God. It gave the spring to his literary progress. He felt the need of more knowledge, and he sought it from all men who could give him instruction. It was more congenial with his temper to learn than to teach. He was not ashamed to ask questions. He interrogated those

whom he might have informed. He expressed himself interrogatively after, as well as before, he had arrived at a positive decision. He was not seen talking, when he ought to have been listening, but was often found attending carefully to the narratives of men who described what *he* knew as well as they. In his private papers, he has recorded the results of his conversation with sea-captains and pilots, farmers, herdsmen, mechanics and engineers, with Italian sculptors and Romish priests, with geologists and geographers, with men of all trades and professions, his inferiors and his superiors; and he gleaned from them valuable hints with regard to the principles of science and religion.

And as this modesty gave impulse to his extended scholarship, so it gave influence to it. He was felt to be so unassuming, that others were constrained to give him the honor which he disclaimed for himself. They respected the decisions which he was too diffident to urge upon them. They yielded to the wishes which he shrunk from expressing. Men are so made as to respect lowly merit. They often exalt unduly the worth which lies concealed under a modest demeanor. Some of them are so vain themselves, as to be displeased with ostentation in others. Their envy is excited by their neighbor's display. They are relieved by unpretending excellence. They pay homage to learning when, and only when, it does not mortify them with a suggestion of their own inferiority. "Nothing is more common," said Voltaire, "than people who advise;

nothing more rare, than those who assist." The man whose modesty we are now contemplating was slow to give advice; he regarded himself as fit only to render aid, and that he was quick to do.

Those who have been most familiar with Mr. Edwards, know him to have been remarkable for a hopeful spirit. He acted on the wise maxim of Dr. Arnold: "In regard to one's work, be it school or parish, I suppose the desirable feeling to entertain is, always to expect to succeed, and never to think you have succeeded." He had the true philosophical temperament, so far as that temperament consists in cherishing "confident expectations of one's future success, and but little respect for one's past attainments." He could never have sustained himself amid his complicated labors, were it not for his sunny spirit, irradiating the anticipated results of his toil. In his most recondite investigations he was happy, for he loved them and doubted not their usefulness. His lofty ideal would have depressed him, if he had not been constitutionally sanguine in his hope of a future excellence greater even than his past deficiencies. His tendency to look at the favorable aspects of things which others regarded as adverse, is seen in his pertinacious expectation of a protracted life. He continued even after the decline of his health to discipline himself *for a long life*, so as to insure an amiable and venerable old age. In his extreme debility he avoided those habits which would make him selfish or irritable or dogged after he had passed his threescore years and ten. Nor was he

less hopeful for others than for himself. He expected to hear good tidings from his most unpromising pupils, and in his treatment of obtuse, ill-natured, unfortunate men he manifested a cheerful confidence in their improvement. In the circle of his most intimate friends, he was characterized by a serene or joyous spirit, more than by any other trait. He admired the sermon of Reinhard on "the expectation which a man feels, that after his decease there will be an improvement in the state of society and the times." He often seemed to have a personal sympathy with Spener, who made the dying request that not a thread of black, the color of sorrow, should be put upon his corpse, but that his body should be clothed in white, as a symbol that a clearer day would soon dawn upon the world.*

Yet the brightness of Mr. Edwards's more familiar intercourse had a dark background. With his habitual placidness, he was certainly given to pensive and sombre moods. He had a kind of reverence for that melancholy which is so often the attendant of genius. He loved the poet Homer for speaking of "tearful war." He sometimes queried whether there were not an intensity of meaning which we cannot fathom, in the phrase "pitying angels," — whether the spirits of the blessed, those ministers of grace, must not feel a tender and profound sorrow for human sin and woe. We have seen it to be characteristic of him, that his more than common

* Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. III. p. 486.

hopefulness vanished into a more than common self-distrust, whenever he thought of his relations to God. He did his duty often without daring to hope for a reward. He loved the right because it was right. If he had possessed the ring of Gyges, and had turned the bezel in upon himself, it seems as if he would not have abused his freedom as an encouragement to crime. His religious gloom is not to be commended; but it was a result of his lofty ideal, and his strict conscientiousness. The balance of no man's character is exactly even. Tranquil as Mr. Edwards was habitually, we have seen that he indulged at times in an excess of grief.

On the whole, however, we should not expect to find so great concinnity in the attributes of a man so versatile and generously endowed. He was pliant in his intercourse, but on important themes he had a manlike tenacity of his opinions. How many have been overpowered by his modest ways! — but he yielded to no one in a just self-respect. He was honest, simple-hearted, but wise and far-seeing. The world did not know him. Like his blessed Lord, he passed through the crowds whom he served, and in his inner life was a stranger to them. There was a depth of feeling in him, and such a quiet self-possession; there was an energy of will in him, and such an accommodating temper; there was such a sensitiveness, and yet so cool a judgment, — that he baffled men who would fully analyze his worth. And here was one secret of his power over his associates. They trusted in him;

they leaned upon him; they often yielded their opinion to his; for they revered the spirit which had a depth, a width, a variousness, a compass, an extent of information, a self-forgetfulness, not exactly intelligible to them. The power of his character lay somewhat in its noble contrasts of enthusiasm and discretion, delicate sensibility and sterling sense, lofty enterprise and meek wisdom, modesty amounting to diffidence and firmness equal to the emergencies which called for it. His friends did not regard him faultless, for he was too lowly to suffer such a mistake; but as they became more minute in observing his private life, so much the more did they confide in the purity and rectitude of his aims.

His character as a man will not be fully understood, unless we consider his reverence for female worth. From his early life he had been conversant with a high order of female talent. He was guided in some of his juvenile studies at the parsonage of Southampton by the minister's wife, a lady of rare intelligence and vigor. He revered the pure sentiment, the prophetic feeling, the instinctive appreciation of grace and worth, the quick sympathy with the good and the true, which distinguish the mind of woman. He illustrated his own character, as well as his views of female excellence, in his biographical sketch of a lady* who lived for several

* Mrs. Sarah L. G. Chamberlain, relict of the late Professor Chamberlain of Dartmouth College.

years in his immediate neighborhood at Andover, and who died at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1848. The sketch was never before published, and is here inserted as a vivid picture of womanly virtue.

"It is a pleasing thought, that the decease of some individuals imparts a new vividness and reality to the unseen state. They were so full of intellectual and spiritual life here, that we cannot conceive of them as inactive there. They now, in our conceptions, possess a wondrous energy of being and action. Hence there is little difficulty in forming a clear idea of the present condition of the friend who has lately left us. She had a chastened yet intense curiosity to pry into the secrets of that world on which clouds and darkness rest. During some of the last years of her life, especially, she longed to know the modes of existence of the happy spirits there, the precise nature of their enjoyments, the reciprocal holy influences which they exert, how far earthly remembrances, purified earthly hopes, are intermingled. She earnestly desired to analyze and comprehend the particulars of the general expressions of the Scripture on this subject. Her mind spontaneously wandered through these realms of beauty and holy thought, and of blessed individual enjoyment.

"There was another reason why her conversation was in heaven. With the depth of her feelings and the enlargement of her views, earth could not be a satisfying home. Formed to love her friends as few can, enjoying the society of the wise and good as few are qualified to do, yet she earnestly aspired after nobler communion. In human intercourse in its best estate there was a sad deficiency. There were trains of thought with which few could sympathize, yearning emotions to which most are strangers, mys-

terious impulses never fully revealed to her most cherished associates; there was a secret history of her soul, which no eye but her own and her Maker's could trace. Few understood her character in its most hidden elements; perhaps not one ever sounded its depths. She had feelings not only 'too deep for tears,' but too deep for utterance in any form. Her character was not the result of piety alone, or of refined taste, of domestic affections, quick sensibilities, or personal sorrow, but of all these combined with certain deeply-seated original endowments.

"The disappointments and griefs, too, to which she had been subjected, doubtless made heaven especially welcome to her freed spirit. She had tasted of the bitter cup, as none can taste it who have not her capacities for suffering. The morning of her married life was bright with every promise. Soon, however, the friend, whose memory is still fragrant in many hearts, and who in mental endowment, in delicate affections, in magnanimity, in untiring energy in doing good, fulfilled her fondest hopes, was taken away. Not many years afterward, that indescribable sorrow which attends the departure of the first-born, the fading of that flower which was the cherished and peculiar representative of the parent stem, she was called to feel. From that moment the hopes of heaven were doubly welcome; her treasures were emphatically there.

"At the same time, it would be doing her character great injustice, if it were inferred that she had little sympathy with what is pure and good on earth. Her soul was the abode of friendship and affection. Her sad disappointments, her intense aspirations for the heavenly state, did not in the least weaken her warm earthly sympathies, or interfere with the conscientious discharge of the lowliest duties of every-day life. How she loved her children and

her other relatives, we may not here tell. The tokens of it, the dear remembrances of it, exhibited in a thousand winning ways, are now among the most precious of their treasures. A large circle of acquaintances, some who found a cherished home in her house during portions of their student life, can testify to her uniform and disinterested kindness. Even those whose only relations with her resulted from the common intercourse of business, leave affecting testimony to the nobleness of her character, to her nice sense of honor, and to her cordial good-will.

"Her love of nature was genuine and very uncommon in its strength. She had an exact and practised eye, and a delicate and appreciating imagination. Her abode at Hanover, on the banks of the Connecticut, in the midst of scenery, both in New Hampshire and Vermont, in some respects uncommonly rich and picturesque, was the source of unceasing delight. It was her privilege to explore, in company with attached friends, the Switzerland of the North, the region of the White Hills, exhaustless in almost every form of beauty, and of stern and awful sublimity. She almost literally feasted on the visible symbols of the Divine glory. It was a refreshment to her spirit, to throw off all formality and reserve, and enjoy, like an intelligent and unsophisticated child, these scenes of exquisite beauty and of impressive grandeur. Each new visit, each new point of view, each delicate shade of difference in color, in aspect, in the distant perspective, in the successive stages of growth, in the accompanying phenomena of sunshine and storm, of interposing cloud and of running brook, was marked by her with fond interest and with beautiful distinctness. There was nothing forced or conventional in her admiration; there was nothing like the assumption of a teacher to her younger companions. She was a ready lis-

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phatic declaration of the Apostle: 'She seeketh not her own.' The most active and characteristic element of her nature was disinterestedness. This was the first impression made upon the discerning stranger or the casual visitor; and it was so habitual, or rather it was such an integral part of her constitution and her Christian character, that her intimate friends can hardly imagine an opposite tendency to have been possible. Her principal solicitude ever seemed to be in behalf of others. Her letters were full of sympathy for her correspondents, or for those who had no especial claims upon her regard. In conversation she was extremely reluctant to introduce topics of a personal nature, or which concerned her immediate relatives. If she had griefs, she preferred to let them remain secret. This was almost ever the case in relation to bodily sufferings, however severe. She felt a total repugnance to obtrude these upon the notice of her most intimate friends, or even to allude to them. In short, we know of no terms which express so well her character, as *greatness of soul*, a perfectly natural superiority to all the forms of selfishness. On earth she breathed the atmosphere of heaven. Even here she seemed to be a companion to the blessed angels as they fly on errands of good-will, pitying human cares. We can well imagine the exultation which her freed and ransomed spirit now feels in congenial society."

Where the habits of Mr. Edwards appeared the most attractive, they must be the least adequately described. We cannot venture behind the veil which hangs with so sacred a beauty before his domestic life. Here was the richest, as well as the most intangible ornament of his character. His morning and evening prayers, his social readings in Spenser

and Cowper, his Saturday-evening conversations with his children, his serene walks with them through the groves and still lanes, his unruffled temper, his spiritual example, point him out as the priest of his household. His excellences as a scholar fade away in the light of his family virtues, for which his record is in heaven rather than in a human biography. In the words of a poem which was singularly congenial with some of his own sensibilities, we may ask:

> "What practice, howsoe'er expert,
> In fitting aptest words to things,
> Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
> Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

He seems to be almost anticipating his own Memoir, when he says of two friends who had just been called to a better world:

"Their virtues were not fitted for ostentation and the public gaze. They were among 'the hidden ones,' whom perfectly to appreciate, it is necessary to know intimately; whose graces were retired and delicate, designed to make a family circle happy and contented, — every day revealing to the eye of affection some fresh ground for love and confidence. When such persons are removed from our sight, there is a sorrow with which a stranger intermeddleth not. No vulgar sources of comfort can assuage the grief. It is not a loss which can be measured. A thousand delicate fibres are sundered. It is not one prominent excellence, one imposing virtue, whose absence we mourn. That is gone which we cannot describe. The light and joy of a happy fireside are extinguished for ever. The only effectual consolation must come from Him who has 'gone

to prepare many mansions,' and who will come again, to receive unto himself all who mourn with resignation to his unerring will." *

In the autumn of 1837 Mr. Edwards was bereaved of a child, his first-born. It was three years and nine months old when the father was called to give it up. He had often felt the chastisement of the Lord; but now it seemed to him, he said, "as if the heart, the physical organ itself, would be moved out of its place." For a twelvemonth he could not apply his mind to tranquil and consecutive study. From the letters which he wrote to his brother and sisters, during the week of his bereavement, the following are extracts:

"I am called by a wise and an inscrutable Providence, to communicate to you most dreadful intelligence. Our little George, the delight of our existence, left us on Saturday morning last, at eight o'clock." — "We shall see his face no more. The dispensation is doubtless ordered in infinite justice and mercy, but now clouds and darkness seem to rest upon it. Our habitation is desolate and our hearts are sick with grief. It appears to me to be impossible to live without him. He had so identified himself with every thing which I did, that it seems like tearing away a part of my own life. I have sometimes said with the disciples, 'Let me go and die with him.' The unexpectedness of the stroke is one of the bitterest ingredients." — "He had enjoyed such perfect and uninterrupted health, that we hardly thought he could be taken from us. Doubtless he had become, to me especially, an object of idolatrous attachment,

* American Quarterly Register, Vol. XII. p. 186.

and God saw it was necessary to remove the idol." — "In the midst of this overwhelming calamity, we *should* not, and *could* not, forget many alleviating circumstances. The first and principal is, that the dear child has escaped from a sad and wretched world, and gone to be for ever with his Saviour. '*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*' He has gone to join a company of blessed *progenitors* in Abraham's bosom. His early transference to heaven holds out a strong inducement to us *so to live* that we may meet him, and our honored father, our beloved mother, our sister Catherine, and others." — "His face is now smiling. We opened his eyes; they appear as if they would speak."

Just two months after the day of his bereavement, the sorrowful father was inaugurated a Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. At the close of his Inaugural Address, he cast his mild eye toward that little grave, and uttered the modest words: "The experience of almost every day warns us, that the fairest earthly hopes bloom only for the grave." From that grave he learned some of his best lessons. He studied it daily, through life. In nearly all of the sermons which he wrote after this calamity, there is some word, or phrase, which indicates that he was preparing to meet his absent child. He loved more and more to preach on the rewards of the blessed, and especially on the resurrection of the just; when, as he said, "those little ones, millions of whom fell asleep in Christ's dear arms, shall spring to new life in their Father's house." He *chose* to feel his bereavement as deeply as possible, and thus to illustrate the value of his own favorite principle, that

"Afflictions, in order to produce any permanent impression of a spiritual kind, must powerfully excite the natural sensibilities. A slight impression upon the feelings, will be followed only by a slight religious effect, or rather by no effect at all. An affliction must be an affliction. The soul must be torn in sunder before the balm of Gilead can be applied. In all ordinary cases, instead of checking the current of tears, and drying the sources of sorrow, tears ought to flow, and the fountains of grief ought to be broken up. The gay world will soon enough suggest consolatory topics. The cares of business will soon enough engross the mind. Time will not be too backward to close the wound which death has made. Sanctified sorrow is deeply seated sorrow. There may be, indeed, a desperate grief which is of the world, and which worketh death. Nevertheless, when the spirit of God blesses the soul by means of affliction, he first casts that soul into the furnace perhaps seven times heated. There is a stain of sin on our hearts which nothing but the 'fuller's soap' can wash out. There is a 'chamber of abominations' within us, which nothing but the torch of the refiner can enlighten, and the fire of the refiner purify. The great purpose of affliction is to take away sin."

The general character of Mr. Edwards is illustrated by certain passages in his writings, so much better than by any lengthened comment upon it, that the reader is referred for a clearer view of that character to the Sermons in the present volume, and also to the first, fifth, sixth, seventh, twelfth, fourteenth, and sixteenth Essays in the second volume of this work.

CHAPTER XXII.

DECLINE OF HEALTH. — DEATH. — BURIAL.

We have now considered Mr. Edwards as an editor, a philanthropist, preacher, instructor, theologian, scholar, Christian, and man. As a man he was mortal. That activity of mind which is a rest to him where he is now, overpowers the flesh and blood which cannot enter the kingdom of God. The seeds of consumption sprang up in his body, which had been leaning so long over the learned page. For seven years he was yielding, inch by inch, to that insidious disease. He could not be persuaded that he had any serious malady. He refuted the intimations of his friends, with a tranquil smile. He accomplished more in sickness than most men do in health. He still cherished his plans for a long life. He still persevered in avoiding every habit which would make his old age repulsive. He retained this customary forethought, even to the last week of his life. He persisted in accumulating new materials for new commentaries. He was just ready to finish for the press his expositions of Habakkuk, Job, the Psalms, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. He had prepared the substance of a work which he intended for an Introduction to the Old and New Testament. Fifteen years had he spent in amassing the treasures for these volumes. Now had come the time for putting the gems into their caskets. He might have published some of these works years ago, but he

waited for a more unbroken tranquillity of mind. He had labored so much for others, and so little for himself, that his pecuniary necessities did not allow him the calm leisure which he desired for the final revision of his writings. He could not apply the last finishing touches to his expositions of Hebrew poetry, unless his mind were free from all secular care. The favored time had now come. Sudden then was his disappointment, when he heard, in July, 1851, that the pulmonary disease which had threatened him for so long a time, had become incurable. Still, having consumed the vigor of his life in bringing together from afar the stones of the temple, it was hard to give up the hope of rearing the sacred edifice. In the autumn of 1851, he repaired to Athens in Georgia, with the desire of pressing onward to their fulfilment his long-cherished schemes. He would have preferred to spend the months of his debility among the classic scenes of the Old World. To his friend Richard H. Dana, Esq. he wrote:

"*August* 26, 1851. — Some parts of our Southern States have an excellent climate, but that is all. It is a wearisome life to be among slaves, without any old things about you except the sandy plains and the almost motionless rivers. One county in England, or one small city in Italy, has more points of interest to me than forty of our new States. Perhaps it ought not to be so. There is noble scenery in many parts of our country; but how much it adds to scenery, if there is also an historical interest, or some relic of the past. Some of my friends seem to think that climate is all which is needed for a person like me, forgetting that the mind has much to do in the restoration of the health."

Among the bitterest disappointments of Professor Edwards's life, had been the sudden announcement, that his health would not allow him to visit the Holy Land. Only six months before his death, he wrote to Professor Hackett:

"The failure to carry out my plan [of visiting the East with you] is a source of poignant regret. I cherish strong hopes that a kind Providence will permit me to see Palestine next year."

Three months before his death he wrote again to Professor Hackett, then on his foreign tour:

"You are perhaps now revelling among the glories of the old Athens, gazing on the Parthenon as the consummate work of man, or perhaps you are wandering by moonlight in the Coliseum, or sitting on a fragment of a column in the Forum and reading one of Cicero's Orations, while I am dwelling in an Athens which has hardly any thing but the name to remind one of the 'old renowned.' Our Athens is indeed built on an Acropolis, it has a college on the summit, two rivers flow near, and there are slaves in great numbers. But here the parallel ends. The country is new and has many forests, and yet many of the fields are sterile and worn out by slave labor.

"My cough still continues. But, thanks to a kind Providence, it does not trouble me in the forenoon, nor much at night, and in the afternoon, if I am in the open air, I escape for the most part. If any thing will help me, under Providence, it is abundance of exercise in the open air. What my future course will be is wholly uncertain. If I am able to return to Andover in the summer, I shall do so. I am now able to hear a class recite in ancient geography every morning, and I have no doubt but I shall be able to hear

one in Hebrew in the summer; but the people here all urge that I shall derive great benefit from remaining in Athens. Should God spare my life till next autumn, with a good measure of strength, Mrs. Edwards and I may take a sea-voyage, perhaps to the Mediterranean. But the future is all unknown. I wish I could leave it in the hands of God without reserve. But I sometimes find it pretty hard to give up my beloved studies. How I long to prepare, or at least to help you in preparing, a single commentary. In [view of my having] labored so much, and on so many little things, in [my various periodicals], I exclaim with Grotius, 'Operose nihil agendo.' I have read the Psalms and a part of Job in Hebrew since I came South. How delightful it would be to comment on both of them! May God in his great goodness grant us both life and health, that we may do a little in this way! I am glad that you are able to see the Holy Land."

Sensitive as Mr. Edwards always was, he could not endure the thought, that men should look at him as a doomed man, — should point at him with the finger of sympathy, as given over to the grave. He would fain keep his doom as a secret in his own breast. But while he was taciturn, death hurried on. He was accompanied in his Southern retreat by his family. Yet he learned, what so many have learned before, that in a man's extreme weakness there is no place equal to his own home. He would probably have suffered less in his study chamber at Andover, than he actually endured amid the exposures of a Southern dwelling. A winter of almost unparalleled severity deprived him of his needed recreations. He became too feeble for study. He was

compelled to shut his books. This was a new rebuff to his enterprising mind. He seemed like a man bereaved of his children. He looked like one who was soon to die of a broken heart. His loftiest ideals, the most comprehensive scheme of his life, waved before him in his last hours. His frame was attenuated; it was almost a shadow; but his mind continued, as it had been wont, to engross itself with great themes. Socrates would have referred to him as a sign and pledge of the soul's immortal life and youth. There is a sublimity in the mind which relaxes not its hold upon a noble enterprise until all strength vanishes; which clings to a scheme of usefulness until the very hour of the summons to go up higher. It must needs be, that such a mind is aided rather than arrested in its progress, by its change of worlds.

So long as our friend could hold a book, he continued to read his Hebrew Bible. One morning, after he had perused at family prayer the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm in the original, he rose to lead the devotions of the circle around him; he poured out the affluence of his imagination and his heart, in the seraphic spirit of that Psalm, calling on every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord; — "praise him with the sound of the trumpet, with the psaltery and harp"; — but when he came to the individual petitions for himself and household, his voice broke down at once, his whole style sunk from that of an angel to that of the publican, and all his words and tones were those of a stricken, bruised,

crushed penitent. No other man can repeat the thoughts which he uttered, more than the sentiments of Plato can be transferred into our ruder speech. Words could not express them. They overflowed the appointed channels. They came out in the trembling lip, the curved frame, the tremulous, broken, whispering voice. While thinking of himself he never cried out with the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"; but when he heard the words quoted, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," he seized at them; those were just the words. "Yes," he said, "I can put myself in the place of the thief." Less than the least of all saints, not worthy to be called an heir of heaven, a poor child of sin, almost fainting under the burden of his guilt, — so did this disciple whom Jesus loved ever represent himself. Even *his* aptness in the choice of phrases failed to express his lowly temper. And all his words were measured and cautious. He would ask to be left alone, that he might meditate with a composed mind. Over and over did he reiterate the phrase, "I renounce myself utterly." "I have no difficulties doctrinal or practical. There is nothing in this present world which I cannot resign, but I wish to renounce my past life. I wish to *realize* my profession that I have renounced it, and to have spiritual things brought near to me." His poetic sensibilities remained healthful until he died. On one of his last days he called for the reading of Bryant's Hymn to the

Evening Wind. On several of his last Sabbaths he exclaimed, "How I should love to hear 'Thine earthly Sabbaths' sung by the great congregation!" On the very Lord's day preceding his death, he asked that the doors of his room might be thrown wide open, so that he might see the fields glistening in the sunlight, and might inhale the fresh breeze of spring. He was enchanted with the vernal scene, with the boughs putting forth their tender leaves. His soul was alive with happy thoughts, all the happier because it was the Sabbath morning. He recited the words:

> "As when to them who sail
> Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Arabie the blest ——"

"Take out Milton," he added, "and read that figure." It was read. "It is one of the grandest in the language," he remarked, "and another like it is in those lines:

> 'Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green.'

At one season of the year, the hills of Judea may be distinctly noticed, clothed in green, beyond the river." And then he meditated on the scenes beyond the river. That was the very month when he had hoped to be in Palestine; but he was hastening onward to a holier land than Canaan of old, — fields greener than those which line the Jordan. His eyes were holden, however, that he should not know it. He did not suppose that he was soon to die. He rarely

alluded to the subject of his demise. He expected, — his malady and his natural hopefulness made him tenacious of his expectation, — he deemed it his sacred duty to cherish the belief, which, in the influence of the mind over the body, so often makes the believed event come to pass, — and some of his medical advisers encouraged him to hold fast the hope, — that he might live to complete the volumes, with the plan of which his soul had been charmed. He expressed his thankfulness to his Heavenly Father for the slightest symptom of returning strength. "Although the past week has been unfavorable," he wrote on the 14th of February, "yet I hope, through the mercy of God, that I am rather gaining from week to week. Even if my gain is but little, I ought to be encouraged." But a sudden alteration came over him, on the morning of the 19th of April. At the break of the next day, about five hours before he died, it was announced to him that his end was near. The thought was new to him. But he believed it. Neither then, nor ever before in his sickness, did he utter one word of murmuring. He felt no terror. When asked if all was peace, he answered with his wonted caution: "*So far as I can think, it is.*" One of his last expressions was like the dying words of Neander, to whom he had a marked resemblance: "I am weary; I am very weary." With a clear mind, he sent his love, his ardent love, to his old friends, expressed his unmeasured confidence in the Bible, — the first and last book of his life's study, — and then he breathed out his spirit,

just as an infant falls asleep. He died as he had lived, and as all who knew him expected that he would die, — humble, self-distrustful, considerate, loving. He walked thoughtful along the banks of Jordan; he stepped his feet in the waters, carefully and silently; he reserved his triumphs until he had pressed the solid ground of the other shore.

"One does not perhaps fear," he said in his favorite chapel-pulpit four years before he died, — "one does not perhaps fear so much the pains of death, what are often incorrectly termed the agonies of dissolution, as he does the launching out on an unknown sea alone, — plunging into darkness, entering into a boundless space, where there is nothing tangible, local, or visible, where the soul leaves behind all the warm sympathies of life, all which can communicate with other beings. However fortified by faith, it seems to be a dread experiment. We cling instinctively to some sure support, some familiar surrounding objects. But is it not a thought full of comfort, that to the believer his Redeemer stands at the very threshold of death, the other side of that thin curtain which hides mortality from life, — stands there, not as an abstract form, or an impalpable vision, but as a dear friend, with his heart overflowing with human sympathies? It is like meeting on a foreign shore our best earthly friend, — perfectly familiar with the language and all the objects there, a guide most intelligent, most faithful, who will anticipate every desire, and in whose society we find the sweetest contentment, and the largest accessions of knowledge and delight."

So, we doubt not, was this lowly disciple ushered into that home of elect scholars, for which all his previous discipline had prepared him. He had writ-

ten short memoirs of many illustrious saints, whom he expected to meet in that spiritual world. He had loved to cherish a singular reverence for them. He had thanked God for their life and influence. He had worshipped the Father as manifested in these his elect children. He had learned their history by heart. It seems as if he must instantly have felt at home among them. It appears to us natural, that he should be in their company. In our simple way, we think of him as beatified and perfected; yet as changed less than other men, and as retaining more of his familiar features, and especially his grateful smile; as pursuing his old studies with a fresh zeal; as enjoying a youth to be prolonged beyond the old age which he desired here; as receiving new ideas from the men whom he has been wont to venerate on earth; as consecrating all the fruit of his learning to the God of truth, who recognizes a fealty to himself in the merited homage which has been paid to his thoughtful servants.

It was on Tuesday, April 20th, 1852, that Mr. Edwards deceased. He would have been fifty years old had he lived until the next 4th of July. On the evening of the day after his death there was a private funeral solemnity at Athens, Georgia, where he had experienced during his sickness the most delicate and generous sympathy, and where every honor which Christian kindness could suggest was paid to his remains. An affecting prayer was offered, and a select portion of the Bible read, by Rev. Dr. N. Hoyt of Athens. Under the care of his affectionate broth-

er, the body of our friend was conveyed to Charleston, and thence to New York and Andover. It reached his own house on Thursday, April 29th, and was interred on Friday afternoon, April 30th. He had been wont to choose a private funeral, and a few sorrowing friends met around his bier. He loved to regard a funeral in its more cheerful aspect, and to console the mourner's heart with descriptions of the tender mercy of God, and the sure hope of a resurrection. He preferred that the obsequies of the dead should be performed with low and gentle accents. And so it was done for him. The Rev. Professor Phelps offered the funeral prayer, and read the hundred and third Psalm, and the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Both of these passages had been often recited, with the most earnest expression of eye and voice, by him who was to explain his favorite volume no more.

The day of his burial was the birth of spring. It was precisely such a day as he would have chosen. In the still and balmy atmosphere, we bore him along his favorite walk, under the trees then budding, as if in sign of the resurrection of the good. We bore him through the avenue which he had so often trod, on his way to meet his pupils, and to comment on the words: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." We came slowly toward the Chapel, where, for the first time in his life, he celebrated the dying love of Jesus, and where he partook of the

sacred emblems for the last time before he drank the new wine in his Father's house. We came near to his Lecture-room, where he had so often explained the words: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." The Seminary halls were deserted of their inmates. His pupils were scattered among their respective homes, but in spirit they seemed to come together, and to hear from him the words which he once uttered in the Chapel pulpit, and which he now repeated with the emphasis of silent death: "There is no land of *forgetfulness*. The grave is vital now. It is a region of soft and pleasant slumbers. There is an almighty and an omniscient Watcher, over all these sleepers." We bore him onward toward his grave, so pleasant to him, — in that field of God where the corruptible is planted, that it may spring up incorruptible. We passed the new resting-place of his venerable colleague, who was not disturbed by our sobs and sighs. We laid him down by the little son whom he had loved so tenderly, and at whose side he had in his last will charged us to bury him,* and over whose grave he had inscribed the stanza:

"These ashes few, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and peaceful sleep."

* In a journal which Mr. Edwards kept of his visit to Plymouth in

We sung his old family hymn, which had been sung, by his own request, at the grave of his mother, whom he so much resembled; and then the faithful tomb unveiled its bosom, and took the new treasure to its trust. And *so* we buried him; and wended our way back slowly and sadly to his house. There we watched, as he had so often watched there, the setting sun. It went down in more than its wonted glory. A few clouds were floating about in liquid amber, reminding us that the most cheering light comes sometimes from the darkest dispensations. The beauties of the world fade not away, when our strong staff is broken and our beautiful rod. The government of Jehovah moves on as it moved aforetime, and he will sustain his own cause, and is dependent on no child of mortality. And far beyond that setting sun, our brother lives and speaks the language of Canaan. All his germs of thought have blossomed out and are bearing fruit. All his treasured hints have expanded into a science, of which he had no conception in this dark world. The plans from which he was cut off have ripened into unexpected means of joy. His endeavors are rewarded as if they had been accomplished. With his Redeemer, a good intention is a good deed, and baffled efforts are as a glorious consummation. A

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the Old Colony, he recorded these words: "The will of Miles Standish contains a very touching passage: If I die in Duxbury, my body is to be laid as near as conveniently may be to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law. March 7, 1655."

disappointment here is but a preparative for new service there.

As the day of Mr. Edwards's interment occurred during the Seminary vacation, the funeral discourse was deferred until Friday, June 25th. It was then delivered by the writer of this Memoir, the prayers being offered by Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and the Rev. William Adams, D. D., of New York City. The best words of instruction, however, in regard to a bereavement of this kind, were spoken by Mr. Edwards himself, four years before his death. With those words the present Memoir closes.

"When the firm pillar on which good men have leaned, crumbles and falls, they should cherish a grateful remembrance of it. In the Christian life, men are not influenced so much by abstract precepts, as by living models. It is by reflecting on a living Saviour, on God incarnate, on the sublimest virtue breathing and acting before them, that they are transformed into the same image. It is by dwelling on the excellences of Christ's servants, who have slept in him, that they feel their own spirits elevated and the chains of sin falling from around them. Piety does not always utter her voice in the form of precept or of abstract propositions; but she is clothed in an attractive human form that we can see and love. And in some respects goodness is more vital and influential when the grave has covered its defects, and time has mellowed its features. Tender and sweetly hallowed influences come from the past. Qualities that might have injured or neutralized the benign effects of the example, when the subject of them was living, fade from the memory, while the virtues endure

and are in everlasting remembrance. It cannot be otherwise. Our original constitution, some of the most deeply seated principles of our nature, impel us thus to feel. That long roll of departed worthies, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, has ever been one of the most awakening portions of the word of God, partly because it strikes a chord which is in the bosom of the Church universal.

" He is something more or less than a man who has no regard for the name and influence that shall survive him. A good name is not only more precious than perfume, but it is a legitimate object of acquisition. A melancholy view of posthumous usefulness is sometimes taken, which has no foundation in truth. It is a common representation, that the influence of the toils of the wise and good of past ages is every moment narrowing; that the veil of oblivion is constantly falling upon man and all his enterprises; that it is only a very few of earth's luminaries that keep above the horizon; that many religious works, fondly imagined by their authors to have the stamp of immortality, have long since been utterly forgotten. It matters but little whether one is idle or active in the Lord's vineyard, except so far as his immediate influence is concerned, during his short probation; and that little rill will soon mingle with ten thousand others, and no eye but the Omniscient can discern it.

" Now, were this the whole truth, it would be no sufficient excuse for inaction or discouragement. It is certainly consoling that no Christian act, no virtuous emotion, is ever lost, or ever loses its reward. The smallest service honestly rendered in the Saviour's cause, will be openly acknowledged by Him who seeth in secret. In this sense we never *can* toil alone; our names never can be forgotten. The gracious Being, whose we are, looks complacently upon them, and writes them in his own Book of Life.

"Still, on earth they often live in distinct and impressive remembrance, far oftener than it is despondingly imagined or represented. In proportion to the advance of civilization and Christianity, the long-buried past is disinterred; voices long hushed become eloquent again; influences that had nearly or quite disappeared, again sway the hearts of men; volumes which had long lain in their dusty receptacles are once more pondered, because truth is eternal, because the human heart is in all ages the same, because a peculiar experience of past centuries again finds sympathetic bosoms and a grateful recognition. A single tendency does not describe the whole of man. He is the creature of something besides progress and ceaseless activity. He has roots in the past which can never be eradicated. He has imperishable sympathies imbedded there; his best lessons he finds there; and just as the education of the race becomes true and expansive, just as Christianity ennobles and enlarges man's moral powers, will the righteous, the great and good of past ages, come into vivid remembrance. And not simply those whose wisdom is recorded in books. Those who by patient continuance in well-doing, those who by persuasive eloquence turned men from sin to righteousness, those who taught no lessons but in toil and suffering, unrequited perhaps then, and those who made it the great object of their lives to visit the sick and the prisoner, — all, who in any form conspicuously exhibited the spirit of Christ, do never die even on earth. The fragrance of their memories shall never be exhaled. In ever-widening circles their influence shall extend. Nations now barbarous shall read their story and be enlightened, and shall encircle their names with fresh honors.

"Again, when the wise and good are taken from the earth, their surviving fellow-disciples may well obtain a

more impressive idea of the reality of Christian communion, of the living links which still bind them to all who have won the prize, or who are yet on the field of conflict. If the grave is becoming populous, so is the region of life and light beyond its confines. Ten thousand chords of sympathy, invisible except to the eye of faith, connect our world with that better land. In one sense it is becoming less and less unknown. The distance diminishes as the avenues are multiplying, along which throng holy desires, earnest sympathies, longing aspirations. The illumined eye can, occasionally, gain glimpses of its cloudless horizon; the quick ear catch a few notes of its invitations of welcome. *That* is not the world of doubts and phantoms. It is, by eminence, the land of life and of conscious existence. Its happy shores are even now *thronged* by earthly natures, perfected in love, happy in final exemption from sin; who still, from the very necessity of the sympathizing remembrances with which their bosoms overflow, cast down looks of loving solicitude to their old friends and companions, and would, if it were possible, break the mysterious silence, and utter audible voices of encouragement, and reach forth signals of welcome. These, in the view of faith, are undoubted realities, facts which have a stable foundation, truths most comprehensive and fruitful, the distant contemplation of which ennobles the soul, and fits it for its long-desired and blessed society. This, therefore, is one of the uses of these dispensations, — to give new vigor to faith, a fresh reality to that communion of which Christ is the source and the centre; to enable one to feel that, however weak and unworthy he may be, he is still a citizen of a mighty commonwealth, an inmate of an imperial household, connected, by bonds over which chance and time and death have no power, with those who are now pillars in the temple of God.

"Another obvious duty resulting from these afflictive dispensations, is the securing of greater unity in feeling and effort in all who survive. It is the common and natural effect of the diminution of numbers. When a beloved member of a household descends to the grave, the stricken group instantly feel a warmer gush of tenderness towards each other, — a stronger determination to share one another's burdens, and to be fellow-helpers of each other's joys. The grave disarms unkind feelings, and reproves in touching accents our poor strifes and animosities. It predisposes every generous nature to forgiveness and conciliation. It impressively teaches lessons of that charity which seeketh not her own. If those strong arms on which the Church has been accustomed to rely fall powerless away, one of her resources is in the disinterested and strenuous coöperation of all that bear her name. In an earnest and united action, in a magnanimous superiority to the suspicions of narrow minds and the clamors of party spirit, she may obtain an equivalent for the loss that appeared irretrievable. Fresh combatants will hasten to close up the ranks that have been thinned. Death becomes the occasion of life. Apparent disaster is changed into wider triumphs. The friends and companions of him who fell at the moment he was thrusting his sickle into the yellow harvests, will feel, whenever his precious memory recurs to their thoughts, new emotions of fraternal love, and be nerved to more strenuous effort in their Master's service.

"Another special benefit to be derived from the departure of the wise and good, is the acquisition and cherishing of a firmer trust in God, a more unwavering reliance on his almighty power and grace. The want is not in him. There is no lack of resources there. Boundless as his own nature are his compassion and grace. Neither is there any

want of fitness in him to us. His powers, each of them, have a *divine* adaptation to our necessities. His relations to us are not general, but particular, definite, shaped, if I may so say, with perfect skill, to some want or susceptibility of ours. Neither, on the other hand, is there a lack of powers in us. We cannot comprehend the infinite, but we have faculties for knowing and loving God to which no limit can be set, whose possible acquisitions can never be stated or conceived. Neither is there any deficiency in the *method* by which we may know God, and maintain communion with him. The death of Christ has removed every obstacle; it has opened heaven's gate *wide*, unlocked mysteries that were hidden from ages and generations, demonstrated exactly how every disaster of the apostasy may be repaired, and we may possess again our original birthright as sons of God.

"The great, the pressing need, is something that will *awaken* us, something that will stir the dormant soul, something that will resuscitate powers that seem to be entombed and lifeless. Knowledge, power, susceptibility, objective resources, we *cannot* lack. Two great volumes of immortal truth God has spread out before us; but our vision is dim, our ears are closed, our hearts are cold.

"To enliven and reanimate these lethargic powers, is one great design of God in his visible dispensation. The Psalmist, saddened by the breaking down of those supports on which he had relied, turns as by instinct to the sublime and consoling truth, that God is in his holy temple, Jehovah's throne is in heaven, his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men. *There he* reigns in absolute life, with unwasting powers. The eternal mountains may disappear; the firmest human works may vanish, like a dream of the night, but his throne is *settled for ever* in heaven. Solitary,

helpless as I am, I may turn to Him, whose love is as undecaying as his throne; who has made me in his own image, and therefore cannot despise my prayer; who reigns for the very purpose of doing good; from whom life and happiness flow in ceaseless currents. His Church on earth, when beset with enemies, and obstacles apparently invincible, is awakened by that very experience to look to Him, whose eyes behold her with inexpressible complacency, whose providence, in its ample range, comprehends the *evil* as well as the good, and with the same ease abates the one and prospers the other. If her leaders, who were bearing the heat and burden of the day, or those of fairest promise, who were just entering the field, are stricken down, it is designed to awaken her slumbering spirit; and it often does produce that tender and softened state of the soul, when eternity comes near, and truth is a reality, and the dreams of unbelief are dissolved, and the eternal God is in very deed her refuge, and underneath her are the everlasting arms."

SERMONS

PREACHED IN

THE CHAPEL OF ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

SERMON I.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH PSALM.

THE book of Psalms has ever been regarded in the Christian Church as an overflowing fountain of religious experience. "Where do we find," says Luther, "a sweeter voice of joy than in the psalms of thanksgiving and praise? There you look into the heart of all the godly, as into a beautiful garden, as into heaven itself. What delicate, sweet, and lovely flowers are there springing up of all manner of beautiful, joyous thoughts towards God and his goodness! On the other hand, where do you find more profound, mournful, pathetic expressions of sorrow than the plaintive psalms contain? The Psalter forms, as it were, a little book for all saints, in which every man, in whatever situation he may be placed, shall find psalms and sentiments which shall apply to his own case, and be the same to him as if they were for his own sake alone; so expressed as he could not express them himself, nor find nor even wish them better than they are."

But admirably fitted as the Psalms are for all the varieties of Christian experience, meditated upon and practically used as they have been in all ages, still they are not, as they might be, the cherished companions, the trusty guides, of all who would walk safely along the valley of

the shadow of death. Much oftener than they do, might Christians repair to these deep wells of salvation. More at leisure, with less hurried step, they might wander over these green pastures. Richer and far more varied nutriment these bountiful storehouses supply, than the casual visitor imagines. Mines of wealth yet unexplored still exist to reward the patient laborer.

The partial and unsatisfactory use which is often made of the Psalms, may be accounted for from a variety of causes, in addition to the want of an appreciating and sympathizing disposition in the reader.

Some of these Psalms, and passages in many of them, allude to a state of society, presuppose a condition of manners and general intercourse, which is Oriental, or which has passed away, or with which we have not been educated to sympathize. The allusion, the illustration, is interposed in the midst of the finest strains of devotion, and in passages of religious experience to which there would be a universal response, were not the effect somewhat marred, were not a dissonant chord struck, by some expression which seems at least not in perfect keeping, and which possibly is somewhat repulsive. This intervening thought does not accord with our ideas of propriety, or it occasions some break in the otherwise delightful flow of emotions.

But we forget that many of these compositions *must* have a local coloring, must betray the times, countries, states of society, in the midst of which they had their origin. Otherwise they would lose all verisimilitude. We should be deprived of all power of identifying them as genuine and trustworthy productions. Besides, we are not authorized to set up our peculiar predilections and antipathies as the unvarying standard for all nations and ages. There may

be a beauty and pertinence in illustrating the glories of the Messiah's reign by an Oriental royal wedding, with all its gorgeous accompaniments, which *we* do not and cannot perceive.

Another difficulty consists in the suddenness of the transitions. Light and darkness interchange with the utmost rapidity. Abruptness of emotion, an extraordinary vacillation in religious experience, characterize many of these productions. The most joyous and confident assurance is followed by *waves* of trouble. The deepest melancholy gives place in a moment to songs of thanksgiving. A Psalm opens with passionate expressions of love to the Almighty; it closes with what seems to be an unauthorized anathema on his enemies. The various passions which agitated the pious worshipper, are sometimes expressed with a familiarity and boldness of tone, with which Christian experience in later times cannot always accord, or at least *fully* sympathize. There is, too, an outward, and, as it were, a public manifestation of this feeling, which might, at first view, seem inconsistent with all retired and unobtrusive sensibilities. In the present state of society, in accordance with the methods of modern Christian culture, there are more uniformity of feeling, less violent outbursts of emotion, less striking alternations in the exercises of the soul. Or if the emotions do rise as high or sink as low, the changes are less obvious to inspection, or are restrained within narrower limits.

This difference may be owing in part to national temperament, or to the unbounded freedom with which men living in that age and quarter of the world expressed *all* their feelings. It may be in part owing also to a more checkered experience, to sudden and more violent reverses of Providence, to the more wonderful deliverances with which pious

men were then favored. The difference may be also owing in a measure to *our* superficial feelings, our inability to comprehend the depth of the soul's emotions, our living under the control of artificial or conventional proprieties, where free utterance is not allowed to the thoughts; the restraint operating to diminish and dry up the very fountains of feeling.

Another reason why we do not receive the full practical impression which some of the Psalms are so fitted to produce is, that we do not read them as a whole, we do not find the key which unlocks the precious casket; we admit only the effect which *detached* verses or sentiments produce. We cast a glance on a massive pillar, on a beautiful cornice, on some adventitious decoration. We do not receive the impression which the great temple of truth, viewed as a whole, is so well fitted to make. The Psalm, though overflowing with emotion and sentiment, and characterized, perhaps, as among the noblest specimens of inspired song, has, notwithstanding, perfect unity; it is designed to produce *one* deep impression; all its parts are interwoven; all its elements form one distinct and beautiful whole. Contemplated by verses or detached ideas, it is contemplated only in fragments. We cannot thus experience the effects which its author intended to produce. We stop at the first stage, but the regular gradations all terminate in the topmost and crowning stone. Because there is deep emotion or the highest imagination, there is not necessarily confusion of thought, or disconnected ideas. The composition may be bound together more completely than if it *had* the ordinary and obvious links. This is one reason why we should *search* the Scriptures, why we should not be satisfied with an indolent, desultory reading. We are to *trace out* the mind of the inspiring author; we are

to follow those delicate threads and clews invisible to the cursory reader; we are to toil up an ascent, perhaps steep and uninviting, till suddenly appears the vast field of truth, ravishing in its beauty, admirable in its proportions, and beyond whose distant horizon there seem to stretch away unknown and still brighter realms. Some of these thoughts, and others related to them, I wish to illustrate by a brief examination of the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm; — a composition among the most remarkable, on some accounts, in the collection; fraught with the loftiest conceptions of God, breathing profound and ardent devotion, uniting the most awakening thoughts with the most finished outward form, winged for the highest flight of the imagination, and yet conveying impressive practical lessons; — a favorite hymn in the past ages of the Jewish and Christian Churches, and furnishing the germ of some of the most sublime lyric poems in all Christian languages.

"Jehovah! Thou hast searched me and known me;
Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising;
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
My path and my lying down thou compassest,
And with all my ways art thou acquainted.
For there is not a word in my tongue,
But lo! Jehovah, thou knowest all of it.
Behind and before, thou hast beset me,
And layest upon me thy hand.
Too wonderful is this knowledge for me!
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
And whither from thy presence shall I flee?
Should I ascend the heavens, there thou art;
And if I spread down hell as my couch,
Behold, thou art there.
Should I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there thy hand shall lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me,
And should I say, Darkness alone shall fall on me,
Even the night would be light about me;
Yea, the night as the day shineth.
As is the darkness, so the light.
For thou hast created my reins,
Thou hast woven me in my mother's womb.
I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
Marvellous are thy works,
And that my soul knoweth right well.
Not hidden was my substance from thee
When I was formed in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
My body thine eyes beheld,
And in thy book all my days were enrolled;
My days were predetermined,
When there was not one of them!
And to me how precious are thy thoughts, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I should count them,
They are more in number than the sand.
When I awake, then still I am with thee!
Surely thou wilt destroy, O God, the wicked!
Therefore, ye bloody men, depart from me.
For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.
Those that hate thee, Jehovah, do not I hate?
And those that rise up against thee
Do not I abhor?
With perfect hatred I hate them,
For enemies I count them.
Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know my thoughts;
And see if there be in me any evil way,
And lead me in the way everlasting."

On this Psalm I remark, in the first place, that the main *thought*, the binding sentiment, the key to the interpretation,

is in the nineteenth and twenty-third verses. All which precedes the nineteenth verse may be considered as preparatory or converging to it. The Psalm has an immediately practical aim, which is unfolded near the close. It is not an abstract description of the Divine attributes, with a mere indirect purpose in view. If God is such a being, if his vital agency reaches over all his creation, pervades all objects, illuminates the deepest and darkest recesses; if his knowledge has no limits, piercing into the mysterious processes of creation, into the smallest and most elemental germs of life; if his eye can discern the still more subtile and recondite processes of mind, comprehending the half-formed conception, the germinating desire "*afar* off"; if, anterior to all finite existence, his predetermining decree went forth; if in those ancient records of eternity, man's framework, with all its countless elements and organs, in all the ages of his duration, were inscribed, — then for his servant, his worshipper on earth, two consequences follow, most practical and momentous; first, the ceasing to have or feel any complacency with the wicked, any sympathy with their evil ways, any communion with them as such; and secondly, the earnest desire that God would search the Psalmist's soul, lest in its unsounded depths there might be some lurking iniquity, lest there might be, beyond the present jurisdiction of his conscience, some dark realm which the omniscient eye only could explore. With the moral feelings of a Being whose scrutiny no subterfuge can evade, whose knowledge antedates that of all others, to whom there is nothing fathomless or dark in actual or in possible existence, — with *his* moral feelings those of his servant should harmonize. There should be but one standard of character. The enemies of one should be the enemies of the other. The degree of moral disapprobation should be

proportionally as intense in the one case as in the other. Sympathy with men of blood, participation with those who take God's name in vain, would be, as it were, challenging his omniscience, and proving by one's conduct that the fate of the transgressor had been *predestined* as *his* fate. So, likewise, an earnest consideration of the all-pervading presence and all-comprehending knowledge of God, would lead every thoughtful man to the profoundest humility and self-distrust, and to the wish that the searching light of Heaven may explore all the dark corners of his soul.

My second remark on this Psalm is, that the thoughts are presented in a gradually ascending series. The illustrations rise in a beautiful progression. God's ubiquity and unlimited knowledge are first illustrated by outward and, as it were, tangible allusions; then by the wonderful processes of creation, which no eye can pierce; then by those eternal decrees which accurately delineated all the organic structures that were to come into being; and finally, by the climax and crowning wonder of all, God's goodness to his frail and humble servants on earth, his thoughts of love inestimably precious, more in number than the sands on the sea-shore.

Is it a matter of surprise, that our path and our lying-down are environed by this great Being; that in our walks we never can be solitary or alone; that, free and independent as we may feel, we are evermore pressed upon by a personal and conscious existence; that in the highest heavens he is no more present than he is in the profoundest abyss; that it is his power which wings the earliest beam of the morning, and his wisdom which guides it on its adventurous course; that in the night with its rayless gloom he walks as in the blaze of day? Do not be astonished at this; there are *greater* mysteries, "for thou hast created

my reins"! My bodily frame, fearfully and wonderfully made; that incipient organization, so faint, so minute, as to mock all investigation; that contexture so complicated; those threads so innumerable and so cunningly interwoven, animated by that impalpable breath, that subtile essence, which we call life, — this is the most wonderful of all. Before this curious mechanism of thine, the splendor of the morning and the solemn pomp of night fade away. Wrapped up within thee are mysteries higher than thou couldst find in heaven, deeper than thou couldst discover in hell. Travel not, even in thy wish, to the ends of the earth to see God's wisdom; it is nigh thee, in thine own frame, in thy breathing life. Thou carriest about with thee treasures of knowledge which science can never explore. Thou art in thyself a proof of divine skill, which the heaven and the earth cannot equal.

Yet be not astonished at this. All these wondrous existences, with their ten thousand elements, organs, and ramifications, did not come by chance. They were arranged from all eternity. The model, the plan, all the minute specifications, if we may so say, were present with the Architect, were perfectly known long before time began. In his book thy members were written in the unfathomable depths of a past eternity. This predetermining resolve, this delineating decree, was more astonishing than the power that executed it; the design more extraordinary than its accomplishment. God's consummate knowledge is shown, if possible, in greater perfection by the original conception than by the finishing act.

But more touching than all this stupendous knowledge, more impressive than all this unerring prescience, is the Divine *compassion;* God's *thoughts* towards them that fear him, overflowing with love, uncounted in number. The greatest

wonder in God is his condescension. His philanthropy, his fatherly benignity, his yearning tenderness, is the crowning grace, is the thought which comprehends and exhausts all others.

I remark, in the third place, upon this Psalm, that it does not present the omnipresence and omniscience of God in their *sterner* aspects, as awful powers, punitive attributes, the consuming agents of the Divine will. They are not placed in a cold and repelling light, as destined merely to fill the soul with fear of that Being that can wield such amazing resources. On the contrary, they are presented mainly in their winning and amiable forms, fitted to attract and soothe, rather than to terrify and confound.

If his faithful worshipper ascend the heavens, God is there to welcome him; if he plunge into the darkness of the profoundest abyss, God's benignant agency is felt even there. If duty call him to the extremest verge of the green earth, that same guiding hand accompanies him, that same watchful Friend sustains him. When he fears lest the floods may overwhelm him, or insupportable darkness fall upon him, still the everlasting arms are underneath him, and eternal light shines around him. When he awakes from a state of temporary unconsciousness, and fears lest his Guardian has retired into those depths where he cannot trace him, he still finds that Guardian at his side, with all powers of tender protection and support. *How* should it be otherwise? Inestimably dear are God's thoughts towards him! In all the stages of his being, in all his varied experience from the dawn of life, in helpless infancy onward, the Divine goodness has pursued him with unfaltering step; that goodness has lavished upon him its boundless stores; the Divine perfections have been, as it were, conspiring to mark him out as the object of unceasing and exuberant favor.

From this Psalm various and impressive practical lessons may be learned.

One of the most obvious and direct inferences is this, that meditation upon God's character, the intellectual contemplation of his attributes, should lead us to self-review and humiliation. This practical effect should not be confined merely to what are termed his *moral* attributes. We may indeed consider abstractly, and for scientific purposes, certain aspects of his nature, certain modes of his being, and denominate them natural or intellectual attributes. But in reality his being is one and indivisible. His nature is not separable into parts. All those states which we, on account of the imperfection of language, term qualities or characteristics, really coexist and cohere; they are very inadequate symbols to express a nature which is at once personal and boundless, a perfection whose moral and intellectual excellences can no more be separated than the exact edge or transition points in the colors of the rainbow. Such is the uniform representation of the Scriptures. They never teach us to gaze upon these attributes as intellectual propositions. The omniscience of God is a holy omniscience. The omnipresence of God is the presence of spotless holiness and infinite love. The power of God is the agent and executor of perfect righteousness. When, therefore, we look at any of the symbols of Divine agency around us, the practical effect should be lowly adoration and the deepest self-abasement. The moon, walking in her brightness, is the teacher of moral purity. The stars in their courses, with sounds inaudible to our gross sense, whisper of the moral serenity of that Being who appointed them their circuits. The gorgeous apparitions in the western evening sky prefigure a realm whose pure light never fades away. All nature, all visible forms, all this wondrous

mechanism of sky and earth, all the depths of our physical and immortal nature, speak not simply of abstract power and vast knowledge, nor simply of God's overflowing love, but by the law of contrast, by one of the most active principles of our nature, they lead us to feel our own impurity, our own helplessness, the fearful uncongeniality of *our* nature to that of Him with whom we have to do. What are *we*, that we should be placed in the midst of *such* glories? Why should defilement mar divine purity? Why should beings so corrupt, with hearts so inclined to evil, with eyes blind to the moral beauty that is lavished all around, be permitted to deface what they cannot love and appreciate? "Search me and try my heart; by thy cleansing power qualify me to live in a world radiant with the Divine perfections, to be an accepted worshipper in this pure temple, and to meditate, thoughtfully, on thy uncreated glories!" — this should be the spontaneous exclamation of every one, who is permitted to turn aside and see this great sight.

Another remark on this Psalm is, that we discover in it a reason why a portion of inspiration is communicated to us in the form of poetry. It is not simply because it is more eloquent than prose, because figurative language makes a deeper and more vivid impression. It is because it gives a *truer* and more *adequate* impression, because it approaches nearer to the nature of the thing to be comprehended, because it is less liable to impart false or perverted conceptions. The Divine attributes are, in their nature, illimitable, and at the best can be but partially and feebly apprehended. Yet those delineations in the Scriptures are the most impressive, the most adequate, which are the farthest removed from the language of common life, where the illustrations are the least definite, the least mensurable, the least apprehensible

by the mere understanding, — those objects in the material universe being selected which can be represented only as it were in *outline*, necessarily conveying the idea of an indefinite vastness, of an immeasurable depth, of unimagined velocity. There is a sense, therefore, in which the best method of representation is the most indefinite, the least cognizable by the mere intellect. We do not discover truth, we do not feel its power, by the aid of one faculty alone. For this purpose we have the principle of faith, we have the power of emotion, the faculty of imagination, all to be employed in some form or another, in addition to the light of reason, in obtaining some conceptions of Him, whom to know is refreshment to the heart, support to the intellect, eternal life to the soul. The mercy of the Lord is from eternity to eternity; the high and the lofty One that inhabiteth eternity; whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; who reigneth clothed in majesty; who has been the dwelling-place of his servants in all generations; who walketh on the wings of the wind; whose spirit garnished the heavens, — these and similar delineations, because of their indefiniteness, do actually impart the most ennobling and satisfying conceptions of God. On such subjects, that which is in the highest degree poetical is nearest the truth. Hence the Psalm which we have been considering is one of the principal proof-passages for two or three of the attributes of the Almighty. Hence a main reason why the Hebrews, and all who have enjoyed their poetry, sublimer beyond comparison than any other, have attained to the purest and most spiritual conceptions of God.

I remark, again, that this subject is in the highest degree of a practical character. The attributes of God — his omnipresence and omniscience — seem to be far away from us, to have little vital connection with our daily habits of

thought and feeling. Yet they are attributes fruitful of application, topics overflowing with instruction.

We need such themes to correct the levity, the frivolous indifference which is so natural to us, the tendency to a superficial and conventional life, by which one is robbed of his birthright as a serious and meditative student in the vast field of religious truth. The frequent contemplation of those attributes would ennoble the mind, would divest it of its degrading trivialities, would impart to it a wholesome awe, would gradually reveal to it somewhat of the closeness and preciousness of the relations in which it stands to its Creator and Redeemer.

Again, the longer one lives, provided his mental and moral habits are in any measure correct, the more will he feel the depth of his ignorance, the more will he see that he has as yet caught only a glimpse of the fragments of truth, the less confidently will he speak of the certainty of his knowledge, the profounder will be his consciousness that immeasurable tracts lie beyond his feeble ken, and the more earnestly will he ask for that illuminating spirit that searcheth the dark things of God, the more grateful will he be that there is an open door to One in whom dwelleth all the fulness of wisdom.

Again, are we at any time solitary? Are we following the path of duty in the farthest East, or the utmost West, where the sun gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam flames on the Pacific isles? Are we surrounded by untutored men, whom we are trying to lead to the truth as it is in Jesus, and between whom and ourselves there can be but little communion? How refreshing may be the thought that we are not withdrawn from the sovereign intelligence, that the very circumstance of our solitariness may widen and shorten the channel of communication between us!

Our souls may find a *present* God as it would be impossible in a Christian land. The everlasting arms may be around us in a sense never felt elsewhere.

So it may be in times of affliction, when the vanity of all earthly supports is felt as a most melancholy reality; when the soul, detached from all other relief, may still sing, The Lord is my refuge, I shall not want. I will *praise* thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, — made immortal and spiritual like thee, made to sustain conscious and most endearing relations to thee, made wise by thine unsearchable wisdom, made happy in thine immediate presence, destined to an everlasting progress towards that great luminary, the faint irradiations of whose love now, in this distant world, are my song in my pilgrimage.

SERMON II.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

AND ONE OF THE MALEFACTORS WHICH WERE HANGED, RAILED ON HIM, SAYING, IF THOU BE CHRIST, SAVE THYSELF AND US. BUT THE OTHER, ANSWERING, REBUKED HIM, SAYING, DOST NOT THOU FEAR GOD, SEEING THOU ART IN THE SAME CONDEMNATION? AND WE INDEED JUSTLY; FOR WE RECEIVE THE DUE REWARD OF OUR DEEDS: BUT THIS MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS. AND HE SAID UNTO JESUS, LORD, REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST INTO THY KINGDOM. AND JESUS SAID UNTO HIM, VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE. — Luke xxiii. 39 - 43.

It is obvious, at the first glance, that there is far less local information in the New Testament than in the Old. The interesting scenes and events described in the Old Testament are accompanied with many exact geographical or topographical notices. We associate the event with the place. We can travel or stop with the writer wherever he journeys or rests. But in the New Testament it is far otherwise. We search in vain for those precise statements, in regard to localities, which are needed in order to identify them at the present moment. We know that the Saviour was born at Bethlehem and brought up at Nazareth. More *specific* information is not furnished. On one occasion, the enraged inhabitants of Nazareth led him to the brow of the

hill on which their city was built, in order to cast him down headlong. But the exact scene of this popular outbreak cannot be determined. We do not know on what mountain the loving and astonished Peter wished to build tabernacles for the three glorious forms. We learn that Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. But that sacred tomb has long since disappeared. We hear that the garden of agony was over the brook Kidron. But neither the recording Evangelist, nor unimpeached tradition, enables us to fix with certainty the exact spot where the Man of Sorrows prayed more earnestly. Pilate's judgment-hall, and Herod's courtly abode, long ago perished. The "dolorous way" cannot be traced. We often speak of the *hill* of Calvary. Yet the Gospels speak not of any eminence, on which the tree of shame was erected. The probability is that the greatest event in the world's history took place in a most uninteresting spot, certainly outside of the walls, perhaps on a level plat of ground, or a slight knoll, between two dusty roads, desecrated as the receptacle of things abhorred. The sufferer was willing to drink *every* ingredient in the bitter cup. When he has bowed his head in death, and the sad scene is over, how refreshing it is, how pleasant, to think of Joseph's kind promptitude! How delightful, if *we* could have assisted in wrapping that sacred form in the clean linen cloth and placing it in the new tomb, hewn out of a rock, in a garden, — if we could have known the precise spot where the celestial watchers guarded their trust! But that garden gate none of us can enter. We are commanded not to seek the living among the dead. There is no holy sepulchre except in uncertain and worthless tradition.

For the obscurity which rests over these hallowed grounds, there appear to be two sufficient reasons. Were the identical spots most cherished by the Saviour, or most cele-

brated in his history, known, there might be no end to the superstitious reverence which would be felt for them, no limit to the pilgrimages which *Protestant* Christendom would make thither. An interest would have been imparted to holy *places*, which belongs to holy *things;* a *local* Saviour would have been sought; Judea would have remained the glory of all lands in a sense inconsistent with that religion which was to be universal, and a kind of sanction would have been given to an abuse which is now flagrant and most melancholy.

Another reason for the comparative obscurity which rests over the interesting localities mentioned in the New Testament is, that minute particulars of this nature are not needed. *Moral* painting, *spiritual* ideas, absorb our attention. The local, the typical, the visible, have passed away. It is with thoughts, feelings, invisible *realities*, that we are concerned. We have left the mount that might be touched, and have become members of the *general* assembly and church of the first-born. We need not the scaffolding of the old dispensation. We may feast upon truths invisible and eternal. We are not transformed in spirit by gazing into a tomb; penitence is not excited by handling a nail or a spear; we are no nearer heaven on the top of Tabor or Olivet than in the lowliest valley. It is the character of our Redeemer which we must try to unlock. It is the spiritual significance of his actions which should engage our closest attention. It is the miracle itself, not the place where it was performed; it is the suffering itself, and the meek patience with which it was endured, not the instruments with which it was inflicted, that should affect our deepest sensibilities.

The last six hours in our Saviour's life are full of this moral painting. We do not need a description of the lo-

cality, or of the instruments of torture, or of any attending circumstances of this nature. Every word is significant, every incident crowded with instruction. We would not be drawn away from the import of this great tragedy by any outward accessory. We would ponder the truths which cluster around this scene of suffering. Of these, none, perhaps, are more weighty, than those which are taught or implied in the passage that has been read, and the parallel accounts in the other Evangelists.

The first lesson to which I would direct your attention is this. Important variations and *apparent* contradictions even, in the statements of the Scriptures, do not impair their inspiration. In the history of the crucifixion of the two thieves, as recorded in the four Gospels, there seem to be serious discrepancies. Matthew states that there were two thieves crucified with our Lord, one on the right hand and the other on the left, and that *both* of them joined in reviling him. Mark simply mentions that two thieves were crucified, and that thus the Scripture was fulfilled, "He was numbered with the transgressors." John, who is supposed to have written his Gospel as a kind of supplement to the others, adverts to the crucifixion of the two men, but without describing their character, without calling them thieves or malefactors. He also subjoins, that their sufferings outlasted those of the Saviour, and that in consequence their legs were broken, in order that, life being extinct, their bodies might be removed from the cross before the Sabbath. Luke supplies other and important particulars, — that they were *led with* Christ to be put to death; that it was only one that railed upon him; that he was rebuked by his companion, who acknowledged the justice of their sentence, declared the perfect innocence of our Lord, and sought and received from him the promise of immediate admission into his kingdom.

The principal discrepancy is between Matthew and Luke. One mode of reconciling it is by the supposition of Matthew's intending to make only the general statement, that, among the bitter reproaches cast on our Lord, *some* proceeded even from the cross of shame and suffering; that a fellow-fate and excruciating pain were not enough to melt the heart into sympathy and forbearance. It is a mode of speaking not by any means extraordinary, especially in very brief and condensed narratives. One of these malefactors was taken as the representative of both. We are not to interpret the word *thieves* in the strictest sense. It is found in a popular historical narrative, not in a severe scientific treatise.

Moses in the book of Numbers states that, when Korah and his company were swallowed up in the earth, his *family* and *all* that appertained to him shared a like fate; yet in a subsequent chapter we learn that some of his descendants were then living. The first account states the general fact, the second limits and explains. Matthew asserts what was true in general, that Christ was reviled in circumstances where one would expect the utmost sympathy. Luke limits, but does not contradict, Matthew's assertion, and also adds important particulars.

Another mode of reconciling the discrepancy is, by supposing that the exercise of penitence and faith on the part of one of the malefactors was sudden. There were six long hours in which he was nailed to the cross. At first, he was disposed to join his companion in taunting the meek sufferer, who hung between them. Subsequently, however, and perhaps when the last sands of his probation were running, divine grace, in a moment, melted the heart of stone, and turned cruel reproach into humble confession and earnest entreaty. If this interpretation be admitted, both

Evangelists are literally correct; one merely adds to the incidents mentioned by the other.

Should it be asked, Why do these Biblical narratives occasion any difficulty? They are all alike inspired; why should there be any seeming disagreement in their accounts? Such a dead uniformity, it might be replied, would destroy much of the interest which we now feel in them. Not a little of the power of these simple and wonderful narratives arises from this very diversity of style and incident. Each, under the guidance of the inspiring Paraclete, is an original. Each writer preserves his own individual peculiarities. Each records the events and circumstances which affected him personally in the greatest degree, or which were brought most prominently to his notice. The mutual differences of the writers thus become one of the most interesting traits in the general history.

Besides, these differences lay the firmest basis for establishing the authenticity of the narratives. It is thus demonstrated, that there could have been no collusion, no previous concert, in the writers. The history is the product of four honest and independent witnesses; neither, unless it be John, knowing what the others had written or would write; all giving their impressions, in that artless, unassuming manner which would most deeply interest the reader and stamp a genuineness on the works that cannot be mistaken or set aside. If, still, we find problems that we cannot solve, difficulties that we cannot reconcile, we are to remember that there may be an invincible necessity for this. The Gospels are nearly two thousand years old. What was plain to the contemporaries of Matthew and Luke, may be obscure to us. We cannot place ourselves exactly in the position of the Christians of the first century. If we reject the Gospels on the score of some minor difficulties,

we must abandon all faith in human testimony, and lose ourselves in hopeless scepticism.

A second truth taught by this passage is, that the souls of the righteous do not pass into a condition of sleep or insensibility between death and the resurrection. "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in *paradise*." To-day thou wilt be in another state of existence, but a happy, conscious being. From thy death of torture thou shalt be translated, not into a Messianic kingdom of an earthly nature, such as the Jews desire, but into paradise itself, into the garden of spiritual delight, of which the terrestrial Eden was but a faint emblem. Into no intermediate state of penance, of fiery purification, or of torpid repose, shalt thou go; but where *I* am in glory, shalt *thou*, my servant, be. The transition shall be instantaneous and complete.

This emphatic assurance of our Saviour cannot be set aside or explained away, by supposing, as some have done, that this intermediate state, being one of absolute insensibility, is *accounted* as nothing; that the long intervening ages would be to the slumbering soul as though they had never been; that it would make no difference to him whether he *now* entered on the blissful rewards of heaven, or thousands of years hence, provided he were totally unconscious of the lapse of those ages. But we cannot suppose that the Saviour, on this awful occasion, would trifle with language, or sport with the feelings of the penitent sufferer. The emphatic word, the fitness of the occasion, the necessarily active state of the human soul, all go to prove that the language is to be *literally* interpreted, and that the step from the cross to the crown, though agonizing, was but for a moment.

A third truth taught in the text is, that the soul of our Lord, during the three days in which his body was in the

tomb, did not descend into hell, in order to make known the Gospel to the spirits in confinement there. By the misinterpretation of a passage in the First Epistle of Peter, which intimates that Christ by the spirit went and preached to the spirits in prison, some have endeavoured to prove that our Lord actually visited the regions of the lost, and proclaimed to its miserable inhabitants that message of grace which they had no opportunity to hear on earth, and thus obtained a fresh triumph over the powers of darkness, opening, at his pleasure, the gates of hell and of death.

Our Lord himself, however, in the text, asserts the contrary. "To-day shalt thou be *with me in paradise.*" Not to the dark realms of woe will my spirit descend to offer a second probation to the imprisoned sinners there. My commission of mercy is limited to the earth, to the living descendants of Adam. The message of salvation will not pierce the abodes of those who despised Moses's law, or who were disobedient when the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah. I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God. My freed spirit shall pass its brief and happy sojourn there, till reunited to its risen and glorified companion.

We may learn from this narrative, as a fourth lesson, that the soul may be active, may be able to think and deliberate, may be tranquil even, while the body is racked with pain. The intense suffering of death on the cross is owing especially to three circumstances. It is a very *slow* and protracted method. No vital point is touched. It is only the extremities which first suffer. Death, though earnestly desired, will not come. — The agony, gradually increasing, sometimes lasted two or three days, till finally the release was rather owing to hunger, or to an exhaustion of nature, than to any other cause.

Again, the perfect helplessness of the victim added immensely to the pain. It is well known that the greatest suffering is sometimes the product of what in themselves and at first are inconveniences or annoyances. Inability to move the hand or the foot may be, for a few moments, only a trifling affair, when, if continued for an hour or six hours, it may occasion a nervous distress, with which what is called *excruciating* pain cannot be compared. A victim hanging, almost naked, in the open air, exposed to the untold annoyances and accidents of such a position, without the possibility of moving a muscle for relief, or in defence, must experience a distress which language has little power to describe.

Again, the parts affected by this mode of punishment are, as is well known, full of the most delicate nerves, sensitive to pain, shrinking from all rude handling with an almost intelligent instinct. The sensibility, the vitality, of the living principle seems to be, in some cases, great in proportion to its distance from its central source. The heart is insensible to pain, while a finger may render existence nearly intolerable. A nail driven through the hand may inflict a torture of the most refined and ingenious description, not affecting life, but just below that point where any increase would be immediately fatal. Consciousness is perfectly awake, not a single sensibility is blunted.

Now the penitent thief, while enduring these and other undescribed pangs, was able to fix his mind on religious truth, could reflect on his past life, could exercise all the powers of a free and responsible agent, could deliberate and choose. Every pore in his body might seem to be an inlet to pain, every nerve within him only a living channel of anguish, yet his mind rose superior to it all; calm trust, elevated hopes, were comforting his soul in that dreadful

hour, proving that the soul may live *independently* of its suffering companion, it being an emanation of the original and immaterial spirit.

The passage suggests a fifth lesson,—that the same means of grace, the same touching incidents, the same manifestations of spiritual truth, which in one case effect a radical reformation in the moral character, do yet in another case, where the circumstances seem to be exactly analogous, have no effect, or only harden the heart still more. The impenitent thief did not feel, or resisted, all those influenceswhich so suddenly transformed his companion. Not only that; he had the cruelty to taunt his fellow-sufferer, and to join in the bitter ribaldry of Scribe and Pharisee.

Sixthly, the text implies that there is a punishment for sin beyond the present life. To-day thou shalt *not* be with me in paradise, is as true as its converse. If there be a paradise for the one, there is a region of woe for the other. If this be not the meaning, human language has no sense. It is miserable sophistry only which can evade this conclusion.

A seventh lesson which we may learn from this theme, is the wonderful power of faith. It is so remarkable an instance, as to appear to some nearly incredible. Attempts have been made to account for the phenomenon by supposing that the penitent thief had previously, by some means, been acquainted with the character of Christ, and in these last moments his faith fastened upon the truths which he had before comprehended, so that it was only a kind of *reviving* of previous impressions. Others have supposed that he was comparatively an *innocent* man, that he had been seduced by his more hardened companions or by other leaders in crime, and that there was, in a sense, a preparedness for the change which occurred, or rather no decided antipathy to it.

But these are mere conjectures, probably without any foundation in fact. It seems rather to be recorded, as a most instructive example of the grasp with which a despairing yet believing soul takes hold of its Redeemer. Blessed are those who have not seen, yet have believed; thrice blessed he who *saw*, in this dark hour, when to human eyes *all* was lost, when hell was on the point of celebrating its final triumph, when the hopes and prayers of ages were apparently ending in total gloom, — who saw in the pale, agonized, dying form at his side, the King of Israel, the reigning Messiah, — who fixed his hopes *immovably* there, when Apostles shrank faithless away, — who loved and adored when hope seemed to be a delusion and love a mockery, — who, amid the din of that infuriate multitude, the bitter taunts of his companion in crime, and a thousand chilling circumstances, could still place his tranquil and confident trust on an expiring Saviour, hanging like the meanest slave on a cross. He thus presented an example of *unwavering* faith which has perhaps never been paralleled. It is accounted for only in one way, — grace was granted in proportion to the exigency. Sovereign love had here its field of triumph. Underneath this dying malefactor were the Everlasting Arms. It was one of those *extremities*, when Divine Mercy rejoices to show its wondrous strength; — midnight *without*, heaven dawning on the *soul*.

This passage teaches, in the eighth place, the inherent dignity of the Redeemer. An earthly monarch, in the plenitude of his authority, has delighted to confer privileges and rights upon some of his subjects or allies, in order to show where was the source and what was the extent of their power. Some, by the bounty and regal magnificence of their gifts, have been styled king-makers; giving to their dependents provinces and kingdoms almost as an every-day affair.

But our Lord asserted his more than imperial prerogative, by dispensing favors when he was himself in the very depths of humiliation. He opened the kingdom of heaven when the last sands of his own life were running. When drinking the cup of Divine wrath to the dregs, he offered a crown of unfading glory. When apparently of all men *most* miserable, he proffered gifts richer than all the treasures of earth. When bowing his agonized head, smitten of God and afflicted, he assumed a right which none but God himself can exercise.

No moment of his wonderful life was so sublime as this. No event of moral grandeur like this can be imagined. The sons of genius have tried feebly to pencil almost every other great exigency of his life. None ever *attempted* this. The most cunning art, the most creative skill, would utterly fail to combine that meek patience, that divine compassion, that human pity, that awful consciousness of power, that intensity of anguish, that more than human philanthropy, which must at this moment have marked the countenance of the sufferer. Dying, yet *giving* life; nailed to a cross, yet holding the key of death and of heaven; covered with every badge of contumely and scorn, yet crowning others with immortal diadems; robbed of *all* things, yet giving all as his *native* right! Truly he *was* the Wonderful, joining in his own person the strangest contrasts, the most inexplicable mysteries.

Lastly, this theme suggests the kindness of the Author of the Bible. Perhaps no passage of Scripture, if we may be allowed the expression, has been more useful. It is pre-eminently fitted to a world of sinners like ours; where often guilt, having run astonishing lengths, is suddenly stopped, and is exchanged for bitter remorse and terrible forebodings; where a suicidal despair would take possession of

the soul, were it not for the recollection of a case like this. If a malefactor like *him could* be pardoned, why may not *I*? If mercy could reach *his dire* exigency, why may it not reach *mine*? If *his* crimsoned soul could be washed white, as it were in a moment, mine is not a case of utter hopelessness. If a holy heaven could open its gates to him, it may to me.*

It was also, doubtless, foreseen, that there would be cases of extremity, where a doctrine would be insufficient; where an abstract statement could not touch the soul; where flesh and heart were failing, and reason and memory refusing to perform their office; where in a few moments the soul would be beyond redemption; where a touching *example* was of all things most needed; where the recollection of a similar instance could in a moment melt the heart of stone; where the departing spirit could say, if nothing else, "Lord, remember *me* when thou comest into thy kingdom."

And these are not cases of extreme depravity alone. This passage has been balm to many a stricken soul, to some of delicate and overwrought sensibilities, who have embalmed the incident and their own experience in immortal verse, enlarging and perpetuating the effect of the narrative till the Church shall be militant no longer.

It has been emphatically a word in season to many a weary soul; a message of life to not a few despairing sinners; the first inlet to the most precious discoveries of grace; the first introduction to a dying and atoning Redeemer, to be followed by endeared communion with him in his great commemorative rite on earth, and perfected in blissful and endless fellowship in heaven.

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* See Memoir, p. 356.

SERMON III.

LIVING WITHOUT GOD.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD. — Ephesians ii. 12.

THE Apostle, in this passage, does not assert that the Ephesians had been without *gods* in the world. It is said that they had more than thirty thousand of them. The city and the country, the earth, the waters, and the heavens, *teemed* with divinities.

Neither does Paul imply that they had been deficient in *practical* religion. They had been most earnest devotees. Not satisfied with the temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, they carried on a gainful traffic in little models or miniature images of the building and of its enshrined patroness. It was not a boastful speech of Demetrius, that the attachment of the Ephesians to religion was celebrated, not only in Asia, but the world over. The historian speaks of a temple sacred to the Ephesian Diana at Marseilles in France.

The Ephesians are not charged with having been altogether absorbed in present objects. No people were more famous for prying into the *future*. They had numerous teachers of divination. Even the Jews, notwithstanding the anathemas of Moses's law, were willing to amass money in this way. Magic was the staple article in the literature

of Ephesus. "Ephesian letters" became a current term for books on sorcery, or for little rolls, which served as amulets. Some of the new converts gave a practical proof of the sincerity of their profession, by throwing into the flames a costly amount of these symbols of paganism. The Apostle does not affirm, moreover, that the Ephesians had been in every sense without the *true* God. He was not very far from every one of them. In his hand their breath was, and his were all their ways. His were the fruitful seasons which "filled their hearts with food and gladness." His hand had traced the channel for the river which so gracefully wound its way through their city. He had made that city the light of Asia. It was under his merciful providence, that it had become one of the great commercial centres of the civilized world.

They were not without God in any such sense as to release them from obligation. Theirs was a condition of guilt as well as of ignorance. The eternal power and godhead they ought to have read in the skies above and in the luxuriant earth, and more especially in the *mind* which could form their wonderful language and advance them to their height of civilization.

By the phrase, "without God in the world," is doubtless to be understood, that the gods whom these pagans worshipped were *no* gods. Paul did not choose to recognize the distinction which some ancient heathen and some modern religionists have set up; namely, that the carved image and the chiselled Virgin were the *media* only, not the *object* of worship; that the piece of wood and the block of marble were simply *stepping*-stones, by which the worshipper might ascend from the visible to the invisible; that the temple of the goddess was fitted to excite holy and reverential thoughts of an unseen power, and that Diana herself

was but a different term for the moon, or some other type of the Creator's power. The Apostle admitted no such refinement as this. He knew that the Ephesians had been idolaters in the outward act and in the intention also. Their adoration went no higher than the beautiful image before them. In Jupiter they worshipped Jupiter, and not Jehovah. In the Apostle's emphatic phrase, they served *dumb* idols.

Again, there was no practical acknowledgment of the true God. They were atheists in conduct. Like their Roman masters, they worshipped and served the *creature* more than the Creator. Towards Him who had given them a heritage in the garden of the world, they had no emotion of gratitude, while the image that fell down from Jupiter, be it meteoric stone, or aught else, was enough to excite their rapturous devotion.

Consequently, they had no *love* for the true God. If, for one brief moment, his voice penetrated their darkened understanding, and the idea of an omniscient spirit flashed across it, it was but a fitful opening in a night of clouds; nothing followed but a dim terror, or an anxious foreboding. No grateful emotion burst forth. Nothing which could rend the idolatry from the heart or from the hands. They could not utterly erase the letters which God's finger had graven on the conscience; but they never tried to decipher these letters. Fragments of Old Testament truth might have been sometimes brought into the market with the perishable commodity of the merchant, but these would serve equally for incantations or the daily conveniences of trade. They must have sometimes passed by a Jewish synagogue, but it was only to laugh at the seventh-day superstition, or the circumcised money-changer at his devotions. In every sense, they were aliens from the com-

monwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise. The only spirit which worked in them was that of barter, or of the prince of the power of the air.

Unhappily, these ancient Ephesians were not the only creatures of God who have lived without him in the world. Practical atheism did not die with Demetrius and the craftsmen. In the same condition, substantially, multitudes live at the present time and in Christian lands. It is to be apprehended, that this class has its representatives in every congregation of God's worshippers.

They differ, indeed, in some respects, from those referred to by the Apostle. They are not polytheists. In the outward sense, they are not idolaters. To the great majority our term *atheist* would not apply. Many of them have an *intellectual* conviction of the Divine existence. They would abjure *any* thing rather than this fundamental truth. On some of the intellectual attributes of the Almighty, they may dwell with satisfaction. They may experience emotions of gratitude at unexpected deliverances. Their hearts may be no strangers to the finer feelings and to the more generous sentiments of humanity.

All these concessions may be freely made, while the melancholy truth still remains, that they are without God in the world. They do not practically acknowledge him. They do not habitually recognize the most endeared and intimate relations which subsist between him and them. While he reigns at a distance, they are satisfied; he must not come too near. They object not to his absolute control, if he does not touch their interests. They like to be the objects of his bounty, but rebel against the discipline of his providence. Their gratitude is instinctive, partial, and evanescent. They do not choose to retain the Scriptural idea of God in their knowledge. They have no love to his

moral character. With the emotions of affectionate gratitude and of childlike confidence, they have no concern.

The passage thus explained, suggests the inquiry, What is it to be without God in the world? What is implied in this brief proposition? A partial answer to the question will now be attempted. The full import of the text cannot, of course, be declared. It implies a privation of good to which no limits can be set; except, on the one hand, the Creator's power of producing, and, on the other hand, the creature's capacity of suffering loss.

Those who are without God in the world have no adequate supporter. In a lower sense, indeed, he sustains them as he does the whole creation. Through every moment of their existence, in whatever world their lot may be cast, they are upheld by him. But in a higher and a vital sense, the Everlasting Arm is not underneath them. This is true in respect to the general course of life. No friendly and all-wise pilot attends any part of their perilous voyage down the current of Time.

But there are particular exigencies, especially in relation to persons of sensibility and reflection, when the need of God's all-comprehending support is peculiarly felt.

There are, for instance, in the history of many individuals, seasons of unutterable melancholy. The occasions when it occurs, or the causes which produce it, may be various, — a peculiar original temperament, a preponderance of imagination, the bodily health, neglect of duty, or, possibly, something in the association of ideas, or the original structure of the mind, which is wholly inexplicable. The world, in its necessary and innocent aspects, has lost its charms, and is a desolate waste. The common motives to effort in doing good have no power. Whatever is ac-

complished is the result of a mere act of the will. The insufficiency of the dearest earthly friends is deeply felt. The most attractive themes of study and contemplation, the most ardently cherished pursuits, are like pillars of sand to a parched traveller. All the riches of the created universe, if poured out at the feet, would be dry ashes.

Now in a mental exigency like this, which, it is to be presumed, is not rare, there *is* a sustaining arm on which man can lean; there is a Being on whom he can cast himself; there is an all-inclosing mind in whose shadow he is safe. It is not necessary that he should *see* God with the outward eye. The *visibility* would be no relief. He has objects enough before his sight already. His emergency is of the spirit, and a *Spirit's* aid is what he wants. He knows that God has immense resources of help; all powers of assistance and rescue. Therefore his creature turns to him with hope and joy.

Again, no person is absolutely safe from the greatest of earthly deprivations, that of reason. This calamity is said to multiply its victims in proportion to the advance of civilization. Every person who adverts to the delicate structure of the mind, may understand how readily some one of its innumerable wheels may become deranged, how narrow and imperceptible the boundary is between sanity and madness, what slight causes may dethrone reason, or bewilder the judgment, or confound the memory, or render morbid the imagination, or, worse than all, give an uncontrollable dominion to the appetites and passions. The perversion of religious truth, the delay of repentance, the sudden wreck of property, physical suffering or disease, the continued action of the mind on one subject, are but a few of the thousand causes which make shipwreck of nearly all which renders life of any value. The gentlest of the race may

come under its desolating power. The best balanced mind is not perfectly secure.

The only safeguard is in the all-merciful providence of God. He fashioned the mind. He knows all its mysterious springs of thought and feeling; how nicely adjusted are all its parts, how curiously arranged its most hidden powers. He is the Father of spirits. Why should he not understand?

When one looks at the fearful and wonderful workmanship of the human intellect; when he beholds some of his dearest friends stricken from rational life; when, through the possibility of the same disaster befalling himself, he is subject to bondage all his lifetime, where can he look but to *Him* who stamped his own intellectual image on man? The thoughtful Christian will find as much occasion to pray for the health of his intellect as of his body; that he may be kept aloof from those habits which weaken its powers, from those prejudices which disturb its vision, and from all those influences, secret or open, which lay the foundation for melancholy or idiocy or madness.

There is another great exigency, which is not confined to a few, but which is common to the race, the entrance on the unseen world. The Scriptures have cast sufficient light on the reality of a future state, and on the certainty of final, unending joy for the righteous. Yet darkness rests upon the *manner* of our exit from this world, on the nature of the human soul when separate from the body, and on the entire mode of our future existence. Our reasoning on this subject is the merest conjecture. Yet we cannot but feel the deepest interest in it. When we leave the few general expressions of the Bible, we are afloat on a sea of doubt. With the exception of a very few comprehensive declarations, the sum total of our knowledge is negative.

And yet it is the most anxious point of our existence. To die, is to launch out on an unknown ocean in the night. We cling to the firm land. We struggle against him who would push us off. We strain our eyes for some friendly light. We reach out our arms for some faithful pilot. We are assured that there are green fields beyond the swelling flood, but we cannot catch a glimpse of their horizon. It is, after all, plunging into a region we know not whither, in a manner we know not how.

But here the supporting arm of the Almighty comes to our relief. He has sounded the depths of that flood which lies before us. He has the keys of the invisible world. If he has upheld us here, why may he not there? That world is not strange to him. He has fitted this earth with the divinest skill to our complex nature. Why may he not arrange with equal wisdom a dwelling-place there for the disencumbered spirit? And why cannot he sustain that spirit in the dreaded moment? In Him the Christian may trust with the most confiding assurance. Were it not, however, for this solid resting-place, the valley of the shadow of death would have no egress. He who is without God in the world, cannot appeal to his sustaining power. He is like some wretched wanderer of whom we have heard in the catacombs, who has lost his way and whose light is extinguished. If, in seasons of depression and loneliness, he think of Him, it only augments his gloom. If there be a feeling of desolation without Him, there is a tenfold desolation with Him. God, he thinks, is an unwelcome intruder. Instead of leaning on an all-sufficient Supporter, he would fly to the limits of creation to escape from his presence. In his mental existence, he maintains a proud independence of God. His will is his own. Or, if he sometimes trembles in view of the precarious tenure by

which he holds his rational faculties, if he feels reason to be wavering on her throne, he has no resource in God. He has no heart to pray to Him. He has never devoted those mental powers to their Creator. Why should God appear for him in his extremity? Or when about to leap into an unknown world, no friendly arm is raised up through the thick gloom. With the certainty that his existence will never end, he yet knows of no being who will sustain that existence. As he was without God in life, so he must be without him in death. This poor, dependent, weak man, when heart and flesh are failing him, in this direst exigency of his existence, has nothing out of himself to which he can flee, — no mighty Deliverer on whom he can hang. If this be not the consummation of wretchedness, what can be?

Those who are without God in the world have no acknowledged sovereign. The correlative of, and one of the obvious ideas which we associate with, the term *sovereign*, is that of loyalty, the duty of allegiance, a heartfelt acquiescence in the sovereign as a lawful ruler, and a course of conduct in conformity with the principle of obedience. Perhaps no emotion of which man is susceptible is more delightful than that mingled one of love and reverence, which a good subject exercises towards a virtuous ruler. There is nothing in it of servility or of an abject meanness on the one hand, or of an unseemly familiarity on the other. The relation is recognized as perfectly reasonable, and the performance of the duties growing out of it as entirely honorable.

Such feelings, however, in respect to earthly governments, have been, unhappily, rare. With an absolute human sovereign, our associations are ever unpleasant. But

in relation to the Supreme Being, there can be no ground for such suspicions. He reigns in righteousness. We cannot form a conception of what is right, which does not enter into the sovereignty of God. We are not required to submit to him in any degrading sense of that term. In employing such words as *submission*, *ownership*, *property*, *proprietorship*, we must divest them of all their unworthy earthly associations. Allegiance to God is for the intellectual faculties, purity, peace, exaltation. A feeling of loyalty to him ennobles the subject of it. An unmingled and steady emotion of this sort would, probably, occasion a joy which our earthly frame could not endure.

Another prominent idea connected with God's sovereignty is his perfect control over our states of mind. We are willing enough to permit him to manage crude matter. We readily allow him the direction of the systems of worlds which his power has formed. We object not to his authority over our bodily frames. But come to the territory of mind, we hesitate, we fear that he will infringe on our free agency. We are reluctant to have any foreign interference there. We associate with moral agency, absolute mental independence.

But if God cannot control our minds, he can control nothing. If he cannot enter into the secret chambers of intellect, his sovereignty and his universal providence are a nullity. He cannot govern matter if he cannot mind. Besides, what is our religious experience on this topic? How is it in prayer? Is any hesitancy or scepticism felt there? Are not the inmost recesses of the mind opened? Does not the mind exult for joy, that God can regulate its passions, preside over all its counsels, shape all its motives, and determine all its states, as if free agency had no existence? Without this feeling, prayer would be no relief and no duty.

The further the Christian advances in life, the more, doubtless, he renounces his scepticism here. He feels more deeply his need of Divine control in his intellectual operations, not because he has increasing doubts of his free agency, not because he ceases to make strenuous efforts at self-discipline, but because of the very reverse. He wishes to make the most of himself. He desires to stimulate and educate his intellectual and moral powers; therefore he welcomes the aid of the Almighty; he rejoices to admit the Divine presence into his most cherished plans and counsels.

Again, we connect with the idea of God the mystery in which his dispensations and himself are enveloped. To every object of thought there is a limit. Beyond a certain point there is inexplicable mystery. We know enough of God to love and adore him, without his explaining to us all the principles of his government. It enters into his character as a sovereign to conceal some of the reasons of his conduct from his subjects. He is a God that *hideth* himself. If it were otherwise, he would not be God. And it is best for us that it should be so. It is best for our education, that it should be conducted under a system of mysteries. It does not cramp the intellect. It does not impair its freedom. Why should we wish to solve every mystery? Such a wish is indicative of any thing but profoundness of views or goodness of heart. Such a system as that under which we live, keeps the curiosity awake, ennobles the soul, shows it the greatness of the kingdom into which it is introduced, inspires it with reverential awe, enlarges its capacities, and fits it for its destinies.

But he that is without God is a stranger to such feelings. God as a sovereign does not enter into his thoughts, unless it be to excite his enmity. He has no feelings of

loyalty towards his Maker. Conscious of his accountability and dependence, he still refuses practically to acknowledge them. Towards that Being whose he is, and whom he ought to serve, his heart never turns with confiding affection and joyful hope. On the contrary, he jealously excludes Him from all interference with his trains of thought and feeling. He never welcomes Him as the judge of his deliberations, as the controller of his passions, or as the arbiter of his destinies. Of the mystery in which, in many respects, the Deity is involved, he either never thinks, or he would penetrate it with unholy eye and daring foot. In short, any thing is more precious to him than the sovereignty of God. He cherishes those feelings, which, when a favorable opportunity occurs, will flame forth into open rebellion.

Those who are without God in the world have no consoler. It has been said by philosophers, that *Time* is the universal and infallible comforter. They have attempted to analyze his consolatory powers; to unfold the reasons why he acts as the mitigator of grief. Beautiful allegories have been written shadowing forth this truth. He flies over the couch of pain with healing under his wings; enters into the same window with disease, and soothes the fiery temper of the spoiler; wipes the tears from the mourner's cheek, and plants the flower which blooms on the lost one's grave.

But there are sorrows for which Time has no medicinal leaf; there are wounds on which he can shed no balm. There is a sickness of the heart which may not be described. One sometimes almost imagines that the physical organ itself is started from its seat. There is an uncertain and untraceable pain, which is inconsistent with tears, and which may be consistent with an unaltered or even cheer-

ful outward demeanor. Months pass away, but the pain is still at the heart; years revolve, but then the sufferer would rather die than live. The night, which brings *rest* to others, terrifies him with its visions, or causes him to rise, only to fall again in helpless sorrow. He will not thrust away from him the attention of sympathizing friends; but their silence is better than their words. Their commonplaces of consolation fall like idle tales on the ear. It is a cold comfort to be reminded of that which has been repeated a thousand times. It is not the *once* loved form now cold and dead. It is the *now* loved form. He has sometimes an insatiable longing to dig into the chambers of the grave, and gaze again upon that which once filled him with joy. He cannot bear to have the grave described in those images of disgust and terror which he is sometimes compelled to hear. It is pure and holy ground. It is not a field for the rhetorician to trample down, or to pick his flowers in. We know of those who would carry the remains of their friends with them from land to land, violating, it is said, the common decencies of humanity. We know of those to whom every storm on the ocean, or the news of every bark stranded on its shores, calls up the sad images of him whose tomb is on the land, whose body is in the deep.

In grief like this, where is the resource? Earthly friends are powerless. Time is a mocker. Business is endured. The wide earth has no medicine. The past starts up with fearful reminiscences; the future has no voices of encouragement. Whither shall he fly? Nowhere but to Him who inflicted the wound. No hand but his can extract the poisoned arrow. He is not confined to one mode of relief. With him nothing is cold or commonplace. He is acquainted with all the avenues to all the minds which he has made. He knows the peculiarities of each. He

can estimate the trembling sensibilities with which some minds are endued. He never lays a rude hand on the most delicate and shrinking nature. He will not chide what some men would call intemperate grief. He is not governed by our cold, prudential maxims. *He* knows what is in man. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He reveals himself to us in the character of a consoler. Blessed are they that mourn, for he will comfort them. In some unexpected moment, perhaps in the still hour of midnight, or in the bustle of a crowded city, the spirit of consolation comes with all its powers of encouragement and aid.

But for those who are without God, there remaineth nothing but that sorrow which worketh death. Not a few possess great intelligence and keen sensibility. Afflictions are felt by them in every fibre of the soul. For the common and vulgar sources of comfort they have no taste; but none, unhappily, for the only true and unfailing spring for the assuagement of grief. Like the Roman, on the death of the last surviving member of his family, they resort to books, perhaps, as the sovereign remedy, as if literature had a balm for a broken spirit; or, like him, they secretly curse the unseen Power, who had raised the highest hopes only to dash them to the ground, feeling a malignant envy at the happiness of men. Or they dwell on the bitter details of their trial, till grief, perhaps, becomes a habit of the mind, mingled, possibly, with bitter misanthropy. They are emphatically without God in the world, in these great crises of their life. In these moments, when humanity seems to be vital with pain at every point and in every pore, they are alone. They cannot look through the dark cloud which covers them. If they pour out the words of prayer, there is no answer, the heavens above them are brass. They are

tossed on a sea of doubts; but no pilot comes through the storm, no haven reaches out its welcome.

Those who are without God in the world have no adequate friend. The small amount of real friendship among men is well known. It has become proverbial in every language. The wisest of sages long ago despairingly inquired, "A *faithful* man who can find?" "Could ye not watch with me *one* hour?" was the touching question of the Friend of sinners. "They *all* forsook him and fled," is human nature's commentary on the most flaming protestations of fidelity. Nothing is more common than generous offers of friendship, kept to the ear, broken in the act. In prosperity friends flow in like a tide. In adversity we can hardly expect that more than two or three will remain steadfast. When a brother is overtaken in a fault, who is anxious to restore such a one, in the spirit of meekness considering that *he* also may be tempted? On the contrary, the only strife seems to be, who shall say the most bitter things; who shall throw out the most significant hints, while he professes the greatest kindness; or, in other words, who shall manifest the least of the spirit of Christ.

And yet the value of friendship is equally proverbial. Entire friendlessness is commonly regarded as among the greatest of calamities. A universal outcast from human sympathy is rarely found on the page of history. The exile on the rock of the ocean, who had swayed continents, was not wholly deserted in his banishment. The nearest relatives will at least remain faithful. It is but few, comparatively, who are called to feel,

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

Yet there is no absolute and certain dependence even here.

He with whom we have often taken sweet counsel may fail us, or, through ignorance and weakness, he may be utterly incompetent to minister to our necessities.

In such circumstances, how blessed it is to have a friend in God! How supremely wretched to have no place where to hide till the storm be overblown, — no secret pavilion into which we may run from the strife of tongues! To depend, in the last extremity, on selfish human nature, is like the dependence of an army marching on the undermined soil, which rings hollow to every tread. God is a Friend for adversity, unwearied, of the utmost tenderness, patient in bearing with the wildest caprices and the manifold infirmities of those whom he admits into the sacred relation of friendship. He places himself before his creatures in this endearing character. He invites them to enter into an eternal covenant of friendship. He pledges his own existence that he will fulfil its conditions. A *faithful* God has been his characteristic from the beginning. An all-sufficient voucher of his sincerity he has given in the blood of his Son.

I remark, finally, that those who are without God in the world have no rest for the spirit. There was, doubtless, in man, as originally made, a yearning towards God, a longing to be with him, a strong and irrepressible tendency upward, a clear intellectual perception of the blessedness of being with God, and a corresponding ardor of the feelings to enjoy him. There are now traces of this original tendency. There are occasional moments when the downward motion is suspended, when there is a brief glance of the soul towards its long-lost original. It is, however, but a glance, a moment of the vision of God. The cloud of sin intervenes; a contrariety to a holy God is

perceived; the fears start up alarmed; the voice of guilt is heard, and the last state is worse than the first. Still, this proves that man's proper rest is in God. Man is a dependent being, not self-originated, not self-sustaining. His mental faculties are an emanation from God, not indestructible in themselves, not necessarily imperishable, but immortal, because upheld by him.

By rest in God is not meant an absorption in him, as the rain-drops are absorbed in the ocean, nor any coalescing of the intellect or of the will with him, nor any loss of vital energy, nor any infraction of personal freedom. The soul that rests most fully in God is, doubtless, the most active. Its powers are thereby renovated, and fitted for the most strenuous exertion. This rest implies a return of the soul to its original tendency, a re-impression from the seal of God, a gratification of its innate desires for the highest excellence.

The holy angel goes out with joy to minister to those who are heirs of salvation; but we may imagine, that he will return with quickened wing to his Father's house; that he finds his capacity for happiness filled to the utmost, only when he is at the fountain-head. So with the earthly child of his Heavenly Father. He is happy when employed on the works of God, or in performing the lowliest duties which are laid upon him here; but still the great want of his soul is unsatisfied. His most intense desires are not appeased. He is not at home, till he can rest in God with the most entire complacency; till he can contemplate with calm satisfaction, and, sometimes, with almost insupportable delight, the Divine attributes, while his feelings outrun his thoughts, and delightfully anticipate the great central *rest* to which they converge.

But the unbeliever cannot thus repose. God is not the

ultimate end of *his* being. His thoughts do not spontaneously gather themselves in, and find a centre around, his Creator. If he has an occasional intellectual conception of his Maker, he does not trace it up in its natural tendency. He does not stay to listen to the suggestions of reason and conscience. He is rather at war with both these inward and honest monitors. He tries to find satisfaction in every object but that which is appropriate to an immortal spirit. While the true Christian returns to his rest, because the Lord hath dealt bountifully with him, while he feels a perfect composure, a sweet tranquillity, a perpetual and everlasting calm; *he* is like the troubled sea, when it is driven by fierce winds. There *can* be no rest for him, because the foundations of it are not laid in his mind. The elements of his moral being are those of discord and disorder.

It is a natural suggestion from this subject, that those who live without God in a *Christian* land, incur an uncommon amount of guilt. It might be regarded as in some sense a palliation for the pagan Ephesians, that they did not know *what* a world they lived in. They had never heard that it had been the scene of a stupendous miraculous agency, of a long series of typical and prophetic annunciations; that angels had walked visibly with men. They did not know that it had been the theatre of redeeming grace; that God himself had here become incarnate; that this earth had been once wet with atoning blood; and that an extraordinary Divine dispensation was then commencing, not to end till earth itself had become like heaven.

But *you* know all these things. These glorious truths are not hidden from your eyes, — "without God in the world," in a world filled with witnesses for its Creator and

Redeemer, meeting your senses at every turn, crowding themselves upon you at every corner, revealed in every page of history, shining before you in every star of the night, and, more than all, written as with a sunbeam in the Scriptures of truth, and in every unfolding mystery of redeeming grace.

It is sometimes alleged as an excuse or a palliative, that one *cannot* think of God. The subject is foreign to his mind. He finds it difficult to dwell on an invisible and intangible object. But why so? The truth is *manifest* within you and around you, in your innate sense of weakness and dependence, in your thirst for some satisfying good, in your conscious dread of an avenging law. Why do you silence its voice, or shut it out from your spirit. Why are you not pervaded with a solemn and abiding sense of God's presence and agency? How could you pursue your studies, the last week, without a heartfelt recognition, morning and evening, of your kind Preserver? How could you retire the last night *without* God in the world? How arise this morning, without secretly adoring that Redeemer who led captivity captive for you?

There is no defect in your intellectual perceptions. You can think profoundly and for hours on other subjects. Some of you may feel elated with the consciousness of your mental powers and acquisitions. Why are you then estranged from the Father of spirits? Why, voluntarily, dissociate yourself from the Source of life and intelligence? Why not welcome the provisions of grace, which are so perfectly fitted to your frail state, and to your craving need? Your deathless spirit will soon appear before the judgment-seat. What is to be the eternal condition of that spirit, when it has no Supporter, no adequate Friend, Intercessor none, nor Consoler, nor final Rest?

SERMON IV.

THE JOY OF THE REDEEMER.

HE SHALL SEE OF THE TRAVAIL OF HIS SOUL, AND SHALL BE SATISFIED. — Isaiah liii. 11.

We are always liable to err, when we attempt to describe the feelings and motives which animate the Supreme Being. *His* thoughts are not ours, his principles of action may be very unlike ours. It is true, indeed, that our idea of God is that of human excellence carried to the utmost extent of which our minds are capable. Yet earthly shadows will cover it; mortal weakness will mar it. Before we are aware, we have mingled ingredients which cannot possibly belong to the true conception of God. His love will have somewhat of that blind and yearning compassion which is so often seen on earth. It is not ennobled by that awful reverence which is a part of its nature. We are so accustomed to measure every thing by a human and imperfect standard, that we insensibly apply it to him, whose understanding is infinite.

May we not, however, err on the other hand? God can be known. The knowledge of him is the perfection of all science. "*Acquaint* thyself with him," is the inspired command. But how? In what manner shall we form this acquaintance? Not by indefinite phraseology; not by cloudy abstractions; not by throwing our minds *off* as far

as possible into boundless space. If we get an idea there, it does not relieve the mind. The heart has nothing to do with it. To be affectionately embraced, it must be intelligible. To be intelligible, it must have some affinities with ourselves, some *real* analogies with what we see, or are *conscious* of. We were made in the image of God. In what respects? Doubtless, in having, like him, an intelligent and a moral nature; the same in kind with his, though infinitely less in degree. It is not, therefore, mere condescension to the infirmity of man, when God employs human language, or human forms of speech, to make his character known to us. There is just ground for it, in the nature of the case. It is not mere metaphor. It is in part literal and substantial truth. When he terms himself our Father in heaven, it is not a mere figurative appellation. He is so in the strictest and fullest sense of the word. This word conveys an impressive and most consoling idea of what is truly the fact. Instead of its being an indication of the weakness of human speech, it is doubtful whether the dialect of angels could supply a better. We may, therefore, without presumption, and with the Bible as our guide, conclude that there is a closer resemblance between the motives and feelings of the Divine mind and those which his creatures on earth ought to cherish, than is sometimes imagined, and this furnishes just ground for reasoning from one to the other, and of employing the same language in respect to both.

But if this be true of God the *Father*, it is emphatically so of his incarnate Son. He is truly a human being like ourselves, cherishing those motives, subject to those impulses, which belong to an innocent human being, and some traces of which have in us survived the fall. Doubtless he is also endowed with omniscience and with almighty pow-

er, mysteriously united with finite qualities; but this does not set aside, or in the least degree obscure, what is human in him, what is specially attractive to the social and moral sympathies of man. We wrong the subject, we wrong him, when we so generalize what is said of his feelings or of his labors, that we obtain no adequate impression of them. The words are not the signs of cold analogies; they are spirit and life applied to him, as well as to us. He is as really the subject of the feelings which they imply, as *we* should be in similar circumstances. The fact that they are perfectly pure in him, and far higher in degree, does not destroy their applicability to us. It might be supposed that the tacit rebuke which Christ administered to his disciples for their admiration of the stones of which the temple was built, implies either that he did not possess those emotions which the works of nature and art excite in us, or that he looked upon their exercise as unlawful. But without possessing these susceptibilities, he could not have been man; or if their exercise had been improper, he would not have praised the lily of the field. Admiration of the temple in his case, at that time, would have been unseasonable. His mind was overwhelmed with other and tendereremotions.

A class of feelings, kindred to what men feel at the conclusion of some great enterprise, is ascribed in the text to the Redeemer, after he had finished his expiatory work. "*Of* the travail of his soul he shall see, and be satisfied." The word here translated *of* is susceptible, in this place, of two interpretations. It may mean, *from*, *after*, *free from*, *exempt;* that is, after he has finished his labors and sufferings, he shall see the reward of them and be satisfied. Or it may mean, *on account of*, *because of.* In this case, the suffering isgiven as the ground or reason of the subsequent honor or glorification. The meaning of the whole passage

would then be this: On account of his toil and suffering, he shall enjoy a satisfactory reward; he shall see the fruits of his labors, and shall be satisfied.

This explanation seems to be confirmed by the context. "Because he hath poured out his soul unto death, therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong." Hence the theme to which I now wish to call your attention is the satisfaction which the Saviour enjoys in view of the work which he has accomplished; the nature of that enjoyment which he possesses in consequence of it. What are some of the sources of that fulness of delight which he experiences?

I. It may be supposed to arise, in a degree, from the *completion* of the work. The figure of a husbandman lies at the foundation of the idea in the text. He cultivates his land with labor and care. He breaks up the hard soil, and removes every thing which would prevent the springing of the tender plant. When nearly ripe, and exposed to the depredations of birds and beasts, he sits in his lonely tower and scares away the intruding foe. At length he thrusts his sickle into the yellow grain, and sings his harvest home. He went forth weeping, bearing precious seed; he returns with joy, bringing his sheaves with him. He has a feeling of calm yet blissful satisfaction, as he shuts his granary-door upon the last sheaf. He is now secure against the blight of summer and the storms of winter. The labor of a long year is perfectly safe.

It is sometimes argued, that the principal, if not the only, happiness of *man* is in *anticipation*. He is always dissatisfied with the present. When he attains an object long and anxiously sought, his craving heart will give him no repose. "To nothing fixed but love of change," is an epitome of man's restless history.

This method of representation is sometimes extended to the heavenly world, as though the only enjoyment there were in aspiration, in longing for more perfect manifestations of God's presence; or in unceasing action, in keeping the powers of the soul stretched, as it were, to their utmost tension.

But such is a *partial* view of man's nature, both as he exists on earth and in heaven. He has moments of the sublimest joy here in the consciousness of present good, without one wish for any thing further; nay, more, when the very idea of any further struggle would be absolutely painful. The soul *rests* in itself. Its faculties are in calm repose. All its restless impulses are hushed into serene enjoyment. The poor mariner, thrown from a burning ship upon a single plank, where he is left for two or three days upon the open sea, and finally escapes safe to land, — will *he* then long for some future and distant good? Is his enjoyment at all in anticipation? No! his soul is filled with the sense of present security. The highest enjoyment of which his nature can be susceptible, is in actual fruition.

So in the achievement of any great object affecting the happiness of individuals or of nations. The attainment is happiness. The completion of the work fills the mind of the actor with unutterable delight. He has no time nor heart to speculate on the contingencies of the future. A nation is saved; need he look any further? The chains are broken off from an afflicted continent; what more does he want? God's image is re-instamped on men; what brighter superscription can he find?

So it must be in heaven. Perfect peace reigns over the emancipated soul. It was made to be satisfied with its condition; it has now reached the end of its being. It had its storms on earth; it now navigates a sea that knows no

rough winds. It was on the field of contest here; it is binding on the victor's chaplet now. It wrestled hard *once;* it *is* in eternal repose.

Analogous to this, we may suppose, was the joy which our Saviour felt on the completion of his redeeming work. As a man, encompassed with the innocent infirmities of humanity, he could not but rejoice that the task was done. He had sowed the seed in blood. The burden of human guilt had weighed on his sensitive and shrinking nature; the powers of darkness had mustered all their legions; the Father had hidden that countenance which had never beamed aught but the most complacent delight.

But now, just as the sun went down, the clouds broke away. When He uttered that last word, *finished*, how unlike any which ever fell from human lips! how full of meaning even from his tongue! what emotions must have rushed through his heart! what thoughts crowded upon his memory! His soul now rested upon its finished toil; upon the mediatorial work, ending, not in death, but in immortal life. Around him was the supernatural darkness. Upon his ear might have been falling those strange sounds which the earth had begun to utter; but in the bosom of the sufferer there was a calm and holy joy, anticipatory of final triumph; the great enterprise for man's salvation was complete.

II. Our Saviour's joy arose, not from the bare completion, but from the *perfect* accomplishment of his work. Of man's undertakings, this can be but rarely, perhaps never, affirmed. The joy is never full, because the work is never finished. On some point there will be a failure. Some aspect of it will be marred. The foundation was not well laid. Defective materials were employed. There is

a sad disproportion between some parts of it, or it remains half built, a monument both of the wisdom and folly of its projector.

The imperfect condition in which the works of man are left is owing to *various* causes. He may not be endowed with sufficient foresight. He has not wisdom to lay his plan well. He plunges into its execution, before he has accurately marked in his mind the successive steps, or seen how the final result is depending on the initiatory process. Or, if he has the competent measure of sagacity, he has not sufficient steadiness. He is ingenious, but fickle-minded. He has nothing of that profound enthusiasm, which gathers strength from difficulties; which may die, but which will never yield. Or, if he has both forethought and an unquenchable ardor, he may want the means. He may possess all which he needs except power. In the moment when his hand is lifting up the top stone, it sinks under the load. *One* life was indispensable to carry out perfectly some great and most beneficent plan. No *substitute* could be found. But the arrow of death pierced him suddenly, and his work remained unaccomplished.

But our Saviour's joy was mingled with no such regrets. He undertook a work in which an angel's wisdom and power had been of no avail. At the beginning of it stood the Prince of Darkness; at the end, the bloody cross. But he had that meek patience which could bear any thing, uncomplainingly; that quiet trust which gathers energy in the sharpest trial; that wisdom which infernal malice could neither surprise nor circumvent; that power of endurance which no agony of suffering could shake; that firm confidence in final success which no adversity could, for a moment, weaken.

Hence his joy no man could take from him. It was

complete and everlasting. The powers of hell were utterly overwhelmed. Not a foe remained on the field. Death, the last enemy, received his mortal wound. Even the grave was robbed of all its terrors. He had tracked his foe even into its darkest dungeons.

In every point of view the victory was complete. Provision was made for the wants of the entire race. No guilt could be imagined, which was beyond the efficacy of his atoning blood. No wretch was ever so sunk in despair, but that means were provided for his rescue.

III. The satisfaction which our Saviour felt, may have arisen from the subordinate or collateral good which has resulted from his redeeming work. The ancient Greeks represented one of their divinities as conferring blessings wherever she went. Fruits and flowers sprung up unceasingly in her path, and her absence from earth was mourned as a calamity to the world. There have been men who were benefactors on a large scale. In the course of their life they performed two or three great actions, which were eminently beneficent. At the same time, the ordinary current of their days was marked by selfishness. In the smaller actions of their life, there was nothing attractive. One or two mighty deeds *exhausted* their benevolence.

Others there are whose course is marked with some act of goodness every day. They are surrounded by perpetual sunshine. They seem as if they could not help doing good. They are ready to perform great actions when such are called for. They are equally ready to fill up all the little interstices of life with benevolent deeds. A kind word, a benignant look, a little unsolicited favor, are as natural to them, as for the sun to shine or the dew to fall.

Analogous to this, but in a transcendently higher degree,

has been the influence exerted on the world by Christianity. Its smaller effects have been propitious. Its near and its remote bearings, its immediate and its indirect consequences, have been alike salutary. The Saviour had but one great object in coming into the world. His main design was not to meliorate its temporal condition, to change its laws, reform its governments, or promote its advancement in learning or arts. But what was not chiefly intended, has been gained incidentally. His abode on earth was designed to make expiation for the sins of men; but there was hardly a form of temporal suffering which he did not remove. His great object was eternity; to provide a mansion for the purified spirit there; but the wave of mercy was so large, that, like the ocean, it fills the little inlet, as well as the widest bay. Let us select two cases out of many.

The introduction of Christianity has rendered the indefinite cultivation of man's intellect practicable. This is beyond the power of any pagan religion. Under polytheism, education and intellectual refinement may flourish awhile. But beyond a certain limit they cannot proceed. Powerful moral causes are constantly at work, under the effect of which they must degenerate. Now it is these *moral* causes which Christianity counteracts, and, if completely successful, destroys. The intellect will not bloom in moral corruption, as flowers sometimes do in a stagnant marsh. It will not yield its most precious harvest, when the conscience is seared and the moral affections are dead. It will finally sink, along with the other powers of the soul. It must have the sunshine and rain which its sister faculties alone can yield. Christianity renders its possessor humble, gentle, meek, — the very qualities necessary for the vigorous growth of the mind. The highest scholarship, the best learning, are indissolubly connected with love to man and

profound reverence towards God. Individual instances to the contrary may, indeed, be pointed out, but there is no long series of them. There is no self-perpetuating vitality in them, and these instances are not in the highest order of intellect. It is now several centuries since Christendom has been, though partially and very imperfectly, under the influence of its religion. Yet there is no tendency to decay in intellectual cultivation. There is not the slightest diminution in vigor of mind or ardor of application. To what is this owing, except to the purifying influence of a Christian atmosphere? An element of life has been thrown into the otherwise corrupt mass.

The same remarks are applicable to another point, the decline of nations, the rapid fall of kingdoms, necessary where Christianity does not exist, possible where her influence is but partially felt, but wholly prevented where the great body of the people acknowledge her sway. She will thus stop this ceaseless flux and reflux, this alternating light and darkness, this interchanging barbarism and civilization. She has done it already in a good degree, even in nations which but very feebly feel her power.

This beneficent influence is accomplished in two ways. A part of the people become heartily interested in true religion, and thus become both a law unto themselves, and the dispensers in various ways of the benign principles which control their hearts. In proportion as the number of these devout men increases, a salutary fear is extended throughout the irreligious community, a dread of an omniscient and avenging Deity, some apprehension that open sins at least will be punished in the future world. In this way a whole nation may be said, in an important sense, to have become Christian. Motives operate on the whole mass, very unlike any thing which it was possible for paganism to present.

Now may we not suppose that these blessings, temporal indeed, but not unimportant, are in the view of the Saviour as one of the rewards of his suffering? Compared with the salvation of the soul, they are certainly lighter than the dust in the balance. Still, whether viewed in themselves, or in their bearings on the salvation of the soul, they cannot be overlooked by Him who was the cause of them all. A benevolent heart rejoices in the sight of happiness, though it is not of the highest nature, or of the longest duration. The Saviour's compassionate spirit must be gratified in beholding the ten thousand rills of comfort which flow from the great and ever-living fountain which he opened. He sees that the principles of his religion are tested in every form, and in every form are beneficial; touching man's complicated nature and relations at a thousand points, and touching only to heal and to bless.

IV. One cause of the Saviour's joy is, doubtless, the fact, that while the great object of his coming was accomplished, higher interests were not only not impaired, but, on the contrary, promoted and honored. In the history of man, an object is often in itself desirable, when, on the whole, and in all its bearings, it would be injurious. An inferior blessing is secured, while a higher interest is sacrificed. It might be desirable to effect certain amendments in the constitution of our country; yet the general effect of disturbing the provisions of that sacred instrument might be very bad, and might far more than counterbalance the benefit of any particular modification. When the well-being of a great country is at stake, considerations of a general and comprehensive nature must decide a particular question. The redemption of mankind is an object of inconceivable value. The salvation of a single soul outweighs the material uni-

verse. Yet there are interests more precious than these. There are objects of transcendently higher importance than even the salvation of man. The blotting from existence of the race would be no calamity compared with the casting of the slightest stain on one of the attributes of God, the defacing of a single stone in the great structure of his government, the impinging, in the smallest degree, upon a precept of his moral law. Omnipotence might call into being, in a moment, a brighter race than ours. But no effort of omniscience, or of almighty power, could repair a real dishonor, however small, which should rest on the veracity of God. In this respect, the Divine administration is wholly unlike a human government. The latter can proceed with tolerable efficiency, even if it should be somewhat frequently infringed. Yet God's government must be absolutely perfect, or it is no government at all. The slightest imperfection would be as really fatal to its stability, as the gravest fault. The only hold which it has upon the blessed angel lies in its spotless purity.

This is a point which short-sighted and depraved man is very apt to overlook or deny. "Why cannot I be saved on the mere ground of my sincere repentance? Why the need of this complicated and unintelligible doctrine of the Atonement?" For the reasons just stated, it might be replied. They need not be unintelligible to you. Your happiness and that of every other created being are bound up in the maintenance of God's attributes untarnished, in the preservation of perfect order in his kingdom. What could you do, if you could not bow down before God with the deepest reverence? The paying of this homage is essential to your happiness. Yet you could not do this if you had the least suspicion that he had failed to perform his word. Now, he would fail to perform it, most notoriously, if he

did not punish sin, or, in other words, if he should admit sinners into his favor, on the mere ground that they were sorry for their offence. There is no deep mystery here. It is one of the plainest things which can be stated to a reasonable being.

Now, redeeming love, while it accomplishes its specific work, not only does no dishonor to the character of God, but sheds a brighter lustre upon it. Instead of violating the sanctity of the Divine law, it places its perfection in new lights. Instead of endangering the loyalty of the pure spirits in heaven, it calls forth fresh songs of admiration and praise. While ample provision is made for the recovery of man, new reasons are seen for worshipping the Almighty, and for rejoicing that man was made in the Divine image.

Well, therefore, may the Saviour be satisfied, as he contemplates his redeeming work. In the higher aspects of it, there is nothing but refreshment and joy to his benevolent heart. In its remoter relations, in its indirect bearings upon those who did not need its gracious provisions, it has unrolled another volume in God's great economy, and struck a chord of thanksgiving to the Lamb, which will vibrate for ever.

V. The joy of Christ arose from the salvation which he procured for the human soul. The design of his coming was to save mankind. He came not to *condemn* the world, but to save the world. This was the paramount and controlling purpose. It is sometimes, indeed, represented, that the great object of our Lord's mission was something else; to overthrow, for instance, the empire of darkness; that it was hostility to the Prince of Evil that brought the Son of God from heaven. But this, manifestly, was only *a* result,

or rather a means, for the accomplishment of the great end which was to save man, — to rescue Adam's race from ruin. God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, so that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. It was the completion of this stupendous plan of redeeming grace for us, the lost children of men, that filled the Saviour's heart with joy unutterable. The very anticipation of it caused the Man of Sorrows to break forth into a momentary exultation, even on the eve of his last agony. "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified, and I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." To his clear and capacious mind the object was worth the sacrifice. The intensity of shame and suffering might be well borne, if the human soul could be recovered.

But how shall we speak of the human soul? What language shall we employ to indicate its worth? Perhaps no passage in the Scriptures is more frequently the theme of discourses from the pulpit than the interrogatory of our Saviour, "*What* shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" and yet few sermons are less impressive. One reason is, that the inquiry itself is more striking than any commentary on it *can* be. It is one of those brief propositions uttered by our Saviour, which is weakened by any attempt at analysis or illustration. Another reason is, that we have very inadequate ideas of the nature of the human soul. Our attention is so much occupied with outward and sensible objects, that we can hardly be called creatures of reflection. The ideas which we entertain of the mind, invisible and immaterial as it is, are so few and so dim, that all which can be said on its loss or its recovery passes by like the idle wind. On other subjects men exhibit the most wakeful attention. Other themes stir them like the sound of a trum-

pet. But when their own mind is the subject of inquiry, when all of themselves which will be of any value ten or twenty years hence is presented to their notice, it is greeted only by a vacant inattention, or a short-lived curiosity.

And yet how can we estimate the Saviour's joy in his completed mediatorial work, unless we consider what the salvation of man's soul implies; what its recovery from sin and condemnation means. He is no more tortured with a sense of self-degradation. While in an unforgiven state he has a painful sense of shame, because he is casting dishonor on himself, brutalizing those glorious faculties which ally him to angels. When he has committed a sin, it is impossible for him, with any activity of conscience, not to look with contempt on himself. In his better moments he feels that sin is a despicable thing, an indescribable shame. He is disgusted with his own constantly repeated acts. This is the nature of all disobedience. It is not only polluting, but humiliating. Its tendency is to rob the evil-doer of all self-respect, to make him an object of pity to himself.

Again, the salvation of the soul implies that a man is brought into harmony with himself. His powers are no longer in conflict. A perpetual calm has been breathed over them. A peace which passeth all understanding has taken the place of an unnatural conflict. Reason and conscience have resumed their lost honors, and the fires of unrestrained passion have gone out for ever. In recovering the image of its Maker, the soul enjoys a sweet and holy fellowship with itself, a serene composure, which is only the harbinger of the perfect calm of heaven.*

The recovery of the soul implies, also, its admission into

* See note at the end of the Sermon.

the society of all which is noble and good. The saints on earth and all the dead but *one* communion make. It is not only encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses, it is itself one of these witnesses. It has become a part of the great commonwealth of the living and the blessed dead. When it partakes of the spirit of angels, it shares in their sweet ministries of grace, and will triumph evermore in their blissful society. It is drawn upward, not alone by its own impulses, or by the power of its Redeemer's arm, but by the consciousness of its glorious companionship, by the encouraging voices which greet the still struggling spirit.

Once more, the salvation of the soul implies that it is brought into a state of perpetual thankfulness to its Redeemer. In its endless progress this probably is its absorbing motive,—gratitude to Him to whom it owes its deliverance, admiration of his power and love. This awakens its profoundest thought and its loudest anthem. It has become a part of its consciousness, as indestructible as its own glorified nature.

A few years ago, there lived a pagan who was called the Napoleon of South Africa. He was a man of talent, but seemed to be the incarnation of evil. Travellers were more afraid of meeting him than of all the other dangers to which they were exposed. At length he became such a terror for a great distance around, that a large sum was offered to any individual who would destroy him. Yet when the Saviour passed that way, by his word and his Spirit, this ferocious savage put on the gentleness of the lamb. He became as docile and as quiet as a little child; for many years the bond and centre of union to British subjects as well as to the native tribes, a pattern of meekness, of Christian zeal, and of a noble disinterestedness. His thankfulness to the Saviour was expressed a thousand

times, and in the simplest and most affecting terms. All who saw him, in life and in death, took *knowledge* of him that he had been with Jesus.

About two hundred years ago there lived at Paris an individual of the highest order of genius, who touched every subject which he undertook with the hand of a master, one of the few men equally at home in moral and mathematical truth, one of the few men the summer of whose life fully corresponded to the brilliant promises of spring. And yet that which struck every beholder was his calm resignation under intense and long-continued pain, the childlike simplicity of his character, humble and submissive as an infant, and his counting all things loss — earthly honors in their most attractive forms — for the sake of Christ. Few have ever had on earth so much of the love and spotless purity of heaven as the illustrious Pascal.

Here, now, are two men at the two extremes of society, — a philosopher of noble descent in the most refined capital of Europe, and a poor savage in the wilds of Africa, — both alike in moral character, both distinguished by the same sweet simplicity and affectionate love to the Redeemer. Was there not joy among the angels at their conversion? Yes, more than that, in the Saviour's heart there was joy unutterable, as he saw such monuments of the power of his grace, such fruits of his suffering on the cross. Count up, now, the almost countless numbers who have stood in the long distance *between* the uncultivated pagan and the Pascals and Newtons of Europe, in every order of intellect, in every variety of outward condition. Estimate the throngs who shall grace the Saviour's triumph when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and behold the fulfilment of the inspired promise, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Measure,

if you can, the tides of joy which shall flow through the Redeemer's breast for ever.

This subject has an application to those who are inclined to associate littleness of mind or a gloomy disposition with a practical belief in Christianity. Nothing, perhaps, is more common among young men than the impression that such a belief is to be submitted to by dire necessity, rather than affectionately embraced as a most precious privilege. Nothing more fully manifests the blindness of the human heart, or the lying artifices of the Devil, than to connect such things with a religion whose path through the world is marked by every temporal blessing, refining the affections, strengthening the intellect, upholding civil society, all as an indirect, undesigned consequence, while she opens on millions eternal felicity in heaven, and fills all the regions there with songs of holy and triumphant joy.

This subject shows, also, the sublimity of the enterprise in which the Christian Church is now engaged. Not only the preaching of the Gospel, and the labor of the missionary, but that which the weakest Christian may do, the smallest mite which may be given, the cup of cold water, the feeblest intercessory prayer that is offered, all help to honor the Saviour of the world, help to deck his mediatorial crown, add something to that joy with which he shall contemplate his finished work.

NOTE.—P. 434.

There are few subjects on which the author of these discourses wrote more frequently than on the "disorder of the soul." The following characteristic passage is taken from his sermon on the Value of the Bible in the Formation of Character:

"When we first see a complicated piece of machinery in motion,

having a thousand apparently independent parts, operating over a wide surface, with springs of exceeding delicacy playing in company with those of great weight and enormous power, the whole animated with the breath of life, conspiring, almost with superhuman intelligence, to one finished and beautiful result, we are filled with admiration. It is simplicity in the midst of labyrinthine circuits, the reign of perfect order in the midst of the most deafening confusion.

"At an oratorio some years ago, there were collected several hundred instruments of music, and nearly all the musical genius of three kingdoms. Yet amid this wilderness of sounds there was entire concord. From the harpings of these multitudinous harpers, only one volume of melody was poured forth. Infinite diversity and perfect unity; a thousand agents rational and irrational tasking their utmost capabilities, and yet not the slightest dissonance. We are amazed at this triumph of genius over what should seem to be invincible obstacles, — that feeble man can so copy that variety in unity which characterizes the works of God. Yet, when we view God's workmanship we can hardly call it a copy; it bears hardly a faint resemblance to its divine original. When we look at the mind of man, a simple uncompounded substance, yet with powers of the utmost variety and complexity, its states changing with the rapidity of light, with faculties different in kind as well as in degree, its delicate and diversified machinery, operating, though unseen, under laws as sure as those which govern the stars in their courses, and, unlike all the works of man, supplied with powers for indefinite self-improvement, with aspirations after a state which it sometimes does not even picture to itself, with glimpses into undiscovered lands into which no eagle's eye hath glanced, conscious of the absolute freedom of thought and will, yet pressed upon by a Being who foreknows and foreordains the first inception of a desire; — does the most exquisite and elaborated piece of machinery bear any analogy to this divine superstructure? Can the sublimest oratorio that ever held the hearts of men in breathless admiration, be compared for one moment with this cunning living harp?

"Besides, we know little yet of the powers of the soul. The soul of one man has, occasionally, certain moods, which may not, perhaps, find an answering cord in any other human bosom; certain states which it cannot fully explain to itself; thoughts which lie too deep for tears, and too deep to be interpreted. These peculiar moods of mind do not *consist* in the feelings which flow from refinement, knowledge, or piety,

in the ordinary acceptation of these terms, but they are rather the yearnings of the soul towards what may be hereafter, dim foreshadowings of that joy which the disenthralled spirit alone can understand.

"And yet such delineations have respect to what the mind has been and may be, not to what it is in its natural state. Its fine mechanism is strangely disordered. The original end of its creation is lost. We learn the nature of its structure by the extent and melancholy grandeur of its ruins. Its sweet music, which once charmed the ear of its Creator, is now harsh discord. The powers that allied it to angels are now known principally by the terror of their movement.

"Account for the fact as we may, its existence is beyond contradiction. Whatever be our connection with the original apostasy, whatever be the nature of the influence that has come down from Adam, be the preponderance of evil on the side of the first transgression, or of the actual personal offence, the fact admits of no qualification or denial. The proofs crowd upon us unceasingly and in broad daylight. They are within us and about us. The consciousness of every moment has a tongue, every wind of heaven has its sad voices. History, with its unbroken chapters of blood and crime, only confirms what we hourly see and every moment feel."

SERMON V.

TESTS OF LOVE TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM, LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING. — Ps. cxxxvii. 5.*

It is hard for us to imagine how much the ancient Jews loved their native land. Its natural features were doubtless the cause of this love in part. It is a land of hills and valleys and gushing springs. The warmest patriotism has generally been nursed among mountains and torrents. There the *ancestral* recollections were such as no other nation has ever enjoyed. The founder of the race was the father of the faithful, the friend of God, with whom angels watched in company, and his great-grandson was the prime minister of Egypt, the saviour alike of his own race and of his adopted country, and whose bones now reposed in the Promised Land, in the field which Jacob gave to his son Joseph. The meek lawgiver, too, what reminiscences clustered around his name, whom the Lord knew face to face, — who was almost permitted to gaze upon the splendors of the Godhead itself! A series of wondrous miracles had been interwoven into the national history and

* See note at the end of the Sermon.

into the songs of the temple. In the lapse of ages, these hallowed remembrancers, these dear and cherished monuments, multiplied on every side, till the very soil became sacred. On this mountain God appeared; under this oak he stood visible; here at this fountain angels talked. In that spot fire descended from heaven. In that valley an army perished when the seals of the pestilence were unloosed. Jerusalem, however, was the centre and substance of all which was holy and venerable, beautiful for situation, the city of the great king; the temple of burnished gold, crowning its highest summit, no unapt emblem of that *new* Jerusalem which John saw in apocalyptic vision.

How could the pious Jew bear to be exiled from such a country?

> "How leave his native soil, those happy walks and shades,
> Fit haunt of gods. How breathe in other air
> Less pure?"

How mournfully must he have walked over the hot sands of Arabia towards the idolatrous East, ever and anon casting a longing look towards his native hills, till they faded away in the distance, and despair settled on his heart. He was called to see one of the saddest sights on earth,—a company of captives, torn up from their homes, *indiscriminately;* the tender child, the sick, the tottering old man, driven by an armed soldiery, each stopping-place the grave of some fainting child, each wind laden with that peculiar moan of the infant which a horrid thirst alone can cause; the line of march for several days in the rear indicated by the scream of the wheeling bird, or by the howl of the beast of prey.

When the survivors reached the place to which they were forced, how melancholy the contrast with their old home!

A vast, dead level, an illimitable plain; no water, except in the sluggish canal, or the almost slumbering river; and what was worse, surrounded by the monuments of idolatry, and pained by the taunting interrogatory, "*Where* is your God? Why did he not appear for your deliverance? Come, sing us one of your boastful lyrics. Repeat in our hearing the strains that used to fill the arches of the now burned temple. We have heard about the music of King David's harp. Show us the skill with which you can touch its strings. It will sound well in the temple of Belus; it will be a rich accompaniment to Nebuchadnezzar's feasts."

What else could these despairing exiles do than hang their harps on the pendent willows, the *weeping* willows, which would almost seem to have grown up as a comfort to the exile, — the only object in the country that sympathized with his feelings?

In view of the accumulation of sorrow and suffering incident to the conquest of Judea and the carrying away of the people to Babylon, it becomes an interesting question, why it took place. Why was it necessary in the providence of God? What wise and benevolent purpose did it accomplish? Without wandering materially from the principal topic which I have in view, I may be permitted to answer these questions briefly.

The captivity was the means of extirpating idolatry from the hearts of the people. After the return, we hear no more of this polytheistic tendency. The fires which ravaged their cities burned up the idols with them. The second temple was never defiled by the Jews themselves with heathen abominations. Not this only, even the disposition to it seems to have been eradicated. How was it done? The circumstances of the exiles in their lonely abode on

the plains of Babylon seem to have impressed upon them the folly of their old worship. The false god had shown no power to rescue them from the invading foe. Milcom and Moloch and Ashtoreth were dumb in the hour of their votaries' utmost need. They saw, too, the connection between the slighted command of Moses and its predicted penalty. They provoked God to anger with their vanities, and a fire was kindled which burned to the lowest hell, which consumed their land with her increase, and set on fire the foundation of the mountains. The day of vengeance delayed, but at length it came and swept off the idolatrous nation with the besom of destruction. The poor, expatriated Jew had leisure now to study the neglected Pentateuch, and read the burning letters which the lawgiver had written. He did not need to search long for the commentary. It was seen in the brick-yards along the Euphrates; in the harps which were hung on the willows; in the bones which were bleaching on the desert.

The folly of paganism was proclaimed, also, in the land of his captivity. The true God and his heathen rivals were there repeatedly and publicly confronted. The astrologer's skill was taxed to its utmost. The combined wisdom of an empire was brought into competition with Omniscience. The most powerful monarch then on earth entered the lists against Almighty Power. In the fiery furnace, in the lion's den, on the walls of Belshazzar's palace, the God of heaven and the powers of darkness had an opportunity to demonstrate their respective claims. Think you that the Jews who were present were *idle* spectators; that those who were scattered over the Mesopotamian plain did not feel a thrill of joy, when the courier rode by, announcing the decree, that in every dominion of the kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of *Daniel*? Would these pious Jews

sleep the night after they heard that the three children had come uninjured out of the fiery furnace? Would not their hearts break out into audible thanksgivings to Him who had vindicated his supremacy in the very metropolis of paganism? Would they not converse with fresh interest on the madness of their former course, and resolve never again to degrade their Creator and their own immortal spirits, by adoring a calf or a tree?

The national prejudices of the Jews were somewhat diminished by the captivity. Their institutions were framed, as is well known, so as to make them a *peculiar* people, and preserve them from being contaminated by the surrounding tribes. These institutions, however, were pressed to a point which was never intended by their author. They were made the occasion of a system of sanctimonious exclusiveness which has had no parallel. The *Mosaic law* has nothing which authorizes that contemptuous treatment of other nations which was so natural to the Jew. It contains express precepts to the contrary. It embraces most benevolent provisions for the stranger. Its spirit was not manifested in the narrow bigotry of the Jew. He thoroughly despised the very tribes whose idolatrous practices he was so eager to copy.

Now, these illiberal prejudices needed to be broken down. This anti-social system was wholly adverse to the new dispensation which was in a few hundred years to be introduced. Preparatory measures must be adopted to *lower* the separating wall which the great Reconciler was to demolish. One of these means was the captivity. Though the process was painful, yet the exile learned some valuable lessons. It exerted upon him the same influence, in some degree, which foreign travel has now. It taught him that

God is no respecter of persons, that the gifts of his providence are not confined to one region, that the hills of Judea were not the *only* spots upon which the dews and the rains descended. Some interest in the concerns of other nations would be the result, some appreciation of what was excellent in foreign lands, some desire that the blessing of Abraham might come upon the gentiles. This liberalized feeling would be increased by the acts of kindness which the Jews occasionally experienced. One of the Babylonish kings lifted up the head of a Jewish ruler out of prison, and spake *kindly* to him and changed his prison raiment. Elsewhere, doubtless, they were pitied by those who carried them away captive, and their burdens were gradually lightened, until Cyrus appeared and blew the trumpet of jubilee. Towards him the returning captives must have always cherished sentiments of grateful affection. His name they would be glad to find on the prophet's pages, under the honorable designations of God's servant, and the anointed. That prophet, too, they must have learned more highly to esteem, as he opened the door of faith to the gentiles, and presented before the throne the prayers of those of whom Abraham was ignorant, and whom Israel acknowledged not.

In corroboration of this view, it may be mentioned that multitudes of the Jews chose to continue in the places of their dispersion, which they would not have done, had their prejudices remained as violent as they had been before the captivity.

The captivity appears to have been the means of a revival of true religion. It has sometimes been argued, that the judgments of Heaven have no tendency to make the sufferer better; that, on the contrary, they have a hardening effect,

and that the heavier they are, the greater is the obduracy produced. The reverse, however, has been often, if not generally, the fact. The opinion of their unfavorable tendency may have been caused in part by not distinguishing between the time when the Divine judgment was actually descending, and the period immediately subsequent. In the *process* of infliction, men may have been stunned, as it were, by the blow. Its suddenness or its terrors paralyzed them, or they may have been occupied in guarding against its temporal effects. But soon better states of mind succeed. "*Afterwards*, it works the peaceable fruits of righteousness." The supposed hardening effect appears to proceed on an ignorance of man's nature, fallen though it is. Does not a severe affliction soften the heart? Is not this its natural consequence. It may be, and often is, counteracted. But this counteraction is a perversion, not the tendency itself. If affliction has no influence for good in its own nature, why is it chosen? If its benefits are all arbitrary, and unconnected with a proper cause, why are judgments inflicted? Uninterrupted prosperity would accomplish the same purpose.

This view of the subject is corroborated by facts. Was not the generation that entered the Promised Land better than the one that preceded it? Was there not what might be called a revival of religion, which lasted till the elders died who outlived Joshua? What was the cause of it? Doubtless, in part, the Divine judgments which they saw or felt in the desert. They had been trained in a school of suffering. They had twenty or thirty or forty years of sharp discipline. Often had they seen the infliction of the penalty instantly follow the commission of the crime. The graves of their rebellious fathers, which were scattered in every direction over the wilderness, were so many affecting and salutary mementos.

So of the Babylonish captivity. While Jeremiah remonstrated and wept and mourned, the hard heart of his countrymen became harder. While the Chaldean was applying his torch to the temple, putting out the eyes of the royal family, or driving the captives before him at the point of his spear, there were, perhaps, no signs of contrition, nothing but sullen despair, or a disposition to *brave* it out. But in the land of their captivity it was different. According to that ancient reviving promise, when they were driven out into the uttermost parts of heaven, they bethought themselves, and repented and made supplication unto God, and prayed unto him with all their soul, and he heard their prayer and maintained their cause, and gave them a new heart and a right spirit. That this was the case with numbers of them we have indubitable evidence. The Psalms which were composed after the captivity are a proof of it. The liberality of the poor captives in contributing to the restoration of the city and the temple, the three days' fast which the fifteen hundred people who accompanied Ezra kept at the river Ahava, the readiness with which they hearkened to the remonstrances of Nehemiah, the tears which they shed on hearing Ezra expound the law, — all go to prove that they had been *refined* in Babylon, that God had chosen them in the furnace of affliction. Their bitter sufferings had worked out for them a purer national character. The wrath of man in the horrors of war and of captivity is sometimes made the occasion of spiritual blessings to the world, as well as of praise to God. It is well known, that the terrible convulsions on the continent of Europe, thirty years ago, were the occasion of an extensive revival of religion in the very seat of war. When the enemy came in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord, in the highest sense, lifted up a standard against him. In the wreck of earthly hope, the heart turned to its great resource.

The captivity was the means of extending the knowledge of God far and wide. Some beams of heavenly light fell on many pagan tribes. The pious Jews acted the part of missionaries in all the regions whither they were driven. Who can describe the benefit of Daniel's spotless example in Babylon, of Ezra, the ready scribe in the law of Moses, of Mordecai's unbending conscientiousness, and of Nehemiah's tender spirit and manly boldness in Artaxerxes's court? The good influence was not confined in the walls of Babylon or Shushan. To the extremities of the vast empire the courier bore it. Allow, that in many cases this religious influence was comparatively light, yet in the aggregate it could not be small. In having the knowledge of the true God by means of a written revelation, the Jews were immensely superior to all the rest of the world. Scattered over many regions by the hands of violence, they would be necessarily brought into direct conflict with the upholders of various idolatrous systems. Contrariety of views would lead to discussion; argument would arouse the slumbering intellect and conscience, and some at least would be led to worship, in spirit and in truth, Him whose manifestations in the works of nature they had previously neglected or misinterpreted.

God, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, was thus preparing the way for the light of the Gospel to shine over the whole earth. He always had thoughts of mercy to the poor gentiles. In the old dispensation his *special* favors were confined to the Jews, but some drops in the shower fell on the parched wastes of paganism. We occasionally discern hints, pre-intimations, foreshadowings, of that spiritual and healing gift designed for *all* people; a faint yet increasing redness in the East had for a long time indicated the spot where the sun was to appear. Those

Psalms of David which predict a reigning Messiah, those passages in Isaiah which so graphically describe a suffering and atoning Redeemer, were doubtless carried by the captive Jews into the distant East. Their true meaning, for the most part, remained unperceived, yet some indefinite expectation of a great deliverer was excited. Hope may have sprung up in some solitary and dejected bosom. Some gentile Simeon may have looked with feeble faith towards the coming Messiah. At all events, the captivity laid the foundation for the speedier diffusion of Christianity when it did appear. On the day of Pentecost, devout Jews were gathered at Jerusalem from every nation under heaven, a people prepared of the Lord to carry the knowledge of his Son to the ends of the earth.

I am now prepared to consider the principal topic suggested by the text which has been read, and implied in the spirit of the entire Psalm, — the *nature* of the interest felt by a pious man in the advancement of religion. What are some of the principal evidences of love to the kingdom of God. How can one determine the sincerity of his attachment to the interests of true religion?

One test of our love to the kingdom of Christ is the spontaneousness of the affection. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," is not the expression of an argument, the result of a calculating process, the balancing of probabilities after a close self-examination. It is the irrepressible emotion of the heart. The Psalmist did not need to think upon Jerusalem at all. *Before* he mused, the fire burned. His love to Zion was not *awakened* at all. It was in his bosom already a gushing fountain which would overflow, whether he reflected upon the subject or not.

In what is called the process of self-examination into one's motives or moral state, there is often sad confusion. It is difficult to discriminate between one emotion and another. The operations of the mind are extremely rapid. The fugitive feeling is gone before we can fix on its moral complexion. The rays of light over a harvest-field are not so rapid, nor so much intermingled. The *intellectual* approbation is confounded with the complacency of the heart. The decisions of the moral faculty are not distinguished from those of the will or from the impulses of the feelings. The result is wholly unsatisfactory. We leave the investigation with no more self-knowledge than when we began it. It was a wearisome search, and we were glad when it was over.

There is this peculiar disadvantage about it. The soul puts itself on the defensive when there is a formal scrutiny into its doings. Every one has been conscious of this in regard to the intellect. When we attempt to question it closely, it rebels. When we essay to make it run upon a prescribed track, it seems to assert its native, original freedom. This is not mere want of discipline. The best cultivated minds are often conscious of it. Just so it is with the heart. In formally arraigning it before the tribunal of the conscience, we put it under the necessity of making the best defence it can. In other words, it is in a position of constraint. We cannot thus learn what are its free movements, its honest testimony.

Suppose, however, we can arrest the successive trains of thought and emotion, and exactly determine every frame of mind of which we have been conscious for the last twenty-four hours, our judgment may still be doubtful. Neither side may have much preponderance. It is a nice summing up of opposing testimony. We are not clear on which side

we should strike the balance. For instance, we have during the day rendered aid to a poor neighbor. What were the motives which led to the apparently benevolent act? They were *mixed*, it may be. How shall we adjust them? On the one side, the deed was prompted by mere natural compassion; or by a wish to have our benevolence known; or to have a good opinion of ourselves; or as the cheapest way of getting rid of an importunate application. On the other hand, we may have thought of the command of Christ; we may have had some real desire to relieve the wants of one of his poor members; or perhaps we wished to commend to an unbeliever the beneficent effects of the Gospel. Now all these motives may appear to have been strangely blended together in the performance of the same act. Who shall determine which governed the heart, and which were mere casual thoughts that passed through the mind?

Without undervaluing this self-scrutiny, a severe test is to look at the feelings in their unguarded state. What is their spontaneous testimony? Whither do they tend, when your thoughts are not distinctly fixed upon them? Are you always compelled to discipline them into such a state as you suppose is desirable? Are you compelled to wring, as it were, a favorable verdict from them? What effect does the news of the progress of the cause of Christ have upon them, before you have had time to reason upon the subject? Is there an *instant* and *involuntary* joy, an unconstrained outbreak of thanksgiving? And is this especially the case when the object concerned is most exclusively Christian, most immediately bearing upon the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom?

This is the way in which a paramount love for any *other* object is determined. He is not a genuine scholar who is

compelled to argue himself into a love for his studies. His heart *anticipates* his judgment. His feelings outrun his calculations. Often, before he is distinctly conscious of it, his enthusiasm is awakened for some particular science, he hardly knows why. There is a current of feeling running towards it which nothing can stop. So of him who is thoroughly possessed with an avaricious spirit. There is a *craving* in his heart for riches, or for the good things which they bring with them. It is not so much a process of reasoning which leads him on, as it is an impulse of the heart. He does not need to sit down and estimate the advantages of his course. It is the first feeling of which he is conscious in the morning; it cheers him in the heat and dust of noon-day; it comes in pleasant dreams at night. His attachment is unpremeditated, unforced.

So it was with the pious Jewish exiles in Babylon. No *asseveration* was too strong for their love; no anathema was too dire if they failed to cherish it. *Jerusalem* was the tenderest chord in the heart; longing for the worship on Mount Zion was the strongest passion in the breast. Daniel, when he prayed, must open the windows of his chamber *towards Jerusalem.* The exiles, doubtless, loved to wander on the bank of the Euphrates, because that river was the boundary which they must cross on going back to Canaan. They would get as near as they could to the road that led to the beloved land.

In giving this prominence to mere feeling, it may be thought that the door is opened for fanaticism or enthusiasm. It is sometimes represented, that *thought* only is the cause of sound religious emotion, that reflection is the parent of all legitimate feeling, that love and hope and joy are the product of intellectual activity. But is not the reverse as frequently the fact? Do not the decisions of the intel-

lect follow the impulses of the heart? Is not meditation frequently the consequence of feeling? May not the warm emotions of the soul both act as the cause, and facilitate the progress, of self-reflection and examination. In that case the burden of the duty is lightened. The soul is lovingly prompted to a privilege, not painfully driven to a task. In other words, the more it is made the home of all pure and heavenly feelings, and the more ready it is to feel instant and cordial sympathy with the interests of God's kingdom on earth, so much the more will profitable reflection and earnest thought become cherished inmates of the bosom. When truth and righteousness prosper in the world, the heart will spontaneously ascend in devout thanksgiving. When impiety and immorality abound, the lyre will be hung upon the willows. Unaffected sorrow will take possession of the soul, leading, rather than following, reflection and active labor, — a test of the true tendencies and character of an individual, better than all the deductions of the intellect.

Another test of our love to the kingdom of Christ is the *supremacy* of the affection. "If I prefer not Jerusalem above my *chief* joy." The supremacy of an affection of the heart does not imply that it is an *exclusive* affection. This is manifestly impossible. Man is a being of various susceptibilities, and each must have its appropriate development. The angels in heaven are not exclusively occupied in the manifestation of a single emotion, whether it be love to God or to one another. They doubtless experience great delight in the unfolding of their own faculties. They could not be intelligent and moral beings, if they did not.

Neither does the supremacy of an affection imply necessarily that the mind is occupied with it the greater part of the time. For creatures situated as we are, this is imprac-

ticable. Many of our duties may have no immediate reference to the kingdom of Christ. To perform them *well*, however, we must take delight in them, not merely as means, but as an end. God has so made the human soul, that its cultivation, in itself considered, without regard to any ulterior object whatever, is accompanied with pleasure. The pious lyrists at Babylon must have found pleasure in the mere skilful exercise of their art.

Nevertheless, it would not seem to be difficult to determine what is the master passion of the soul. In the first place, it is deeper than any other. When the blessed angel turns his eye to the Author of his being, the very depths of his soul are stirred. Feelings of mingled veneration and love flow over him like a tide. So, doubtless, with the believer on earth. Towards Him who is the perfection of moral beauty, as well as the source of his own blessedness, he feels a profounder reverence, a purer affection, than towards any other or all other objects.

Again, it is indicated by the *facility* with which the mind turns to it. It is the most attractive. Other things have a measure of beauty; but this, in the comparison, outshines them all. Another sure mark of its superiority is seen at those times when other objects lose their charms. There are periods when the soul is driven from all sources of outward comfort. The world, with all its innocent delights, appears like a sandy waste. Does your soul then prey upon itself? In these great crises of its history, has it no adequate resource? When the *world* is taken away, are all its props removed? Or does it turn, like the needle to the pole, to its final and glorious Rest? Do its affections, crossed in one direction, gather with sweet and hitherto unknown delight around the invisible kingdom of God? The master passion of the soul is said to be strongest in

death. Napoleon expired on the field-bed which he had used at Austerlitz. In affliction, in severe illness, when you may have apprehended the approach of death, whither do your strongest feelings go? Around what do they cluster?

Another test of our love to the kingdom of Christ is what may be termed the *impartial* character of the affection. There may be great apparent joy in the progress of the Gospel, there may be loud thanksgiving to the Spirit of grace for his intervention, there may be mourning and lamentation on account of some disaster which has befallen the Church, when after all it may appear that the feelings of exultation or of grief were entirely of a *partial* and sectarian character. *Our* church was thereby honored or degraded. The wisdom of our personal choice in joining this or that communion is confirmed or depreciated. Our own prospects of ease and aggrandizement have insinuated themselves into our minds, so that we confound a party with the kingdom of Christ; we mistake a fraction of the Church for Christendom itself.

But true love seeketh not its own. It rejoices in the truth, by whomsoever professed or disseminated. If Christ is preached, whether in pretence or in truth, it rejoices, yea, and *will* rejoice. It does not rebuke a man because he prefers to labor in a field different from that of his neighbor, or cut down the spiritual harvest with a different implement, or wear a costume somewhat plainer or more costly. It does not meet the report of a victory in the Christian cause with cold indifference, or with a hesitating approval, till it has first learned what particular sect has the agency, or will receive the benefit. It nobly overlooks all such things. It plants itself on no such narrow grounds. Its object is not to

make proselytes, but to save souls; not to count up converts to this or that dogma, but to honor the Redeemer of the world. Wherever, in whomsoever it can discern the lineaments of his blessed image, it welcomes him to communion, and rejoices in his prosperity.

This is the spirit of Christ and of his Apostles, unless the New Testament is wholly misinterpreted. In proportion as you love the cause of Christ *as such*, you may believe that your love is sincere, and will stand the last fiery test. In proportion as it is concerned with a sect *as* such, and pours out all its sympathy on its own peculiar and selected friends, may its genuineness be questioned. To confine your affections to one branch of the true Church *may be* a proof of spurious love, as it certainly is of a narrow understanding. It may be the evidence of an arrogant Pharisaism, rather than of a Christian temper. The spirit of Christ was sympathizing, conciliatory, all-embracing. He never turned coldly away because a suppliant was a poor Syrophenician. He did not resign the heterodox Samaritans to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

I remark, in the last place, that the practice of a cheerful self-denial, when it is called for, is one of the principal tests of sincere attachment to the cause of Christ. There are Christians who practise a degree of self-denial, but it is not spontaneous and prompt. The act is performed grudgingly and with an ill grace; or if at the time the feelings are apparently interested, yet subsequently regrets arise, doubts whether the measure of ability were not exceeded, or the claims of one's self or family sacrificed to the warmth of a momentary feeling. *Such* self-denial, it is needless to say, can neither be profitable to him who practises it, nor acceptable to the Being whose steward he is.

In this test of discipleship, American Christians are doubtless most deficient. To this *hard* criterion they are not willing to submit. They are by no means economical in their professions of attachment to Christ. It is said that more than two millions profess this love. They are quite lavish in feeling, in their expressions of cordial sympathy with the spread of the Gospel, but the last, the decisive touchstone of sincerity, they are not willing to apply. It is no untruth or paradox to assert, that their religion has cost them less of practical self-denial, than that of any other community who have ever made pretensions to an interest in the subject. Witness the costly, and what we should call exorbitant assessments, which were annually made on the ancient Jewish Church through its entire existence. Recollect with what princely munificence the poor captives, when they returned from Babylon, contributed to the rebuilding of the temple, princes and peasants building with one hand and fighting with the other, from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared; some of them declaring, with affecting simplicity, "We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses, that we might buy corn because of the dearth." Call to mind, also, the early Christians who took *joyfully* the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. With them associate the heroic self-sacrifices of our Pilgrim Fathers, twenty or thirty poor families often supporting liberally the stated preaching of the Gospel, while they sent assistance to the venerable missionary at Natick, never forgetting the beloved University that they had founded in their deep poverty; — and say, in view of these well-known facts, which might be multiplied to almost any extent, whether covetousness is not the great sin of the present American

Church, — whether she is doing, in any measure, that for the salvation of the world which her means justify and demand.

Year before last* about one million of dollars were contributed by the whole American Church, numbering considerably more than two million of members, for the diffusion of the Gospel in various forms. In that same period, the Christians of Great Britain contributed more than four millions of dollars, more than one million of which were given by the Dissenters alone, and to foreign missions only, in addition to what was bestowed for other objects; the whole of them far inferior both in numbers and in means to the Christian Church in this country.

How shall we account for this disparity? How, except that we have not learned yet to value the Gospel, the sovereign remedy for the diseases of man, the immense importance of its extension, the injury that the world is suffering through our supineness, or the glory that will come to the Redeemer when he reigns on earth as he does in heaven?

How shall this lack of service be supplied? How shall the lesson of self-denial be taught? Not by going out and finding fault with the churches; not by general denunciations of the sin of covetousness; not by devising schemes for the abridgment of the comforts or luxuries of life. The human heart is not taken by such devices. The citadel of selfishness cannot be stormed by direct assault.

We must go forth and exhibit the glory of the Redeemer; we must portray the riches of his grace, the greatness of *his* self-denial, the *love* which he bore to men, the depth of his compassion, the wonders of grace which he has wrought out for them, the gratitude which every ingenuous heart would render in return, the blessedness of following his sub-

* This sermon was written in 1843.

lime example, who went about doing good, and the imploring wretchedness of the millions who know him not.

Thus every true heart would exclaim, Let me be baptized with his spirit, and with his sufferings if need be; let me count all things but loss that I may make him known; let me join the society of those who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation; let me be another among those heroic souls who have led the van in the Lord's host, first in hardship, first in victory.

NOTE.—Page 440.

The following is Professor Edwards's analysis of the 137th Psalm:

"The 137th Psalm for tenderness and poetic beauty is hardly excelled by any composition in the entire collection. The reader is introduced at once into the midst of the sad scenes of the exile, and can almost look upon the neglected harp and hear the wailing lamentations. The Psalm was evidently composed subsequently to the return of the Jews from Babylon, yet not long after that event. It is not to be regarded simply as an expression of the feelings of which any captive Jew, endued with quick sensibilities, might be conscious, or as an outburst of patriotism; it is a record of pious emotion, of the fervent desires of the poor exiles that they might see the city of their solemnities again, and join in the worship which had once been paid to their fathers' God. They would rather be door-keepers in their national house of prayer, than live amid all the sensual delights of Babylon.

"The Psalm is naturally divided into three strophes. Vs. 1 – 3 express the sorrow of the exiles in their remembrance of Zion. It would be doing violence to their most sacred feelings to comply with the demand of their proud oppressors to sing to them the songs of Zion. Vs. 4 – 6 give utterance to the passionate determination of the exiles never to profane the Lord's songs by singing them in a foreign land, and never to forget their beloved city. Vs. 7, 8, invoke destruction upon the Edomites for their cruel conduct at the time Jerusalem was destroyed, and also upon the Babylonians for their oppressive acts.

"V. 1. נַהֲרוֹת. Euphrates, Tigris, Chaboras, etc., and the canals which intersected the country. The exiles would naturally resort to the banks of the streams, as shady, cool, and retired spots, where they could indulge in their sorrowful remembrances. The prophets of the exile saw their visions by the rivers. Ez. i. 1; Dan. viii. 2; x. 4.

"V. 2. עֲרָבִים, *weeping willow*, the Salix Babylonica of Linn., with pendulous leaves, which grows on the banks of streams. The suffix in בְּתוֹכָהּ refers to Babel. The כִּנּוֹר was an instrument much used in joyful festivals; Gen. xxxi. 27; 1 Sam. x. 5; 2 Sam. vi. 5; the ceasing to play upon it denoted a great and public grief or calamity. Is. v. 12; Ez. xxvi. 13; Apoc. xviii. 22; Job. xxx. 31. כִּי, 'we have let our harps rest, *for* our oppressors,' etc.

"V. 3. מִשִּׁיר, one or some of the songs; comp. Ps. cxxxii. 11.

"V. 5. Had the captives complied with this demand in a strange country, among the heathen, they would have desecrated their sacred hymns, and, as it were, denied their native land. 'Then let my right hand forget,' i. e. her musical skill.

"V. 6. 'Let my tongue also refuse its office.' *Chief joy*, lit. head of my joy. Comp. Cant. iv. 14, רֹאשׁ בְּשָׂמִים, *chief perfume or fragrance*.

"V. 7. In regard to the cruel and faithless conduct of the Edomites at the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans, see the prophecy of Obadiah; Lam. iv. 21, 22; Jer. xlix. 7–22; Ez. xxv. 12–15. The Edomites, being related to the Hebrews, had been spared by God's command, when the Hebrews invaded Canaan. Yet they stood by at the siege of Jerusalem, and stimulated the Chaldeans in their work of destruction and death. 'Neither shouldst thou have stood in the crossway to cut off those of his that escaped.' 'The cup also shall pass through unto thee, thou shalt be drunken.' עָרֵה, Imp. Piel. בָּהּ, *in Jerusalem*, a periphrasis for the genitive.

"V. 8. הַשְּׁדוּדָה has been explained in a variety of ways. Seventy, ἡ ταλαίπωρος; Vulg. *misera;* others, *destroyer*, *powerful*, *violent*, or *fierce*. Perhaps it best suits the context to regard it as expressing what is already accomplished; it is so certain, in the view of the Psalmist, that the ruin will come, that he uses the past part. as if the work were now completed. 'O daughter of Babylon, the destroyed!'

"The imprecations in this Psalm, as Hengstenberg remarks, are only an individualizing of the declaration of our Lord, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' The destruction of the

children of the Babylonians is a just recompense for their cruelties towards the Jews. He who finds fault with the spirit of these verses, and denounces it as a relic of a barbarous age, has very inadequate or erroneous views both of the principles of the Divine government and of the deeper necessities of his own moral nature. When outrageous cruelty or wickedness of any kind meets with retribution, we feel that it is condign, just, deserved, and this feeling is consistent with the tenderest compassion. Milton's lines find a response in the breast of every right-minded reader:

> 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
> Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
> Forget not.' "

SERMON VI.

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.*

THOU FOOL! THAT WHICH THOU SOWEST IS NOT QUICKENED, EXCEPT IT DIE. — 1 Cor. xv. 36.

THE subject involved in this verse is but seldom made the theme of pulpit discussion. One reason may be, that but little comparatively is said about it in the Bible. Consequently, there is much danger of launching into the regions of doubtful speculation, and of becoming wise above what is written. On no subject is it easier to go beyond the boundaries of propriety and good taste, and to multiply unauthorized and fanciful analogies. Besides, many persons are accustomed to entertain images and associations with the doctrine, or with the manner in which it has been treated, which are unfriendly to a patient and profitable consideration of it. They do not elevate their minds to a reasonable and Scriptural position from which to view it. The doctrine, however, ought not to be consigned to neglect. It should not be thrust from the circle of evangelical truths. He is hardly worthy of the name of an enlightened Christian, who can allow it to become associated in his mind with degrading or unseemly images.

* This sermon was written in 1839.

In a brief discussion of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, my first remark is, that it is a matter of pure revelation. We know nothing about it from the light of nature. That the dead and wasted body shall be reanimated, is not an inference of reason. On the contrary, to the eye of sense the grave is an eternal prison; its heavy bars shall never be broken. What could be more improbable, than that the dust which has been scattered by the winds of heaven shall be gathered up once more; than that a frame which was four thousand years since burned to ashes shall be reorganized; that a substance which has been decomposed shall once more stand up a model of youth and beauty?

The pagan philosopher may *hope* that the SOUL is immortal. Uninstructed reason may conjecture that the separated spirit will survive. There may be in our original constitution a longing for something beyond this life; an idea of perfection which is never satisfied here; a half-formed impression that God would not create beings of such powers for so short a life merely; a dim foreboding of an hereafter. But the pagan's immortality is that of the spirit. The body he considers unworthy of an endless life; as not at all fitted for a perfect state; as an encumbrance to happiness which must be shaken off. "Reason can see no advantage in the supposition," it has been said, "that a body which, however it may have been purified, is still to be formed substantially of the same materials, a body to which we have never been rightly attached in this life, should be dragged after us to all eternity. Nor can reason comprehend what would be the use of this body, which consists of earth, in heaven, that is, in another part of the universe, in which, probably, other substances than matter are necessary to the existence and preservation of living beings." Here,

however, philosophy is vain and theory worthless. We shall do well on this subject to take heed to the written revelation, for we have nothing else. If the life and immortality of the human spirit have been brought to light in the Gospel, in a still higher sense have the life and immortality of the human body.

I remark, in the second place, that the Scriptures show the *possibility* of a resurrection. The Old Testament history is not wanting in proofs of this possibility. Even the bones of the prophet Elisha had the wonderful efficacy of giving life to a corpse that touched them. In the case of Lazarus of Bethany, we have a detailed and most illustrious example of the power of Jesus over death and the grave. All the circumstances were such as to impart the deepest interest to this miracle. Lazarus was actually and incontrovertibly dead. The enemies of our Saviour could not but feel and acknowledge it. The miracle was performed in broad day, in the full view of multitudes, both of friends and foes, as a consequence of a direct appeal to the power of God. It was not a deception. The risen Lazarus was no ghost, nor phantasm, to illude the senses, or play upon the imagination. It was a *real body* which came from the tomb, substantial, animated flesh and blood. It proved, beyond doubt or gainsaying, that a resurrection is possible; that there is nothing in the circumstances of dissolution, of a commencing decomposition of a human body, which makes it absurd or impossible for God to revive it. If Lazarus was raised, another man may be. The having been in the grave three days, or three years, or three thousand years, makes no difference. Life is extinct in all these cases, as much in one as in another. The problem is to give life, to restore the principle of animated existence.

This was done in the case of Lazarus, and it shows that it can be done again.

I remark, in the third place, that the Scriptures directly teach the resurrection of those who sleep in Jesus. We have positive assertions to this effect. "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent [that is, go before or precede] them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first"; that is, shall rise before those who are then living will be changed.

The chapter from which the text is taken makes the resurrection of believers *turn* on the resurrection of Christ. The Apostle asserts, that if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is not Christ risen; and that those who were supposed to have fallen asleep in him have perished. But Christ has risen, and become the first fruits of them who slept. It has been sometimes supposed that the Apostle is here reasoning philosophically, that he is intending to make out a logical argument thus: What has happened in one case may happen again. The nature of Christ, considered as a man, is the same as that of other men. The laws of life in him are the same as in others. The circumstances being the same, the effect will be. It is no more unreasonable or unphilosophical to predict a fact of them, than it is of him. We know it has occurred in his case. We may lawfully infer that it will occur in theirs.

This method of reasoning does not, however, appear to have been employed by the Apostle. He is not arguing strictly from the nature of the case, from any inherent laws of our being, or from any maxims of the logician. Neither

is he maintaining the possibility of the believers' resurrection from the fact that such a resurrection was shown to be possible in the case of Christ. No such instance of possibility was needed after the raising of Lazarus, or even after there had been any similar instance of the resuscitation of a corpse. It may, indeed, be replied, that Lazarus was raised only to a natural life, with a mortal body, again to die; while an instance was required of a resurrection with a spiritual body, like that with which Christ ascended from the grave. But it does not appear that there was any greater exertion of power in the one case than in the other. It was equally a miracle in both cases. We might certainly argue, that he who could raise Lazarus with a natural body, might also raise another with a spiritual body. Both are equally contrary to our common experience. Both alike demand almighty power. Besides, we do not certainly learn that Christ arose from the grave with the same body with which he ascended to heaven. The spiritual body might have been assumed, for aught we know, *subsequently* to the resurrection. At all events, Christ declared that he had flesh and bones, and he showed the scars which were made in his flesh by the nails and the spear.

The Apostle, in the chapter before us, stands on higher grounds than the possibilities of nature or the deductions of science. He utters the true sayings of God. He is making known the positive revelations of the Divine Will. He is stating facts which we could not infer from any premises in our possession, which we could never reason out with the wisdom of the schools. It is a part of the plan of redemption, that the *bodies* of believers shall rise. The mission of the Son of God will not be complete, till every one of his followers shall have a glorified body like that of the risen Redeemer. He cannot witness the full travail of his soul,

till the sea has given up her dead; till every tomb, where were deposited the remains of the feeblest of his disciples, has restored its trust; till those little ones, millions of whom fell asleep in his dear arms, shall spring to new life in their Father's house.

As certainly as all men died in Adam, so certainly shall all saints be made alive in Christ. We are to believe the one as steadfastly as we believe the other. We have *perfect* evidence that all men die a natural death. On an equally solid foundation rests the proof of the restoration to life of all who believe in Jesus. Did Christ really die upon the cross? Do the Evangelists testify expressly to this point? Do friends and enemies, Joseph, Nicodemus, the Galilean women, Pilate, the executioners, the wound in the side which is always mortal, all agree in corroborating this testimony? Did Jesus actually rise from the tomb a living man? Do friends and enemies willingly or unwillingly harmonize on this point? Is it shown conclusively by the miserable fabrication of the chief priests? Was Jesus *seen* alive by many witnesses, even by more than five hundred at once? Did he not eat and drink? Did he not submit himself to the infallible inquisition of the senses? Do not all these things prove demonstratively that Jesus died and rose again? You all answer that they do. No fact in history is more certain. You would as soon undertake to deny that Julius Cæsar or Buonaparte once lived. But it is no more certain than the resurrection of believers. If *one* fails in proof, the *other* does. The Bible stakes its veracity in this matter. It asserts categorically, that the whole Gospel is a fable and a cheat, if the dead do not rise. If death be an eternal sleep, the corner-stone of the whole Christian system is knocked away. It is not enough that provision should be made for the immaterial spirit. Christianity, in

her all-comprehending and compassionate arms, gathers up the perished dust; it will not let a fragment be lost. The curious and cunning workmanship shall be remoulded. There *is* no land of *forgetfulness*. The grave is vital now. It is a region of soft and pleasant slumbers. There is an almighty and an omniscient Watcher over all these sleepers.

I remark, in the fourth place, that the Scriptures teach that the bodies of the wicked shall be raised. It is true that there are but few passages in which this is taught directly. The verses which have been recited from the First Epistle to the Thessalonians refer to the resurrection of believers only. Paul is here administering consolation to those who were mourning the loss of pious friends. So the whole of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians appears to have the same reference. The nature of the argument is such, as not to admit the allusion to the wicked. The Apostle is comparing Adam and Christ, as the heads or representatives of two races or series. In consequence of the sin of Adam, all men die a natural death. Through Christ, the bodies of all, that is of all believers, shall be made alive. That the word *all*, in the last case, does not mean the whole human race, may be shown conclusively. First, there is no reference to the resurrection of the wicked in the chapter, unless this be one. It is a chain of reasoning from beginning to end. There is but one subject introduced, the physical resurrection of believers. It would be somewhat strange if the writer should go out of his way, and introduce a foreign question, that is, the relation which Christ has to the raising of unbelievers. Secondly, the Apostle is here speaking only of the *blessings* which Christianity procures, through the resurrection which it effects. But the resurrection of the

bodies of the wicked cannot be regarded as a *blessing*. Thirdly, such a rendering would impair the force of the antithesis. Adam is placed at the head of one series or race. All his descendants suffer by virtue of their connection with him. Christ is the leader of another series, not identical in number with the other, for it is expressly limited. In the very next verse we read, "Each in his own order, Christ the first fruits, afterward they who are Christ's at his coming." The wicked are not Christ's. They do not belong to him. Christ is the first fruits of all who sleep in him. The wicked are never said to fall asleep in Jesus.

The term *all* need not occasion any difficulty. It is used in both cases in the sense of *universality*, that is, as comprehending all the individuals who belong to the two series. Who those individuals are composing the two series, we are to learn from the context.

There are, however, several passages in which the resurrection of the wicked is explicitly taught. In the fifteenth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Acts, Paul asserts, "And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." We may infer from this passage, that the Jews, particularly the Pharisees, believed in a general resurrection, from the testimony of the Old Testament; and that this belief was shared in by the Apostle, as a Christian and an inspired man, and that it made a part of the truths which he propagated. In the fifth chapter of the Gospel of John, our Saviour asserts: "Marvel not at this," to wit, that the spiritually dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, or that he has power to impart spiritual life; "for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth;

they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

Now that this passage cannot refer to a spiritual resurrection or a moral resurrection, is clear from what goes before. Such a resurrection is there alluded to, and our Saviour declares that there is no reason for astonishment, because he would do a *greater* work; he would call the *physically* dead from their tombs. All, both good and bad, would hear his voice and come forth, not from the death of sin, but from the grave, from a material tomb. This passage, if there were no other in the Bible, is of itself a decisive proof of the resurrection of the wicked. It admits but one sense. It cannot be explained away, nor its force evaded, except by sophistry, or a wilful adherence to error.

I remark, in the fifth place, that the body which is raised from the grave is identical in some respects with that which was buried. The reasoning of the Apostle in the text and context seems to amount to this. Addressing the objector, he says: "You are foolish in entertaining a doubt on a question which has been already solved in the analogies of nature. The grain of wheat which is laid in the ground, can reach a higher and nobler life only through death. The death of a vegetable, its decomposition, the scattering of its parts, do not destroy the principle of life. On the contrary, when the seed has come to its full maturity, it ceases to grow, and you must bury it in the ground, and it must apparently perish, in order that it may be quickened, in order that the process of life may be started again. Just so in respect to man. He can attain to a nobler life only through death. He must pass through the separating and refining process of the grave before he can attain to a new

life. Yet it is *he* who rises; it is not another individual; it is his body, and not another's; *it* is sown, and *it* is raised. The identity is preserved. Not, indeed, that the same particles of matter which were laid in the grave shall rise again. Thou dost not sow the body which shall be. What is sown and what rises is not the same body in all respects." In order to be identical, it is not necessary that the same particles of matter should compose it. We are told that the particles which make up our bodies here are continually escaping from us; and it is further said, that there is an entire change as often as once in seven years, yet the personal, the bodily identity, is continued. Doubtless it will undergo many and important changes before it becomes a glorified body, because it cannot be fitted for its new state without such changes. But it is not necessary to suppose that there will be any such revolution as wholly to destroy the identity of the body. If it were so, we cannot see the propriety of the terms employed by the sacred writers, such as awakening or calling the dead from their graves, or that the sea should give up its dead. It is supposed by some, that, in the comparison of the body to the seed-corn by Paul, it is plainly implied, "that the present mortal body contains the germ of the heavenly body, even as the germ of the plant lies in the seed, from which, after it is dissolved and dead in the earth, the plant is developed, and, as it were, raised to life. Hence the future body has at least as much in common with the present as a plant has with the seed from which it springs. It will be, in a true and important sense, the identical body which the believer shall hereafter possess, only beautified and ennobled."

Further than this, it seems to me, the Scriptures do not go. We must be willing to leave the remainder with God.

All the doubts which have arisen on the subject may spring up just as well in respect to the possibility of a resurrection at all. That is, the fact itself is as inconceivable as the *manner* of it. If God cannot preserve the identity between two substances, he cannot create either of them. Each is the effect of Divine power alone; neither is absurd or impossible.

I remark, sixthly, that the body will undergo important changes at the resurrection. Here also I shall confine myself strictly to the Apostle's statement. He expressly declares the fact. The body will become incorruptible. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. No sooner has the death of the earthly body taken place, than the work of destruction commences. The flesh returns gradually to dust. Even the hard bones finally yield, and lose their form and consistence. The different materials separate, and retain only those properties which they possessed before becoming parts of a living system. Dust returns to dust, earth to earth. But hereafter it will not be so. The principle of corruption exists no more. The bloom of the new-created body shall not fade for ever. It will be insusceptible of decay. No chilling winds, no damp exhalations, shall ever have power to affect it. The seeds of dissolution have been extracted, the causes of decay have all been removed.

The body is sown in dishonor. When laid in the grave it is disfigured. With the principle of life its comeliness has also departed. But it shall be raised in glory. It shall shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of its Father. The most lofty and unattainable ideal of beauty, which ever floated before the vision of the great masters of poetry and painting, will doubtless fall far short of that which shall be realized when this mortal shall put on immortality.

It is sown in weakness. Its arms hang down powerless by its side. There is no motion in its breast. The feeble knees refuse to sustain their burden. The muscles have strangely forgotten their office. It lies exposed to every rude assault, unresisting. An image of perfect helplessness, it is laid in the grave. But how changed the scene, when it is raised in power; when the vigor of immortality shall pervade it throughout; when it shall be no more *weakened* in its glorious course; when it shall no more complain of fatigue; when it shall never again feel the ravages of disease.

It is sown a natural body, with animal propensities and appetites; itself earthly, fitted to sensible objects, and consequently liable to a multitude of imperfections and infirmities. But it shall be raised a spiritual body. What a spiritual body is, how distinguished from mind or from matter as at present organized, we of course do not know. We are not informed, because we could not, probably, form any conception of it, if the attempt had been made to enlighten us. Thus much, however, we may suppose, that it will perfectly coöperate with the soul; that, instead of being a hindrance to the operations of the mind, it will be a handmaid and a delightful coadjutor; that it will minister, with all its energies, to the everlasting progress of the spirit in knowledge and holiness. Thus all the powers of man, moral, intellectual, and bodily, will harmonize and coöperate without jar or collision, for evermore, a spectacle which was never seen on earth since man fell from his innocence; for even our Saviour took part of our infirm bodily nature, and became perfect through sufferings.

As a crowning excellence, the new body will be made like to that of Christ. It is written, "He shall change, transfigure, transform man's vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto

his glorious body." *That* is to be the model, exemplar, type. Whatever of symmetry, or of perfect proportion, or of beauty, the form of the Son of God shall exhibit, will be shadowed forth in his followers; will be reflected from them; will be manifested, not feebly, in their bright forms.

We learn from this subject that the intermediate state of the believer, between death and the resurrection, is not in all respects absolutely perfect. Doubtless it is a state of unmingled enjoyment. The separated spirit is in that condition which Paul denominates "far better." In one sense it may be perfectly happy. Its existing capacities for enjoyment may all be filled. But still, in another sense, it has not reached its goal. It is not clothed upon with its spiritual body. It has not received its last accession of delight. It must be reunited to its transfigured companion before the measure of its joys shall be perfectly full. It cannot, indeed, be imagined, that the soul is unhappy, that through anxiety it suffers any degree of disquiet or pain. We may rather suppose that it is in a state of calm expectation and hope; that it looks forward with pleasing anticipations to the period when it shall enter its new home, fitted up with Divine skill for its reception. Thus this anticipation itself, or as it might be called, in one sense, imperfection, becomes a source of delight, while still a richer experience awaits it when the corruptible body shall put on incorruption.

We learn from this subject the power of the Redeemer. All that are in their graves shall hear *his* voice. Lazarus heard it and came forth. The cold ear of death is startled by that omnipotent word. It shall one day resound through the deepest caverns of earth and of ocean. Must not he who can thus speak be more than the *Arian's* god. Is it

delegated power that shall awake the dead? Is it a once suffering martyr, like Stephen, who shall come in the clouds of heaven? Is it a created being who shall preside over these august changes?

From the consideration of this theme, we may see one reason why the Bible attaches so much importance to the human body. It is represented as the temple of the Holy Spirit, as the abode of the pure and omniscient One, as not to be defiled by sin, on penalty of the destruction of him who so defiles it. Paul exhorts his fellow-Christians to present their *bodies* as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service. Why these earnest exhortations, — these awful anathemas? The *body* is to live for ever. Its duration is to be parallel with that of the immaterial spirit. It is, indeed, to be taken down and refitted. But it is not to be annihilated. More than this. It has a near relationship to the Son of God. It is a part of his purchase. It is included in the great scheme of mediatorial love. It was bought by atoning blood. It may become a trophy of grace. It may adorn the palaces of the New Jerusalem. It may be presented faultless and spotless in the presence of the angels with exceeding joy. The glory to which the body may attain, mortal eye hath not seen; human imagination hath not conceived. We have had, indeed, some faint glimpses of it on earth. We have seen a little child just after death, when the smile of heaven was on its cheek, and an unearthly radiance in its eye. We have heard of a sacred orator whose features spoke with irresistible eloquence, whose eye carried conviction to the stoutest heart. We have heard of a commander of armies, whose serene brow and majestic form were enough to quell the most threatening mutiny. We have read of a dying martyr whose face

shone like that of an angel, and of an ancient lawgiver whose head was surrounded with an indescribable halo of glory. But these are only dim and feeble types of what may be hereafter. Think of an innumerable company, all clothed in forms of exquisite workmanship, of matchless beauty, all irradiated and animated by minds of surpassing clearness and strength, and controlled by hearts of the purest and sweetest affection. If such be the case, who will dare to deface his body by sin? Who will darken it by envy, or deform it by malice? Who will degrade it by intemperance below the beasts that perish? Him that defileth his *body* God will destroy.

Man! you have no right to abuse this piece of cunning workmanship. You have no right to trample this diamond in the mire. Remember that by so doing you may be preparing that body to rise to shame and everlasting contempt. It is a possible thing that there is a *connection* between sinning against the body *here*, and rising frightfully hereafter. No one can prove but that there will come out from *reluctant* graves, sad images, deteriorated forms, caricatures of men, whose dwelling-place shall be the outer darkness. If it is not so, why are the bodies of the wicked raised at all? Not certainly to promote their happiness, or to mitigate their sorrow. At any rate, by living in unrepented sin you are preparing yourself to be cast off by Him who *can* destroy both soul and body in hell.

SERMON VII.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES ON OTHER NATIONS.*

HE HATH NOT DEALT SO WITH ANY NATION; AND AS FOR HIS JUDGMENTS, THEY HAVE NOT KNOWN THEM. PRAISE YE THE LORD. — Ps. cxlvii. 20.

THE occasions or causes of gratitude towards God, on the part of an individual, are twofold; — first, the positive blessings which he *has* enjoyed, or does *now* enjoy, the gifts conferred on him, or upon those in whom he is interested; — secondly, the opportunities of doing good with which he is favored, his facilities for being a benefactor to his race. He is the passive recipient of God's favors; he may also become the almoner of them. He is in a sphere of enjoyment and of responsibility. Precisely so is it with communities and nations. The blessings of Heaven descend upon them, both for their own individual use and for the universal welfare. They are privileged with enjoying and communicating. They bask in the sunshine of God's counte-

* This discourse was preached on Thanksgiving day, November, 1848.

nance, that they may reflect its beams to communities less favored. The ancient Israelites fed upon the dainties of the earth and the corn of Heaven. Yet they were endowed with the richer blessings of being a light to enlighten the gentiles; they were a city set on a hill; they might have been philanthropists on the largest scale; they were the depositaries of knowledge inestimable. By their bright example, all the surrounding tribes might have been won over to the true religion. In respect to their position, central, illuminating, furnished with attractive influences, God had dealt with them as he had with no other nation. In like manner he has blessed the inhabitants of our land, as he has no contemporary people. The language of the text is as applicable to the United States as it was to the Hebrews. We are not called to day to the exercise of a thankful spirit towards the Almighty, simply because of the bounties of his providence, of the rich and various stores lavished upon us, nor for our happy exemption from the sufferings and disasters which have befallen other nations. Our gratitude is due because we are in a commanding position, — we are in peculiarly favorable circumstances to do good to others. In addition to the positive blessings which we may confer, we cannot help doing good largely, by our example, provided we be true to ourselves and to the gracious Being who has so signalized his kindness towards us.

What are the elements of this influence? *Wherein* consist our resources for doing good? What are the peculiarities in the character and present condition of the people of the United States, which constitute at once their happiness and their responsibility, — which call alike for fervent thankfulness and trembling solicitude?

Our means for benefiting other nations arise in part

from the *variety* of elements which have been, and are now, forming our national character. The strength of individual or national character consists in a measure in the variety, perhaps diversity, of the original ingredients. God made of one blood all nations of men. An Ishmaelitish exclusiveness is neither pleasing to him, nor conducive to the good of his creatures. The idea that there is some original and inherent purity in the blood of a particular family or race, which requires an aristocratic segregation from all baser mixtures, has been proved, times without number, to be utterly baseless. In many cases it has led to the total extinction of the proud families who have indulged it. The power of the British people would have been greater, had there been a larger infusion of the Norman element. The invincible might of her armies and navies has been as much owing to the Celtic as to the Saxon constituent. The poor and despised Irishmen at this moment compose a large part of the armies whose renown is celebrated in every quarter of the world.

One advantage of the variety of elements which are rapidly working out the American character, is the interest which it calls forth in our behalf in almost every part of Europe. The Norwegian on his snowy cliff, the Hollander repairing his dikes, the Swiss goat-herd who pulls up the medicinal herb that fringes the eternal ice of his mountains, the gay Parisian, and he whom the morning wakes among the dews and flowers of Lombardy, have each a father or a son, or dear kindred, in New York, or in Virginia, or in the vales of the Upper Mississippi. *Our* prosperity is the prosperity of *thousands* in every part of Europe. There is not a wind from the Atlantic, which is not laden with the vows and prayers of many yearning hearts separated from those whom they love. Some of these foreigners are pious

members of the Krummachers' flocks at Elberfeld, or they are pietists in Bavaria, or persecuted Christians in Holland or in Switzerland. Mingling with the prayers which these poor peasants daily offer at the throne of grace for their kinsmen and friends here, are warm intercessions for our government, for the stability of our free institutions, for the spread of the Gospel which binds all Christian hearts into one dear and universal communion; and, in proportion as the immigrants become enlightened and familiar with our institutions, will they not only feel an interest themselves in upholding and cherishing the principles of order and good government, but they will awaken the same and be the channels of intercommunication for the same, in multitudes who will remain at their old homes. We shall thus have enlisted in our behalf the good wishes and the prayers of a multitude as great, at least, as that which has actually come to our shores.

Another advantage of this commingling of races is the positive good elements which we shall acquire, and the counteraction of certain defects which all of us *must* see and acknowledge. One prominent fault in our national character, or in our exhibition of it, is nervous excitement, a restless and unappeasable pursuit of some object, laudable perhaps in itself; such an absorption of the soul in the search for worldly good, often also transferred to the territory of morals and religion, that many of us lose all perception of, or taste for, quiet domestic scenes, endanger all true symmetry of culture, often fail of the very object we would reach, by our headlong pursuit of it, in many instances shorten life or render it unhappy, and by our one-sidedness, and by the formation of what might be called a projecting and angular character, really incur the reproach of a modified insanity. The energy we boast of degenerates into a pernicious vice.

It is not strength of purpose or force of character, so much as it is a foolish improvidence or recklessness. It leads us to consult *effect*, rather than true ornament; to be pleased with an imposing exterior, rather than solid utility; immediate profit, rather than permanent good; a hasty and ill-balanced education, rather than patient and laborious discipline. When the fire breaks out, or the floods come, our poor structures fall or are swept away, before their weakness even can be fairly tested.

Now it is certainly important for our national character, if something of the steady patience, the calm perseverance, the unimpassioned steadiness, which characterize the Northern nations of Europe, can be interfused and incorporated with it. Well might we exchange some of our wasting anxiety, our unreasoning and short-sighted energy, our wretched utilitarianism, for the serenity, the light-hearted joyousness, the uncomplaining industry, which distinguish whole tribes and nations on the continent of Europe. It would be an element of strength in every point of view. We could not, indeed, crowd so much into a day or a year, but we should accomplish far better the great ends of life, both temporal and religious.

Even the French character, which we are so much accustomed to undervalue and denounce, and which we judge most unjustly from the standard which the population of the capital city have set up, possesses elements which are worthy of respect and imitation. The French now stand, and have long stood, at the head of all nations, as profound and patient investigators in mathematical and physical science, — studies which demand long-continued and unrelaxing attention, and some of which are not attended or followed by immediate fame, never by the applause of the multitude. The French, too, instead of being universally

restless, unstable, given to change, have exhibited astonishing patience, and for ages quietly endured evils, the presence of which in England or in this country would have overturned, without ceremony, *any* existing government. The miseries under the old Bourbon dynasty were borne till it was a duty to bear them no longer. How tenaciously and enthusiastically did the same people adhere to Napoleon, through evil report and good report! And the events of February, 1848, would never have occurred, or would have been delayed indefinitely, if the exiled monarch had shown any degree of disinterested regard to the rights of his people, or had really kept his coronation oath.. If the revolution of 1688 in England, which dethroned James II., or if our American revolution, was justifiable, then the three French revolutions were eminently so. The French emigrants who came to this country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, as well as their descendants, have been among the most worthy class of our population. The German and the French immigrants at this moment are peaceable and orderly compared with those who come from Great Britain, or even with our own native population. In the Protestant and religious people of France, in addition to the courtesy and grace which seem to be inherent in them, there is an equanimity, a patient endurance of many evils, a joyous good-nature, a species of assured trust in God, which have their foundation, to a certain extent, in the national character, which do not exist in our character, and which therefore it would be in us a special mark of wisdom to exercise. Instead, therefore, of apprehending evil from an infusion, to some degree, in our national character, of elements which are neither British nor American, we should be thankful for the admixture. The French exiles who were scattered over Europe, two hundred years

ago, by the rescript of a bigoted despot, carried everywhere industry, obedience to law, prosperity and virtue. The like may be true, and it is true, of not a few who now throng our shores from Norway, from Switzerland, and from the banks of the Rhine. Instead of receiving a great boon from us, such immigrants lay us under obligations to them.

Our means for benefiting other nations arise in part from the fact, that the basis of our national character, the nucleus around which the other elements are forming, is that constituent which may be called the British or the English Puritan. Of this there can be no doubt. Whatever modifications may be caused by the French or German or Dutch immigration, there is *one* ever moulding and predominating influence. It has already vitally affected the great States of Ohio and New York, it has commenced its transforming work among the Germans of Pennsylvania, especially with the children and youth; it is making an English commonwealth out of a French colony in Louisiana; it is planting its institutions and churches in the boundless West; its teachers and agents are found in every district of the South. This result is placed beyond contingency, as far as any thing of this nature can be. The current has set in one direction in every part of the United States. The opposition of the most perverse and intractable elements can be only partial and temporary. This tendency insures, among other things, three auspicious effects. One is the universal prevalence of the English language. In the third or fourth generation of the emigrants who come to our shores, this language will probably be all but universal. That its prevalence is a matter of the greatest moment, is mainly owing to the fact that it is by eminence the *religious* language; it has a sound religious literature, in all practical

departments, unequalled in any other dialect, possibly in all other dialects taken together. In all those species of books which affect masses of men, and which are fitted to train the people to virtuous and religious habits, it is doubtless beyond comparison the richest.

Again, the element in question, being the nucleus of our national character, presupposes and insures moral integrity. *This* distinguishes England from all the other nations of Europe. Christianity has so pervaded that island for several hundred years, that there is a sense of honor among her tradesmen and merchants, a fidelity to promises in her business communities, a soundness of moral principle, and a general trustworthiness, which are the truest glory of her people, and which have certainly characterized, in an eminent degree, all those States of this Union that are predominantly English in their origin. Veracity, honor, the punctual fulfilment of engagements, obedience to law, Christian conscientiousness, are among the most familiar words in the vocabulary, and are felt everywhere to be the signs of duties binding on the heart and life.

Once more, this character insures the wide *extension* of whatever valuable elements it embodies. Its treasures are not hoarded; its energies are not wasted in secret; if it has blessings at its disposal, if it has a character worthy of respect and imitation, the world will certainly receive the benefit, for no race is less disposed to remain at home or bury its talents in the earth. Its characteristic energies are unceasingly at work in widening the domain of knowledge and virtue.

It is also worthy of remark, that our national character, before it became an object of special interest to other nations, was severely tried by adversities; our institutions, be-

fore they attracted much notice abroad, had become, in a measure, hardened and consolidated. Comparatively in secret, they had passed through a season of probation. Our form of government is now commended to other nations, not as an elaborate and beautiful theory, not as an experiment partially reduced to practice, but as an instrument that has seen hard service, whose capabilities have been tested in methods, and to an extent, never contemplated by its framers. It had acquired, if we may say so, bone, sinew, muscular strength, adaptation to sudden emergencies, before other nations felt a sufficient interest in it to study it with care and patience. It has not become, on the one hand, a consolidated federal centralism; on the other, its republican and representative character has not been merged in an irresponsible democracy. It has steered in the happy medium between these two extremes. Wars waged without necessity, in contravention to its spirit, in opposition to what would have been the earnest remonstrances of its framers, have indeed caused serious apprehensions, but have not been able to shatter it or seriously to disfigure it. Internal dissensions, on several occasions, severely menacing its integrity, have only demonstrated its flexile and recuperative force. While the boundaries of the sphere within which its sway was at first confined have been widening, the great evils which the unforeseen extension would once have caused, have been neutralized, in part at least, by before unknown and wonderful methods of intercommunication. In short, the providence of God appears to have preserved this charter of our rights in a kind of tutelage, till the set time when other nations, casting off the old forms of despotism, were ready to turn hitherward a fond and inquiring eye.

The same things may be affirmed in regard to our na-

tional character. In some respects it is yet, doubtless, crude and unformed, and it has manifest defects. Still, it has been proved to possess certain excellences, which are now eminently attractive, and the objects of earnest study. One of these, perhaps, may be considered as growing out of our character, rather than as a part of it. I mean the quick sense of the value of a good reputation everywhere prevailing. The charges made against our honesty and moral integrity, unhappily for some years in a measure well founded, were felt as a thing of shame and of personal self-condemnation by multitudes, by the great body of the people, and finally, in every part of the United States. When one member suffered or was disgraced, all the members were disgraced with it.

This experience, so sad and humiliating for a time, so mortifying to our pride, so at variance with our professions, has been in the end advantageous to our national reputation. The event has shown to every unprejudiced mind in Europe, and to some which were prejudiced, that *one* cause of this temporary insolvency and apparent dishonesty was real inability. It also showed that our people possess a quickness of moral feeling, a deep sense of shame, an enlightened idea of what constitutes true national glory, which afford a firmer basis for future trust and credit, than if this experience had never occurred. Means may fail, the obligation never ceases. For a while conscience may waver or utter a feeble voice, but it is only to assert her claims in a tone louder and not to be disregarded. It is affirming no more than the truth to say, that our pecuniary character, and consequently our moral character on a vital point, will command in Europe, if it does not now, more confidence than if the untoward events in question had never occurred. The quality of the metal has been ascertained

in the fire. The presence of considerable dross, under certain circumstances, may not be without its advantages.

It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to add, that a portion of our responsibility and of our means of influence consists in the character of Washington. This might be considered, indeed, as forming a part of our general reputation, but it is so distinct and conspicuous that it is worthy of separate consideration. Washington's name and influence are unquestionably greater than those of any other man, in civil or political life, who ever lived. "It will be a duty," says a great living statesman of England, "of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." This eulogy would be felt to be true and substantially just by all the liberal men in Europe, and to a great extent by men of every class. His reputation has worked its way against the greatest obstacles, — deep-seated national animosity, heated passions produced by unsuccessful war, and despotic governments banded together to decry and scout every thing and every name associated with free institutions. But it *has* surmounted all impediments. The Tory author in Great Britain, and the pamphleteer in Germany, who writes for the masses, are in perfect agreement with the panegyric of Guizot and Brougham. Three or four points are especially worthy of notice. One is, that this enduring and universal reputation is not founded on military achievement. It has no ingredient in common with that of Charles XII. or Frederic the Great. European statesmen and the European public — nurtured in wars, educated to idol-

ize military renown — do not look at Washington as a warrior, but as a man who ruled his own spirit, who gave an example of self-denial and practical wisdom and freedom from selfishness, which were above all Greek or Roman fame. His course thus sheds a benign and peaceful influence in regions where it is eminently needed, where material power and physical courage are the gods that men have worshipped.

It is another favorable circumstance, that Washington was not endowed with genius in any form. He was throughout, in every action of his life, in every quality of his mind, a plain and practical man. Consequently his example can be contemplated without any disturbing influence, any thing to dazzle or blind the eye of the beholders, or discourage them from making it a model for their personal imitation.

Washington's whole life makes the impression most distinctly, that his excellences, whatever they may have been, were his own, the fruit of individual cultivation, of unceasing self-discipline. They are not to be viewed as the mere gifts of nature. We cannot conceive of an idea more remote from a just conception of Washington's habits of thinking, than that he was a child of destiny, born under an auspicious star, or that men should regard him as a special minister of Providence for the salvation of his country. His modesty amounted almost to bashfulness.

Another important circumstance is, that his reputation has suffered no eclipse since his death, by the publication of his voluminous private papers and correspondence, or by the exposure of any hidden delinquency. The diligent historian, who has himself read every accessible paper of Washington, published or unpublished, affirms that he has *seen* nothing which would detract from his great reputation.

On that reputation the grave has set its seal; the restless wave of time has not injured his fame, the sharpest scrutiny of critical contemporaries and posterity has not detected any serious flaw or deficiency.

A treasure precious beyond all estimation for his country and for the world is that reputation. It is a letter of commendation in all civilized regions beyond any other which our country can furnish. It is a star of hope to the struggling patriot, when every other part of the heavens is overcast It is an occasion of gratitude to God in our country, this day and for evermore, — to the gracious Providence who raised him up at that very point in the world's history when his light would be seen from afar, when the great experiment of representative governments was just starting into life.

It is very obvious that our facilities for exerting a beneficial influence on the world consist, in a preëminent degree, in our religious freedom. The European countries, without exception, might learn lessons on this subject, of the utmost practical importance, and some of the leading minds there are instituting earnest inquiries. The most eminent theologians, the most enlightened thinkers, have been unable hitherto to comprehend the true working of our system, or have questioned its applicability to themselves. But now they are forced to consider it as a matter of immediate concern. The only alternative in some countries may be, the voluntary support of religious worship, or no worship at all. What, then, are the results in our experience which may be commended to them?

First, that entire religious freedom does not involve the multiplication of religious sects, to a much greater degree, at least, than exists in some of those countries where religious

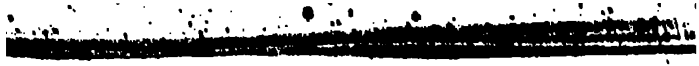
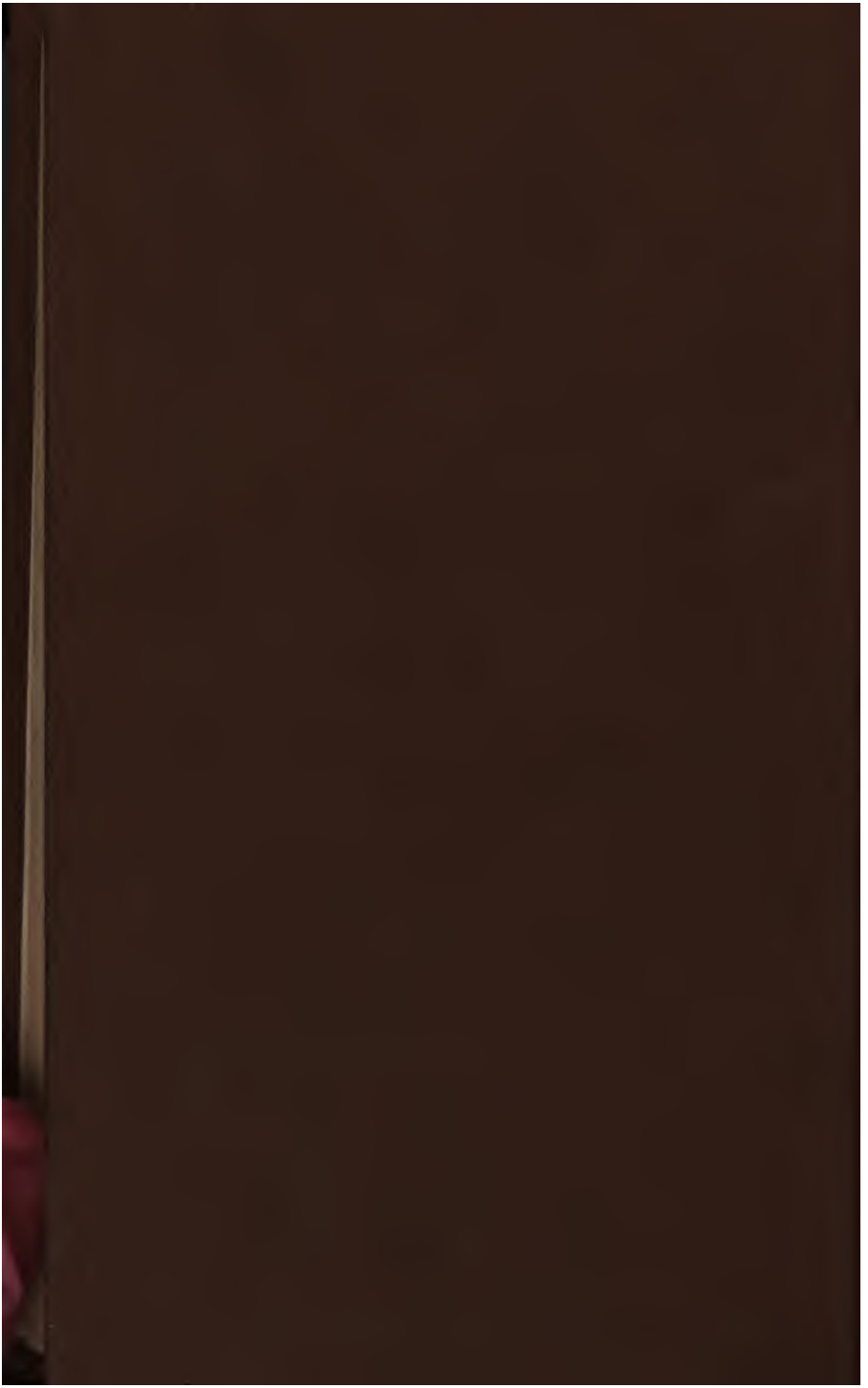
freedom is but partially, or not at all, enjoyed. There is as great, or nearly as great, a number of religious sects in England and Scotland, as there is in the United States. An established religion in Scotland has never kept the Presbyterians together even in form. In the United States there are thirty or forty sects nominally, but six or eight embrace the whole substantially. The pecuniary resources, the intellectual and spiritual power, and the numbers, too, are in an overwhelming preponderance with six denominations. It is unjust, therefore, to represent schism, a minute subdivision into sects, as a special evil of religious freedom, for as a *peculiar* evil it does not exist. Besides, within the pale of a state religion, where there is no open separation, there are often, perhaps necessarily, the most various religious opinions, feelings entirely alienated, and a total lack of Christian union. What true concord can there be between a pietist and a rationalist?

Secondly, perfect religious liberty does not imply that the government of the country is not a Christian government. The Christian Sabbath is here recognized by the civil authorities in a great variety of forms. Most, if not all, of our constitutions of government proceed on the basis of the truth of the Christian religion. Christianity has been affirmed to be part and parcel of the law of the land. The Bible is practically, however much opposition there may be theoretically, *read* daily, in one form or another, in a large proportion of the common schools supported by the State. There is convincing evidence to show that this real, though indirect, connection between the State and Christianity is every year acquiring additional strength, is attended with less and less of exception and remonstrance.

Thirdly, religious freedom, as it is enjoyed in this country, does not involve a legal or illegal insecurity. The right

of being protected in all the acts of social and public worship is universally recognized. The right of meeting together for this purpose, untrammelled and unmolested, is as really under the shield of the law, as is life or property or personal liberty. With unimportant exceptions, the theory on this subject has been everywhere reduced to practice. However small or unpopular a sect may be, claiming the protection of the law, the right has ever been awarded to it by public opinion, by enactment, and by the actual execution of the law.

Fourthly, religious freedom has secured and is securing, beyond any form of the opposing system, an intelligent and personal interest in religion, on the part of laymen and the great body of the community. It involves an individual responsibility, incites to inquiry, awakens the mind, leads to manly habits of investigation, and divests the ministry or the ecclesiastical organs of that *vicarious* responsibility which attaches to, or is usurped by, the priesthood of all state religions.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